

Divertissement

Anita Tanner

His death being end-stopped
never justifies
the enjambment
of my survival
that goes on and on,
line after line,
a run-on against
being alone,
avoiding my own company
in the eternal interlude
some call a dance.

But this is no *pas de deux*,
no matter the pace
or the footwork,
position or sequence
of the steps
in which I engage—
mine is an intricate
awkwardness,
a disjointed stumbling,
one foot loading, unloading
in front of another.