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To Spin I Used To

Tennille Wright
Concordia University - Portland

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TO SPIN I USED TO

Tenille Wright

lift
my head from
gym floors decorated with bright take off
lines waxed so well rows of lights
reflected then

raised
one leg as land-
ing gear for pushing then balanc-
ing with the other as if riding a
bicycle till I let

go
full force on my sturdy tip toes as long as I can I’m

flying
without resting my face on any one
moment my feet flimsy as
hands on a clock

dizz-
ily an ungraceful world chas-
es walls shaking and bend-
ing till the room catches up to
me and now

ground-
ed my larger body
heavy in years forgets danc-
ing when I led wav-
ing myself as a
wand it
folds picking a
seat on wood-
en rig-
id
bleachers.

MISTRESS LANGUAGE

Tenille Wright

Thinly she is pinned down.
To the letter she is shackled
by points, marked by bound-
aries. A few of her captives
shave off her everyday eyes
or feelers, they call it refine-
ment. Everyone kisses her
with different accents but
many use manuals. They
paint her in chopped,
de fined, lines. But,
sometimes she
sings her bars,
creating new notes she whispers freedom through
the visiting poet.