**Modern English**

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From his barstool, my boyfriend points

to the long-haired lanky guy out on the dance floor,

makes an “L” with his thumb and forefinger

before turning to buy another penny beer.

I turn my focus to the one who moves

in big, exaggerated loops, arms up and wide,

who glides beneath the lights that strobe in time

to the drums beating *reach out, touch faith,*

the one who blesses the floor in swoops—

a benediction that beckons revival

so when “Personal Jesus” fades into “I Melt with You”

I throw back my Absolut and make my way

to the zany guy, in search of survival.

When his eyes meet mine, I reach out my hands,

instinctively touch the tips of his fingers

feel the exuberance rise as *dream of better lives*

reverberates in my chest like a gong.

His hands slip to my waist, pull me so close

I meld with him, with the music. We sway slow.

*You’ve seen the difference* he dips me

so my head just brushes the river below.

When he pulls me up, touches his forehead to mine

*the future’s open wide* hums in my head like a fuse.

He sends me off in a twirl and something

like happiness swirls to the surface. Down on one knee,

he bows his head, as though in adoration

of something in me I can’t yet see, past this flesh and bone.

Back at the bar, my boyfriend stands

with a loud sigh gives me an eyeroll, and later

when no one is looking, a hot slap across my face—

the burn of which eventually fades, leaving

nothing but groove, and some kind of grace.