

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 15 *CutBank 15*

Article 8

Fall 1980

Slow Dance

Eileen Silver-Lilly White

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Silver-Lilly White, Eileen (1980) "Slow Dance," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 15 , Article 8.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss15/8>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

SLOW DANCE

In the light Stieglitz photographed O'Keefe
we slow dance, my peignoir is open
my nipples are hard. I look away
confused by sleep
or sex. I am lost
in the thinness of the air,
in the lamp's craning neck.

I toss my hair from side to side. I could drown
in the landscape we inhabit, in the thicket
of your skin. We might marry,
see our lives through the dense light
of a chandelier, a mirror, a camas.

We confess the heat we live in
the room we wake in out of context.
Nothing is ordinary.
My hands are a calyx as I hold
your face. On the threshold of sleep
we linger on the camber
of the road unraveling
through the gold eye of my bracelet.