

## LAP DANCE

*John Thomas Clark*

Long gone were the days of the jitterbug  
When our Sixties college crowd cut a rug  
At some mixer. For us it was the twist,  
The hustle, the stroll—gone now, in the mist  
Of time. On very different campus grounds,  
Eons later, instructors make the rounds  
Of my class. In a gym-like room, we're fanned  
Out with our partners for the "Lap" command.

I forget, leave the wheelchair in first gear,  
And with my "Lap" call, Lex lands and we veer  
Left with his lean on my hand. His two-leg stance  
Drives us further left. For our slow round dance  
I thank Lexie, amid my classmates' cheers,  
For my first spin on a dance floor in thirty years.

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