The power of metaphor left me. I lived in pictures now. They came to me while I fell back on the fevered couch settling into the indentation that curved around my curves.

In imagination I could still dance.
My body complied with years of bourrées and barre work.
Now that I can only imagine, to dance was an escapade.
My body laughs.

I hold an audition. Solely in my mind.
So many come: the woman with one arm, the woman with no arms, the woman with no body who dances light as air through cracks in the broad wood planks of the floor; knowing we can’t accomplish one step out our front doors.

On stage, we beam at this strange world that hopes to forget us. We survive the mockery of those who pass our streets; unnoticing us, they proceed.

Our legs trace an arc on the floor but in the shadow, our dream legs leapfrog over the chandelier. Someone shouts, casting out verbs our bodies no longer register, like the word burry.

A 6-foot-high papier-mâché heart sits center stage. Inside pulses a series of heartbeats: a baby’s quickening and our own, which we had recorded. We lean still as butter in a glass dish, barely setting our toes on the sprung floor.

Then we enter from stage right to rise up and spear the wind.