

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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