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Uncomfortably Aware

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You have made me uncomfortably aware of my movements.
 Of my leg bouncing up and down,
 Up and down,
 Up and down,
 Rapidly like a jackhammer drilling away at cement.
 Of my foot tap, tap, tapping.
 Tap, tap, tapping,
 Tap, tap, tapping
 A rhythmic sound.
 Of the way, I sway my legs while sitting
 Cross-legged with knees bang
 Bang
 Banging
 Up against each other.
 Like an endless parade but
 The only instruments are the cymbals.

You have made me aware
 Of the way, my nose moves when I talk.
 Only slightly but enough to be noticeable.
 Like a chipmunk.
 Or a squirrel.
 Or a mouse.

You made me aware of the way
 I cannot stand,
 Or sit, still.
 The way I bend my knees while standing
 In a way
 That makes me go
 Up and down
 Up and down
 Up and down like an endless seesaw
 Of the way I sway
 When I am sitting
 Like Newton's cradle
 Back and forth
 Back and forth
 Back and forth
 Just because I'm bored
 I have nothing better to do
 Of the way, I play with my lanyard
 Or the hair tie on my wrist
 Or the string hanging off my sweatshirt

My phalanges intertwining with the string
My finger going
Round and round
Round and round
Round and round

Maybe they are nervous habits
Or just something I need to do
I really don't know how but
You have made me uncomfortably aware of my movements.



Dancing Light

Nataliya Blackhall