

## When Does Your Body Feel Like It Belongs To You? by Maddie Godfrey

we arrive in the night,

spin in circles with arms wide.

*bodies begun anew<sup>1</sup>*

like teens coming of age

(a blockbuster version of awkward

ness). I search for unlit dancefloors

like an animal searches for meat. when

I say unlit, I mean a safe kind of dis/

closure dis/tance dis/engaged engagement.

*uninhibited by the gaze of others.<sup>2</sup>*

*in the shower - full choreography.<sup>3</sup> safety*

*that cannot be violated.<sup>4</sup> my mouth open*

*in the mirror;<sup>5</sup> my towel slips / spurts sunshine.<sup>6</sup>*

queer bodies dance in ordinary ways.

running from tongues. rushing for hands.

cross-stitched onto the second-hand couch, breathing

deep with a zine asleep in their lap, like a cat.

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<sup>1</sup> Kerry Greer

<sup>2</sup> Zhang Haoyi

<sup>3</sup> Natasha Hertanto

<sup>4</sup> Debs

<sup>5</sup> Kim Davies-Griffith

<sup>6</sup> Elena

*when I have to push myself off the floor -*

when I sit on a stool in the centre of a club

*- with my hands, because of the weight of excess -*

my ribcage throbs a baseline, a purse of painkillers bounces

*- baggage my ageing tummy now carries.<sup>7</sup>*

against my hip; carries pain like a washing basket.

trying to trace new edges for this *shadowy suggestion of a body.<sup>8</sup>*

*spinning across the lounge-room,<sup>9</sup> freely and sensually alone.*

*feminine without restriction.<sup>10</sup> mimicking the bodies of people*

I wanted to become / before I wanted to become myself.

inhabiting my perimeter is a dance move I first learnt from my

gut. somewhere between flinch and frolic. these shoulders once

surged alone; *a reflex.<sup>11</sup>* now, my swaying-self lives among a mosh

pit of tender mirrors. here, *a hand on my shoulder is comforting.<sup>12</sup>*

my loves: when I am dancing alone I am dancing with

you. we arrive like daylight. spin in wide circles with

wide joy. we are a film that will never be made,

all this glory too gory, all this hunger too porous, so much

meaningful dialogue slipping

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<sup>7</sup> Anonymous

<sup>8</sup> Elena

<sup>9</sup> Lexi Randall-L'Estrange

<sup>10</sup> Michelle Huynh

<sup>11</sup> Sarah Giles

<sup>12</sup> Sarah Giles

through our ungritted teeth.