

Smoke Show

Part of the party ended the night before it even started, but
most of us have our jewelry on now, and
it's shining under the tattered disco ball

An ache forms and
it's carried up by gravity, momentarily
just some smoke in a chimney

You learn, amongst the sweat and adrenaline and anxiety,
that dancing is easy when
you forget your body is yours
when you swallow down the smoke
and tell yourself: *there are years*
that will come out of this

You see a newcomer at the doorway, nervous
you can tell they've never
surrendered their physical form before

You don't know what to think
you smile at them, and they smile back
the moment is carried up by gravity, in rapid speed

Through the open window, the smoke
is blowing out the chimney, into the clouds
back to the world from which it came

You think: *the party is forever,*
the party started
long before we were born