

Dancing Feet

We stole away from the rest of the group on our bikes in search of privacy. 60, 70, 80 meters ahead, however far away our legs could carry us before the group would catch us up. Our adventure was drawing its curtains, and I wanted nothing more than for my feet to be still. We veered toward a fence on *her* whim because she loved an adventure at my expense. I never minded, though. While I was in tow, our bikes stood watch, and dusk allured her to centerfield. She wafted ecstasy; she told me it was sweat. I told her that she was love—and we walked with my legs to the Douglas Fir ahead. She suspended them piggy-back-style and managed to kick in stride. My eyes were forward, but I felt our smiles sync momentarily before marching unified into laughter. My better senses buckled our rhythm, and soon my legs, when a gang of sheep challenged us to dance. My two left feet stuttered their way into motion, avoiding the tops of her toes with a surgeon's precision. We two-stepped as a four but let our shadows partake in their own romance. The herd didn't take heed of the signs, still imposing with their questionable dance moves. My eyes couldn't keep the sheep at bay, so they retreated from their wander into hers. Dreamy, North Atlantic Blue, with Saturn's rings around her pupils—where I recognized myself disbelieving that any of this could be real. We were happily outnumbered because we found the sheep a spectacle, thinking that they thought of our moment the same. The leader boasted his black wool as he led the charge. Two-step. Two-step. Two-step. The dancing sheep weren't dancing. They charged at us! It was our turn to dance again and we mimicked the sheep: Two-step. Two-step. Two-step, and sprinted back to the bikes. Mid-way, we paused. *Are you insane! I don't know if sheep maul, but, Lord, I ain't gonna find out!* She loosened me up like a thief. Stole my rhythm and a kiss!