I will grow old very suddenly, perhaps while waltzing. Today I mopped the scuff marks from the marble floor and memorized more dance steps. Aging is weeping less. I slept dry-eyed through last night’s party. I envision ballrooms lit by zeal alone, tricked stars sliding in among the glazed white grapes. And while I sleep and learn and this sky rolls aside so slowly that my sisters think it’s wind, the burlap curtain opens on a jacquard sky. And I know the whirring air is needles threading, dress remnants being joined by hand. And on the raveled outskirts of the last kept acre is a wish-worn, raspy voice amid bright weeds.