

Saturday Night

Circle skirts swirl
in a swing-your-partner square
of the Polka Dot Dance Club.

Fiddles scratch out tunes
in a presto tempo
to the sing-song pitch
of the slick-tongued caller.

Pink lace and poodles,
and silhouettes of dancers,
flare above bobby socks stuffed
into ballerina flats with tiny cord bows.

No war in fifty-four, no drugs, no HIV.
In his rolled-up jeans and penny loafers,
he worries only about college or the draft,
and he wonders

if the girl he's promenading
around the circle, his hand on her waist,
really likes him.