

Almost Dancing

Paul Hostovsky

The way he'd
slip his hand inside
the closed Braille book
and read
without opening it,
the book on his lap with his hand inside it
out of sight,
his eyes glazed over,
his head tilted upward
and to the side
with the slight torque
of a good erection
excited her.
He wasn't
like the other men.
He went slow.
A disabled
locomotive trailing
at her elbow
which she'd turn
like a railway switch,
and he'd follow
with his head held high,
his white cane folded
in his back pocket,
the Braille book under his arm,
moving with her through the world,
two people wide,
as she switched and slowed
and dipped and turned,
almost dancing the way
they navigated together
the steps and curbs and turnstiles
and doors opening
inward and outward,
clockwise and counterclockwise.