

**WRITING**

# Won't Stop Dancing

by Daniela Martinez,  
Grade 12, 826 Boston

**TYPE****POETRY****GENRE****GRADE 12**

I remember the first time I danced with her

The lights were bright and hot

And I was so much quieter and desperate

Sitting at the table, holding the best of myself in my  
palms

Everything was telling me to stay at that table

My shoulders were heavy

I was sweating buckets, my hair sticking to my neck

the air was overwhelming

And the air was so electric

Nobody there knew me

I wanted to spill out on the floor

And show everybody who I am

When I'm not around you,

I wanted to dance and fly on that floor

The way I don't at home,

The way I do when my hands are open

And so I advanced

And took her hand

And she was surprised, and pleasant

And she wasn't mean

She was soft, and so different

I wasn't expected to like her

Unlike him, calling me hot,

She called me pretty

And she circled me

And all the bad days in the past blended into one, insignificant

And my hands held hers

And she took the best parts of myself

When she let go

My palms were empty

My shoulders were light

My soul was full

Even when I left the dance floor

Even when I went home that day

Even when she took me

I can't recall it all negatively

How could dancing so freely

Be wrong?