

***Last night* by Owam Heyana**

Last night I danced,
I cannot dance.
Or rather I can
but I am terrible at it.
I danced to the songs I was listening to.
I was a ballet dancer
for the most part –
all poise no posture,
all shaking no steadiness

But it was freeing

I smiled in those moments
more than I
did during the day.

I was halfway to myself.