

2011

## The Dance

. EPB

*Syracuse University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://surface.syr.edu/intertext>



Part of the [Education Commons](#), and the [Nonfiction Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

EPB, . (2011) "The Dance," *Intertext*: Vol. 19 : Iss. 1 , Article 4.

Available at: <https://surface.syr.edu/intertext/vol19/iss1/4>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by SURFACE. It has been accepted for inclusion in Intertext by an authorized editor of SURFACE. For more information, please contact [surface@syr.edu](mailto:surface@syr.edu).

# Holy Bible

artwork & design by Meghan Donohue  
THE DANCE by EPB



the OT; it deals mainly with priests and duties. life The union of body and soul. C is called the "Prince of life" (Acts 3. the tree of l. also Gen 2:9 the resurrection and the 1. ...:25

of the fortific heart Th physical of do, Lord (not vat, a fema Last Supper Ps 45:6 10; Lk 11:2 of God Mt 6:33; Fk. Mt 26:29 N 1:15 MjN 3:3; he eldest; the earli- The consecration le children, of ani- was an important of Israel. Ex 12:29 the human body; 1 Pet 1:24 26:41; Mk 14:38 Jn 1:14

the w. ... Jn 7:17 Not of w., lest any man Eph 2:9 world The earth; the universe, the w. is mine, and the Ps 50:12 Ye are the light of the w. Mt 5:14 he shall gain ...

earth The planet on the soil. God created the ... The e. is the LORD's Ps meek shall inherit the e. is my footstool' F. not; for I meek shall inherit th Thy will be done in on e. peace, good will new heaven and a Easter A Christian fest the resurrection of Jes Colosse; Colossians (A city in A wrote an epistle to Comforter The corrupti cessor promi seven guide of Ab Jos. psalms (psalm; 36); 47:2; 12:36 Jesus elders and re ch. sev in tra ord the four Eli the to God, P. goeth Priest fore destruc of the traster. Aaro the prios of Levi w keeper One someone or something. am I my brother's k. kill to slay; cause the Thou shalt not k. Mt 5:21 king A chief ruler as he wills. amazed Dismayed; men of Benjamin w began to be sore a. Amen Verily; so b 3:14). Amos (a'mos) A pr first to proclaim th the whole universe fall of the Northern book of Amos is Minor Prophets. Ananias (an-a-ni'as) Jerusalem who lost 16 attempting to hold price of property. 5:1-10). 2. A Ch Lord, my strength,

I am brought nothing into w. worship To honour; to show reverence for. thou w. at w. the where wot K w. ye not Phil. mercy tribes of ... image A likeness. me which in the by ex call. Asia. inner v're who comm. against God. standeth in the way of why eateth Master with. Mk 2:16; Lk 5:30 come to call s. to repentance. over one s. that repaiait. be merciful to me a s. thou hast not hated odom (sod'om) One destroyed by the wickedness (Gen solomon (sol'om) Bath-sheba; thi his reign the zenith; noted. Ecclesi. the 72nd tributed to. 1) Kgs 6:11 visited by the 10:1-13; 2 Chr son A male chi parents; a wise s. maketh a unto us a s. is given this the carpenter's Son; Son of God the Trinity; Chris is my beloved Mk 1:11; Lk 9:35 S. of the living Cro S. is the S. of Gave his only begeth son of man Any bur the prophet Ezekie the OT book of P nels, Jesus uses "Se designation, parti ages relating to t

of the fortific heart Th physical of do, Lord (not vat, a fema Last Supper Ps 45:6 10; Lk 11:2 of God Mt 6:33; Fk. Mt 26:29 N 1:15 MjN 3:3; he eldest; the earli- The consecration le children, of ani- was an important of Israel. Ex 12:29 the human body; 1 Pet 1:24 26:41; Mk 14:38 Jn 1:14

BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENTS  
Holy Communion  
Holy Communion In Chr  
the sacrament of the L  
ritual during which brea  
wine or grape juice are blessed a  
taken of by worshippers

# THE DANCE

I see him sitting across the crowded auditorium, and I feel mesmerized. Embarrassed by my boyish appearance and my lack of make-up, I run my unpainted fingers through my hair, toss my bangs to the side, and hide my un-beautified face behind a closed curtain. My arms come to a rest, stacked on my sides. Suddenly, the insecurity vanishes. I find comfort clinging to the nestled spot, right at home. Right at the heart of morality and integrity sewed into my mind by a priest who hides his sexual interests behind a screened confessional. Ringing communion bells chase the ungodly fantasies into closed off boxes, for us to pretend that they don't exist, for us to pretend that we are not really human, but we are only sinners on a land of temptation. I latch on to the ingrained proverbs verses and suffocating prayers to calm my insecurities. Promiscuous, lust, desire, blasphemous words remind me that my appearance is pure and angelic. That is accepted by those who beat the word of God into thick headed minds that sin, steal, and cheat. An immortal paradox that is excusing my stereotypical notion of beauty and what it looks like.

As the lecturing voices fade, I untangle my legs and press them together as if I were wearing a skin tight dress. Modestly, my right foot firmly lands on the ground. I am aware of the movement of my body, but questioning its direction. I loosen my entangled grip on the religious voices echoing in my head. Each inch I ease, is an inch of confidence my insecurities rob as they crawl back into my being. I hunger for his attention, for him to take me as the beautiful woman I can be. The desire and lust for his touch, for him to breathe life into my empty

shell. I envision myself in a skin tight dress, fully exposing my lacy black underwear just enough to enthrall his imagination, just enough for him to remember the nights that are no longer his. His passed up chances to mold his distance into our intimacy, his ice into our comfort, his judgment into our haven. If only I looked beautiful, appealing to antagonistic images of femaleness and his looming sexual needs, in an empty room, would my presence be worth acknowledging.

Abruptly, I stand up and rush out of the room. The pace in my step ignores the weekly sermons that sprinted through my mind only moments ago. Right – left – right – left, the tempo of my steps moves to the dance of two lovers entangled in sheets. Sheets that strip separation and blend breath, soul, body of two into one. As one that feels, connects, and moves quick – slow – quick – slow. I want to escape the crowded quad and the masses of people who don't understand. We are all here to learn but instead those around me judge and criticize those around them. They use their money to mold this reality, magnifying the pressure to follow a trend depicted in last month's Vogue. The right outfit, the right body, this makes you who you are: a person who is accepted or judged, one who is beautiful or not. As I pass them, I'm reminded of who I am, a daughter of a single mother whose limited income provided groceries from the dollar store, and a stack of unpaid bills. I beg the stride to start the music, transporting me into entangled sheets, connecting with another intimately, instead of through the conceptions of beauty my insecurities try to follow.

for a trespass offering (Lev 6:17) ye forgive men their t. Mt 6:14 If thy brother t. against Lk 17:

ritual during which bread and wine or grape juice are blessed and taken of by worshippers. You knoweth the way of guilt of your to call thy name, particularly Jesus Christ for th

Ephesians 3:32 Esther Unchastity; un-Exodus husband or wife

5:33;  
29  
earli-  
ation  
f ani-  
ortant  
body;  
:38  
h with  
dness.  
of the  
8:19).  
:15  
Jesus  
g from  
called  
2:13;  
of life"  
likes.  
his own  
death  
ally to  
4:11  
Baby-  
e OT  
prefed  
ring  
ween  
1  
oldest  
mia;  
B.C.  
7:37;  
3:7).  
ninth  
ivor,  
6-9),  
less-  
was  
-32).  
on th  
articu-  
7-28).  
Gar-  
diso-

The fading melody drags me from the filled quad to the isolated door of my apartment. In my room I undress myself in the mirror, my eyes and hands completely in sync with one another. As my mind wanders into the unattractive body staring back at her in the mirror, I see a person so far removed from beauty. Nakedly in denial, I rummage through my closet. Pulling each article off of the hanger, I assess and judge whether it is the right outfit. Does my dime measure up to their dollar? Scattered thoughts lead me back to the mirror where I inspect the rightness of my body, the rightness of my beauty. Do I look like the girls in the magazines, the movie stars, and celebrities who starve their fragile and frail bones for attention? I grab hold of the love handles mounted to the sides of my hips. Examining their size, clenching tighter, pinning back the unwanted and unfeminine addition, as society screams in my face not to consume calories or feed the ugliness that unwanted weight spreads. I hear their voices, alongside the strangers found on the quad molding and shaping my conception of beauty. Without the antagonistic features of femaleness, I know I will never fall into entangled sheets, for the movement of my body will be motionless, still, and stagnant. Without hesitation, I try to start the music and I imagine erasing the distance and depth that prevent me from being beautiful. As the tempo begins, I move my thighs and watch as they sway as my body moves right – left – quick – slow – quick – slow.

Enter the shower and allow the cleansing water to wash over me as I run my unpainted finger nails back through my hair. Alone and fully exposed, I allow the water to pull back my curtain revealing my unpainted canvas. Shutting the water off, I reach for the towel on the ledge and dry every inch of my “not right” body before exiting. Rough and fast, I run the towel over me rushing to beat the disappearing steam that will cover the mirror, fighting the lingering tune of the music in my head. I enter my darkened room and reach for my “not right” clothing before I turn on the light. Just as a curtain reveals a stage and opens the scene, the light brings me right back to the mirror – to the place of antagonistic desires to look at an image of femaleness, to his voice in the moments I sold myself to his fanaticized illusion, to the voices of society and the strangers on the quad molding my conceptions of beauty, to the home that clarifies the moments of entangled sheets are just dreams, and paradoxes are my reality. One day you will look beautiful I tell myself, as I cue the music for my unpainted fingers to inspect every inch of my body right – left – right – left – quick – slow – quick – slow.

**Author’s note:** The idea “home” can have a variety of meanings that create familiar feelings and memories. When asked to respond to the prompt, “Where is home” for my weekly portfolio, I wanted to write about the idea in a way that it not always obvious and embraced by society. This narrative is my attempt to shed light on the unacknowledged and yet familiar experiences and emotions that shape who we are.

5:33;  
29  
earli-  
ation  
f ani-  
ortant  
body;  
:38  
n with  
dness.  
of the  
8:19).  
:15  
Jesus  
g from  
called  
2:13;  
of life”  
likes.  
This ow  
O  
death  
ally to  
:4  
Baby-  
ic OT  
rpreted  
ring  
ween  
l  
ldest  
mia;  
B.C.  
7:37;  
3:7).  
ninth  
ivor,  
5-9),  
less-  
was  
-32).