# Dance with you

I smell your shirt when I put my arms
around your blue collar. Your neck burns like lava. You sizzle
against my arms like drops on a skillet. My sweat
creeps all over my body,
vaporizes down my enamel high heels. I wither

like leaves in autumn. My grandmother
burned them in her back yard. I talked to her all afternoon
while we watched the burning ginkgo leaves. There was never
enough time to sit down for a cup of tea with her. I begged for a silver
spoon which she handed me with wrinkled hands. Now, with my hands

those dying lizards in this desert, I plead
for a cup of milk tea. I wear a polka-dot
skirt when I dance with you. The blue dots are never
enough to chill you out. But your beer bottle,

when you place it to my forehead, makes me shudder,
those freezing beads of water- glass and you thrust
my thighs against your hands. The blue dots
on my skirt slop around the floor with the beer stains. I close

my eyes. My grandmother looked up into the ginkgo trees.
While she poked the trees with her broom, I poured milk into the cup
and stirred it with the silver spoon. You

stop dancing. I become a pumice stone.

**Naoko Fujimoto**

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