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The Ballerina

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The Ballerina

Abstract

Little in the world can be as delicate and poised as the small
ballerina you bought me. She dances motionless upon my
bookshelf, as she did for many years before...

Keywords

creative writing, poetry, ballet, dance, performance

Disciplines

Creative Writing | Dance | Poetry

Comments

This poem was written for Professor Nadine Meyer's *English 405: The Poet's Voice* course, Spring 2014.

Tasha Dones
October 10, 2013

The Ballerina

Little in the world can be as delicate and poised as the small ballerina you bought me. She dances motionless upon my bookshelf, as she did for many years before--normally,

her allegro movements are exaggerated by her lanky legs fluttering elegantly in her classic light pink leotard, then ending in an arabesque position.

Tonight, the tiny dancer's adagio movements are slow and dismal like the graceful somberness of a hurricane crashing rhythmically down upon the earth, dancing to the beat of its own destruction.

I'm sorry-- you claimed--I made a mistake. And the tears spill down your face like the pain killers you took last night that spilled out of the bottle you held and onto the floor, though most have entered you already.

Your lanky legs fluttered elegantly, then decrescendo until the rhythm completely stopped and you remained still. The audience stood up and cheered at your finale screaming *Encore, Encore!*

This is your life now, the constant battle of performing, the highs and the lows of the ballet.
And there's nothing we can do about it now.