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Painted Ballerina

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PAINTED BALLERINA
Janice Henkel
Poetry
Second Place, tie

I see a delicate form,
Dressed in pure white.
It is caught in a stance,
Forever to hold that pose.
The leg is extended.
The small foot on toe.
The arm gracefully hovering
Over the still face.
I feel silk and satin;
A soft trickle of lace,
A soothing mood coming.
All is quiet and peaceful.
I see great movements,
Unmistakably timed.
A body firm and perfected,
On unwavering lines.
I watched a performance,
Never to be duplicated,
Never to be seen by eyes,
It was all mine,
For a moment in time.
Only within my soul.
I see the stance taken
As if it never danced.
Cool and calm; plenty of breath.
Though my heart beats fast
With the exhausting play.
A hushed silence falls
Around my mind's chambers.