

ABIGAIL MYERS

Shadow Dancing

For those two years I danced without you,
not even knowing the steps—
I only remembered
the last time,
in fury, in ecstasy,
when I said with my eyes, my hands
that which my tongue could not:
Don't go. Not yet. We could be great again.

The next day it was gone:
you leaned against the airplane window,
last night's eyeliner clinging,
as if you, too, had sat awake, alone
in the chill of the village
fearing the intervening time.
I may never know, but

for those two years I danced without you,
not even knowing the steps,
in the dark of the not-yet-morning
just like we always had,
with only your shadow,
the frost, canned music, cold coffee for company.
You waited for the cuts to heal,
for your heart to leap with your legs again—
I counted the seconds, the days, the months—
until you said: *I think—*
We could. We could be great again.

And I laid you there
in the shadow of your shadow,
and together we learned the steps
of the new dance,
forged in the dark
of the not-yet-morning,
your eyes bright against the cold—

I dance with you again,
lift you above chaos,
whisper into your white neck:

Don't go. Not yet. We could be great again.

Author Biography

Abigail Myers writes poetry, fiction, and creative nonfiction on Long Island, New York. Her microfiction recently appeared in *Milk Candy Review* and *Heart Balm*. Her poetry recently appeared in *Full Mood Mag*, *Sylvia*, *Roi Fainéant*, and *Amethyst Review*, and is forthcoming from *Musings*. Her essays have appeared in *Phoebe* and are forthcoming from *Variant Literature* and *The Other Journal*. Keep up with her at abigailmyers.com and @abigailmyers.