

Dissociation

When I travel to my wonderland
I am no longer held by your hands
or your gaze

I can no longer hear mother's voice
urging me to tango
as you press your sweaty pelvis against me
the strobe lights illumining our linked bodies
slow, slow, quick quick slow

When I am in my wonderland
blue and white balloons and streamers
float above my head
our class colors
as I slow dance with the boy I like
from physics class
who has nothing to do
with chasing stardom

In my wonderland
I am free from the propinquity
of your breath
on my face

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