

## Wilderness House Literary Review 6/2

*Meg Tuite*

### Tap Dancing to Voltage

**QUEER THAT I'VE NEVER BEEN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.** My mother and grandmother were circulatory psychics who could read the blood coursing through one's veins. With the touch of those spidery blue wisps running up the inner arms they could transform the future into now. I watched their eyelids flutter, mouths contort and clouds open as demonic voices sealed the seasons into one.

I was an only child, a son, my mother named Moirai, greek for the Fates. It didn't help matters because I couldn't even read those cheap damn ESP cards you could buy at the dime store and everyone called me Morrie, which as far as I know had no meaning except that I was probably Jewish, for as long as I've been standing on this earth in tap shoes.

Why tap shoes? Because they are the portal to the opening of heavens that will ignite me with the highest voltage of electricity and give me the gift I was meant to be given at birth. Prophecy.

I have read every book and listed all the ways to harness that cataclysm down into my circulatory system.

I booked a flight to Gainesville, Florida where the most people have been struck by lightning in the US, in June, the most promising month of the year for blast offs. I stayed in a hotel with a pool and lots of tall trees near a golf course. I also rented a boat for the month, so I could slip out into the waters when the warnings were sent out. I went to the Salvation Army store and rummaged up pots and pans. I got the gardener of the hotel to lend me a wheelbarrow and then waited.

When the thunder was cracking at about 10 (1000), I put on my tap shoes, my tinfoil hat, tinfoil armor, wheelbarrowed all my pots and pans out to the boat and loaded them in. Then I pushed off and headed out into the murky waters as I listened to the thunder move into the 8 (1000) range.

People think you die getting hit by lightning, but that's only a 10% probability. Yes, there are some debilitating side effects, just like any venture worth its wait in metal, but pioneers charge on into explosive territory where others fear to drift.

As the cracking sky honed into 5 (1000) I held up pots and pans, tap danced in a counter-clockwise circle, chanting for shockwaves to lift me like a spectacle of fireworks.

I have been to Gainesville three years in a row. I have almost drowned twice, got arrested for tap dancing in my gear on a golf course during a storm and was kicked out of the last two motels for swinging a metallic anvil I'd made around in the swimming pool at three in the morning when the winds were roaring devils, but queer that I haven't yet been torched by that thunderbolt dagger in the sky. I'm not good with predictions, but soon I will be.