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## Stuck

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# *Stuck*

*Paige Q. Thompson*

Twinkling lights in an empty ballroom.  
A chamber of echo, yet silent.

You may have gone,  
But I'm still here.

I hear your phantom hands begin with soft notes on the  
grand piano.  
In a circle,  
I continue our dance.  
My shoes scuff against the polished hardwood.

Where did the voices go?  
Weren't there other people here?

I look around.  
I am alone.  
A room to fit hundreds,  
and I am the only one.

The piano hits a harsh note,  
But you resume.

The ceiling is too high for me here,  
And did someone bar the doors?

I am meant to live in this moment forever.  
Alone in an empty ballroom with you,  
Dancing to music no one else can hear.