

At the Wedding the DJ Puts on an Oldie

At which point a few of the parent generation venture out,
warily, like flightless birds onto a shining wetland.

Some stand almost completely still,
camouflaged in the crowd,
risking a few small alternating kicks forward.
One moves as befits
a lover of spreadsheets, another half-closes her eyes
and rocks her creaking hips.

 Their children head for the open bar.

As the rhythm picks up, the couples begin to forget themselves,
and to remember instead the steps
they'd practiced once in front of bathroom mirrors,
the righteous glides and shuffles of *The Swim*,
The Pony, *The Boogaloo*.

Listening for the beat,
the retired third-grade teacher snaps her fingers
and, hoisting first one elbow
and then the other,
painstakingly whips her spine forward.

The divorce attorney is making a shoveling-snow-like motion
over his shoulder. The urologist
raises the noodles of his arms toward the heavens
and, as if he were Stevie Wonder incarnate,
waves his sweating face back and forth as beneath a shower head.

 Isn't it all too laughable?
These aging idiotic bodies jiggling, disjointed.
Off-kilter and out of tune,
lovely and foolish
and groovy.