Jitterbug

Susan Edwards Richmond

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5754

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.
When the music starts and it’s a fast swing, all he taught comes flooding back, the toe heel toe heel step step time that kept us spinning and the duck beneath the arm before he reeled us out and then back in again. Bless those Southern manners, the way he’d make us all look fine. He’d greet any woman with a kiss, and guide her with his hand in the small of the back, take his gin straight but never let it get in the way. His face always looked a little shattered, too much drink or study or lack of sleep, except when he was cutting up the floor. New York was not North Carolina, though it must have seemed like what he wanted, the street dance of the crowds and constant music. Something must have caught up with him there and kept on going, something faster than a jitterbug in any college town. I wonder, did he think of us then?—with his car parked on the bridge—how we used to line up high on the dance, for him, ready to be caught and pulled back in from the spin or the dip, our balance in his trembling, steady hand.