

## How to Imagine Dancing Bachata With President Clinton

Imagine that you are at a height-of-summer picnic. We're talking August here. You've decided that it's time to eat something, so you make your way to the nearby card tables which are heavy with the food everyone has brought. You find temptation in the form of a platter stacked high with fried chicken looking exactly like something from a swanky food magazine. You think about how your chicken never looks like that, crispy looking, but not greasy. You can smell the chicken, your mouth waters. You want to do something just because it feels good.

You're wearing a yellow gingham seersucker dress. You thought that your planning would keep you cool enough, but that sun and that heat have it out for you. You're barefoot having kicked your sandals off beneath a nearby tree. You're on the verge of reaching out for a drumstick when you feel a presence behind you. Just as you begin to turn your head, you hear that smooth, jovial voice sprinkled with a trace of Arkansas say, "Go ahead, get yourself a piece of that chicken."

So you do, glad to have an excuse to eat the chicken. You look directly at the owner of the voice and you see none other than Bill Clinton. He says, "I think I'll have one myself." He reaches over you, grabbing one of the crispier drumsticks. He takes a bite, you hear the skin crunch. You watch him savor that sweet-salty meat. It makes you hungrier for your own, so you follow his example, and take a bite.

"Why don't we sit down with these?" He says and begins walking toward some vacant folding lawn chairs.

Before you realize what you're doing, you have followed him. The two of you sit down and begin with the small talk. He was just getting ready to tell you what his favorite pie is when you hear bachata music blaring from the car of someone not too far away.

"Bachata," you whisper.

"Reminds me of one of my trips to the Dominican Republic. Took a tour and hear this music everywhere," he responded.

"I love bachata,"

"You dance?" he asks.

"Yes."

"Well, let's dance," he says taking his plate and sitting it on the grass. Before you answer one way or another, he has taken your plate and put it beside his, he has brushed all of the crumbs from your lap with his hand, and he is pulling you out of your chair.

You stand in front of him, in his arms as he sways to the beat a bit to get the two of you in sync. You close your eyes and you realize that you can smell him.

Manly.

He begins the dance, you follow, eyes still closed. The two of you dance together as if you had been partners for years. You allow yourself to relax even more. He inhales and exhales deeply, making you feel like he's enjoying this movement as much as you are. You realize that he's been drinking whiskey. You remember how much you enjoy the scent of whiskey on a man.

You reach the end of the song and open your eyes. When you look up at him, he is returning your gaze. You stand there in the embrace just a little longer than you should, then you thank each other for the dance and step away from each other.