

Dance

Nica Vernon

On the flat surface of their world
Numbers weave a web of motion and change
Curved backs and spiky arms undulate
Playing their parts in the dance
These ritualistic gymnastics wax and wane
At times I almost grasp their purpose
Then they sense a calling
And I am lost in the frenzy
They stand apart and still for a moment
In this frozen state they are almost—concrete
Then one stands on another's shoulders
While another pair does flips across the equal sign
Without warning a fusion occurs
And two are one larger
Separate identities are sacrifices
And new ones are born
This mingling of entities is too intimate
The dance is like unto a public reproductive act
Each entity eagerly seeking
For another with which to interact
This world is not for me
Even to observe