

Geometric Angles: En Pointe

By Annette Young

Nimble limbs of motion
Swaying geometric angles
Now held captive
by Arctic's disease.

Unlotioned joints congregate in irritation
Their circulatory geography:
Stained with charcoal's rigid residue
Polar insomniacs, vampires of any festive cheer
Yet, an internal ally conducts a pirouette
Perhaps--the winter will thaw.

Once, I was aerial
In winged throes of satiating delight
Breathlessly orbiting
Whispering back to earth's floor en pointe.
Then...

Iridescent spectrums abort light.
The spider sympathizes.
In dawn, her tapestry dazzles neurons
By dusk, all is thunderously usurped
Nature's elements, did net and victor her being
Will they, me too?

Now, instructed limbs mockingly
Extend and contract
Triple metre
Without permission to curtsy
Unwittingly saluting homage to my static nemesis.

Illustrious oils of youth
Evaporated!
The elements of time's vessel:
shaken to reality.
At long last, an enlightened gait
Seats Herself within Me.

Now, my voice
Officiates anew
Young to old convene counsel
All souls of movement
Echo in effort my voiced longings.
The ear leads the dance now
Students' steps are interpreted
A compass of precision adapted to new angles
Baptized in reality's sobriety

Sometimes weeping
Sometimes rejoicing
Always a reasoning applause
As the final curtain crowns--almost.

