

A Waltz in 13 Moves

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1.

Anhedonia and the horse goddess are paired up
in a church basement. Someone's about to die.
The waltz is about to begin.

2.

Something took over Anhedonia's heart.
And it wasn't me. The music moves
like static and sounds like a crow.

3.

This isn't my idea. Sweaty hands
and a heaving chest give her heart more
of a challenge. It beats fast. You left me.

4.

You left me in our hot house for the cool
church cellar. And you hate god. So much.
Our horse waits outside for you.

5.

Her red hair moves: strings of velvet blood.
I see you from far away. I am spying.
My head moves like a top.

6.

Someone's about to die.
The music surges like electricity.
It is all so painful to watch.

7.

I worry about your heart.
It sits in your chest
like a corseted lady-in-waiting.

8.

You gasp for air and I want to run
to you and from you.
The timing is as imperfect as teeth.

9.

You made it through the dance
looking like a docked boat.
Your movements are criticized.

10.

Your movements are beautiful:
my little scarab scooting through the sands.
Hold me like a leech.

11.

Hold me through the sandstorm tonight.
You ride in the opposite direction of home.
You are almost gone.

12.

The horse's ass sways like a dancer.
Like you, only moments ago.
I worry about my heart.

13.

Our house is as quiet as an eyeball.
It sees everything.
The water is lukewarm and saves me.

Carrie McGath from *The Luck of Anhedonia*, 2019