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Dancing Days

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Dancing Days

I remember when I was little my father seemed so big
that his hands could wrap around mine
and envelop them, holding on so tightly.
My shiny patent leather shoes placed square on top of his sturdy feet
as he guided me across the asphalt driveway.
With my head tilted towards the sky,
I could only see the silhouette of his head,
tilted down at me, his marionette,
as the sun illuminated his hair like thin strands of fire.

Now fifteen years later, and three feet higher
his hands are the same size as mine
and I look at him eye to eye, as we waltz across the floor.
I can read his expression with every half step we make,
and for the life of me I cannot remember
what he looked like when I was his little girl.

– Julie McDonald '94