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Dancing, Dedicated to Shannon

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Dancing, Dedicated to Shannon

By the old telephone pole
on which the rusted bus sign hung,
I used to wait for a ride
that was a long time in coming.

Along with me there always stood
a girl about my age;
we never exchanged a single word
as we waited there together.

Never simply standing put,
she would click her heels on
the pavement, and mouth
words of silent songs.

The girl would sway
from side to side
as passing drivers
turned their eyes
from the road
to her shifting form,
always dancing
to that song
in her head.

Rain, snow, hail
and wind never
chased away her
rhythm.

I would stand
in the cold
and swear
about gloves
and a hat
or a forgotten
umbrella,
and she would laugh
as the rain weighted
her jacket and the hail
stuck in her
hair.

I would always wait
in quiet with my
hands dug deep
in my pockets, one
finger upon the fare,
looking down the
endless road,
straining my
eyes watching
for the distant
bus.

Time passed
hellishly slow,
all the while
the girl danced
and swayed past
the long winter
days.

God, sometimes
I too could
hear that song.

—*Paul Genesis Durica*