

Twist In Peace

by Lucy Mac

Behind the bike shed, you taught me to twist.

“Dance like you're putting out a cigarette.”

My swaying hips mirrored yours. Our hands grazed. Unintentional. Electric.

On a moonlit beach, graduation gowns billowing, you asked me to twist again. When you rose like the tide, I dropped to one knee.

Into bed we fell, fingers entwined, our babies twisting dreamily between us.

Under twinkling lights, our granddaughter twirled with her new wife. Hips creaking, palms together, we showed them how to twist.

“Not long now,” the nurse said.

Tubes twisting into your skin, I take your hand one last time.

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Author bio: Lucy Mac is a British writer of short, flash and micro fiction living on the outskirts of Ashdown Forest. Her stories have been published in print and online in Bath Flash Fiction and Westword among others, and longlisted for various competitions, including Bath Flash Fiction, Yeovil Literary Prize, and Not Quite Write. When she isn't being mum or walking her rescue dog, you can find her writing/daydreaming at the kitchen table or on [Instagram](#) and [Bluesky](#) (@lucymacwrites on both).