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Intersections

## Psychogenic

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Eyes closed, lips parted,  
she dances with an invisible partner—

a suitor dripping with vertigo  
teaches the young thing to two-step,  
his hands holding her steady  
until the air around her starts to sizzle  
and she collapses.

The smelling salts smolder,  
her body made limp by somnolent visions  
writhing just beyond the horizon,  
her appetite unsatiated by anything else  
except dreams of tomorrow.

*Tomorrow you'll be older than you used to be  
and life is meant for living out in the open  
without those hands, once a comfort,*

*resting lightly upon your back,  
daring you to fall.*

Her body collects assorted fingerprints  
from sternal rubs to wake the dead,  
her eyes glazed from another assault to her dignity,  
pleading movements begging the young girl  
to see the possibilities in upward motion.

Her mind's eye trades her hospital gown for a ballgown,  
as nightmares of stasis rouse her  
from her stuporous state on the floor,  
and, faced with the epoch of *tomorrow*,  
she gingerly lifts herself up from the floor

and, slowly but surely,  
begins to find her footing.  
*(it's called growing up, love)*

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