

Performance (My Perspective)

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What I feel when I see dancers perform.



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She is there before my eyes
sent to entertain and beguile.
The audience lights dim, the music starts
she builds her art and shows her style.

She has come to entertain
to please and mesmerize.
Could I for one moment become she
if I just close my eyes?

There is a look of concentration
upon her oval shaped face.
She is fantasy that has come to life.
She is the epitome of grace.

There is a bond between the two
the artist and her dance.
I watch her swaying gracefully
it is not just circumstance.

What thoughts run through her head
is she caught up, or lost?
How many hours did she devote
what was the final cost?

Envy eats hard at my soul's core
as I watch her perform.
Such grace and beauty wrought.
My blood begins to storm.

I think of all those childhood days
the time that I did waste.
I, too might have been like her
but it was discarded in my haste.

The music stops and the light returns
back to the here and now.
I see her look of triumph ignite
as she turns to take her bow.

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