Blind Choreography

Susan Buis

They told me the other senses
would rush in. Now the atmosphere
is shredded through trees, each
fragment scented, audible. The daft
joy of birds and the freeway’s dirty rumble
knit with a green rot of garbage
coming from somewhere. I remember

watching blindfolded dancers
perform on a dark stage,
full of trust and body confidence.
Now, I move like a dancer
slowly through my own house,
toes, pelvis leading, fingers out.
I’ve become a skilled cartographer.
My handprints cover everything.
Now I hear walls’ violet hum,
avoid the red-alarm corners of tables
rehearse maps for my stupid flesh.