

SOLO

I blink through my tears as I pirouette on
shaking legs and curving feet.

She sings of wintertime as the spring sun blasts on
a view of downtown LA.

I kick each leg up,
sweeping the slopes of my young legs
with my blue eyes.

Beautiful words share guilt and pain
that I know in my way.

I blame myself for being unable,
for the pain
I bring into the world.

Wanting an impossible solvent
to smooth my life,
my body I swing 180 degrees,
my hands never leaving
the edge of the serving-counter.

My ankles collapse,
and my pain and sorrow punctuate
her ethereal wish.

I curl against the nearest wall,
hugging and cradling myself
with tender anger.

Head resting on my knobby knees,
I close my eyes and softly warble
with her croon,
“I would teach my feet to fly...”

--Joni Mitchell's "River," *Blue*