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Lying With Me

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Lying with Me

My first lie was a dancer stepping out
onto a stage, the overture raging
a tune I had never heard, yet no doubt
a braided prelude to unwind with age.

I could feel the blood in my cheeks and I
willed my standing words to spin straight, listen
to the music—knotted threads weaving why's
and how's, my most agile of sins.

And when minutes turned to months I came to
find that every turn landed, graceful and
brief—my relief reclined as if with aim to
laugh at my tip toed beginning. The end

is always so exposing, a crimson
blushed dancer, with a curtsy and a grin.