

# Life-line

*Megan Thayne Heath*

Tonight I wear your dress  
like a shell to my most graceless springing.  
The brown velvet shimmers with the folds  
and the tucks hang like loosely gathered wind,  
meeting the belt that inhales my heredity.  
Buckled beneath this ageless fabric  
I find you.

Was it the same?  
Did grandpa's brawny forearm scoop you up  
like weightless shucks of wheat  
then hold you close to dance?  
Did you worry about your slip showing  
and laugh at his crooked tie?  
Did the melody of the last dance stay in your head  
late into the night?

I snap the cuff firmly against my wrist  
and stretch my palm wide  
to see it lined with merging life  
and find you  
once again unfold.