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Dancer

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Dancer

Her hand drops after a perfect pause,
Legs shifting imperceptibly across the stage,
Scissoring in secretive steps--the lady walks.
Her arms flick up, they pierce the space,
Carving umbrellas as they slice Tchaikovsky.
His complex bars are but clay to her body's
Surgeon skill whose scalpels sing through flesh.

In third row center, yellow pearls look on.
She watches every slice with care,
Each one seems to scratch her eyes.
In its velvet cushioned seat her skin pulls tight.
As she smiles and stiffens the program crinkles.
And the stained red salt, running down her cheek,
Is leaking from a wound she cannot feel.

Bradford Cover