

Wilderness House Literary Review 2/2

Bulgarian Dance in 18 Rhythm

123 Slow 12 Quick 12 Quick 12 Quick 12 Quick
123 Slow 12 Quick 12 Quick

I recall
the boys
flirting
winking
laughing
in the M
I T
Sala.

The gossip—
told of
moving
around
the room,
lining up
to hear
the news.

And then he
dumped me,
moved out,
married
wife two,
now divorced
again,
with son.

The Balkans
were just
a tape
a record
or song
Sunday night
when we
all danced.

I was young,
foolish,
funny
and cute
to boys
who were not
real men
to me.

Horried,
I won't
go back
again
to dance
with new nerds
too strange
for me.

Heating up,
couples
flirted,
circling
the floor
in rhythm,
dancing,
eager.

I married
one boy
one year
who was
pushy,
selfish, mean
to me
back then.

- Barbara Bialick

