CARRIE GREEN

High Time

—Tahlsound Music Festival, Lexington, Kentucky

Late September and it’s hot as Louisiana, the bluegrass so brown it crunches underfoot.

Do they still dance in Louisiana, where I once kicked up dust and circled dance halls with strangers who twirled me past thought and the steps I’d learned?

Today an audience immobile as satellite dishes plants itself in camp chairs, but this fiddler has me shimmying in my seat. The wetlands dissolve—the mountains topple. I vowed to give up plastic, yet here I am drinking beer from a Solo cup. The forecast is apocalyptic no matter how many times I check, ninety-plus degrees stretching into October, summer swinging straight into winter. The hurricane will either come or it won’t.

Why not grab onto this pendulum? Spin into a dance I didn’t know I knew, my face splintering open in spite of myself, mapping the joy that slips beneath like a fault.