

I'll Never Forget ...

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Stars and Sun Date 34731

She became a paragon of everything.

He was uncertain how many girls he had danced with in the past, but for him there was no previous memory of any dance partner once they met.

He did remember this was at his small town High School dance floor, the Orchestra imported from New York.

She was with another classmate. That classmate encouraged her to accept other's invitation, and in fact she including a few steps with him. Then, off with another stallion.

She was light afoot, even with the Klutz-footed like him. She made any boy feel and dance like Astaire as she whirled and glided as a feather at the tip of her partner's hand.

The jaded New York Orchestra came out of their stupor when she glided by, each musician avoiding their sheet music as their eyes danced with her; and some of those New Yorkers were klutzes personally and on any dance floor. But this night, anchored on the band stand, their playing together improved as they enjoyed watching magic on this dance floor.

And he immediately perceived that dancing was the lesser of her beauty. Mentally he compared her to a lithe Venus de Mile, with arms, certainly not made of marble, for she bubbled when dancing, smiling or speaking.

This evening he was able to dance with her a second time, for more than a lifetime it turned out, though it was really less than a minute. The music ended, he began to lead her back to her table friends, when she put those inviting lips to his ear giving her phone number, asking him to call.

He thanked her for that dance, graciousness, courtesy, ending with him finest rehearsed compliments. He returned to his date and friends, quickly sauntered to the Rest Room where he jotted that phone number on the palm of his hand.

Their eyes would not meet again. Yes, he had looked for her on that dance floor she graced all evening.

Imagine his disappointment when back home he sat down to transcribe that invitation onto his desk pad. He found that his hand was a blotch of blue for it had perspired so nothing remained but a smear of blight blue, the same hue of her eyes. But on his palm, blue did not sparkle, invite.

At least that is his eternal recounting of that evening, when true love blossomed, matured, died those seconds of his home town dance floor.

Retellings, exaggerated with each repetition
begins with this mantra,
“As long as I live, I’ll never forget What’s-Her-Name.”