

Performance (Dancer's Perspective)

By : Mistress of Word Play

What performing the dance feels like.



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Would you have me dance
on this wooden stage,
on this spot where other artists
expressed their joy and rage?

I perform here where others stood
and it evokes a different feel.
I am absorbed and transformed
from ordinary to surreal.

A bead of moisture forms at the core
of my innermost being.
Those giant, radiating orbs of light
are unforgiving and all seeing.

My face it melts dripping down
rivers of beige, black, and red.
Still the music invades, overcomes
and I gyrate following where I am led.

My breath is stolen by the air
and the snugness of my dress.
Yet on I flow and finally blend
feeling the rhythm's sultry caress.

For that one instance I am lost
forgetting the pain in my feet.
I dance on in my mystic world
that wondrous place so sweet.

The music slows and finally stops.
There is a silence now.
Elated, a molecule charged, and spent
I turn and take my bow.

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