

Joe Barbieri

Merkner

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Pathway 3.3 Person in Motion

Left, right, left, right, gradual turn, left, right, left...

She was seemingly flying across the ice, her skates more like the winged boots of Hermes. Her legs pumped gracefully, left, right, left. Going this fast... Was she even breathing? Her scarf tried to keep up, but flew off. She seemed not to notice as she glided around the ice. Her black hair would find a place on her shoulders for the momentary lacks of speed in her turns, but it would quickly be soaring behind her again.

She turned to look at me, but in doing so made a mistake. Her foot wobbled uncertainly, but she stayed true to her form and deftly spun into my arms. I was pushed back by the force, but drawn closer to her as well. She took my hand, and soon I too was flying. The people around us disappeared, becoming only blurs in my memory. My heart tried to beat its way out of my chest...

Left, right, left, right.

My gauche strides didn't matter, my legs pumped with hers, my breath couldn't catch up, together *we were one*.