

JAMES KING

Dancing Virgin

She said she wasn't looking for commitment.
She assured me: absolutely no strings.
Less than a minute into it, she gasped.
She refused to believe this was my first time.

Questions arrived in exclamation points
as she leveraged her not inconsiderable
girth to fling me about the mirrored studio
like a napkin being snapped of its crumbs.

Was I sure I had never taken lessons? Hadn't
anyone ever told me how good I really was?
Keep your hand there, she instructed. Lower.
That's how you hold a woman.

Bosom forward, fingertips pressed against
the small of my back. So smooth! she cooed.
Such natural rhythm! My wife was lucky.
Girlfriend, then. No? It was all beyond belief.

How quickly I picked up the box step! Surely
someone had told me I was a natural? Back
straight. Arms up. What, her winking mascara
wanted to know, were my dancing goals?

No matter! I was to give it careful thought.
In the meantime, Ballroom Basics would do
for now: a little foxtrot, a little cha-cha,
some samba for spice. And, of course, disco!

The Bee Gees ruled then; she paid homage
with a full-bodied shimmy that confused
her cleavage and evoked unpleasant
memories of my podgy Dutch grandmother.

I was not to talk of fees. Vinny handled money;
she, artistry. Furious flipping through blank
calendar pages revealed that I was in luck:
She could squeeze me in next week.

James King's poetry has appeared in *The Dillyduon Review*, *The Thieving Magpie*, *OpenDoor Poetry Magazine*, *Oddville Press*, *Big City Lit*, and *The Dead Mule School of Southern Literature*, and is forthcoming in *Crowstep Poetry Journal* and *BarBar*. He is also the author of the award-winning novel, *Bill Warrington's Last Chance*. He lives in Wilton, Connecticut, USA.