

# CutBank

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## Practice

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## PRACTICE

The world arrived  
so carefully packed  
in time,  
in time to open,  
it could have been  
God's parachute.  
We booby-trapped it.  
God, you will remember  
from the Old Testament,  
was a terrorist.  
Now he's a generalization.  
We've taken to scaring ourselves.  
We scare the ozone layer.  
But today, still spinning  
around the world's axis,  
which is imaginary,  
I was permitted to walk home  
again through writhing spring.  
Leafy things and flowers  
in earnest,  
ignoring fear.  
If it was anything

it was a garden.  
Then, by the gymnasium  
I saw a girl  
in a green leotard with long sleeves.  
She wasn't just any girl,  
she was a dancer,  
which is to say only  
she didn't regret  
her body.  
She moved in it  
and it moved.  
She spun herself around.  
She wasn't dancing, exactly,

more like she was practicing a dance,  
getting the moves right,  
which moved me  
even more.

Sure I wanted her,  
but I stood quietly  
as she practiced dancing  
alone, without music,  
and then I continued on.  
It wouldn't have been a good thing  
to interrupt that solitude  
identical with her body,  
or risk frightening her  
with speech.