

Ballet
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Old Donation School, 7

I watch her dance
The lines
Technique
Emotion
Passion
Beauty
She is a role model, a display for the children to watch and admire all day

A priceless doll

Living proof that no one could be good enough
Not with her dancing

On the wooden floor
The polished wooden floor
The old floor
The floor i urge to dance on
The way you do

I observe as you compliment her
you admire her
You want to be her

Everyone does.

Even if she's in pain
She feels numb;
Drained
Starving
Comparing

It's never enough

Ballet

A little girl who loved dancing
A teenager who is held captive

“She loves dancing.”
Does she?

“It’s her passion”
Is it?

She knows what she wants to be when shes an adult
A professional dancer

But you can’t be a professional dancer if you’re not good enough;
Not skinny enough
Not pretty enough
Not enough technique;

Lines
Footwork
Effort.

But what if I'm never enough?

You promised if I worked hard I'd get somewhere.

I starved
I stopped smiling
I labored hours into the night
Woken daily by sore muscles;
Dull headaches
Bruises
Blisters
Bloody shoes

Yet I'm still not happy.

And when I really make every effort in the center of the room

Simply for validation
For you to notice my small improvement

Even if my feet really do feel numb
With the wooden box gashing my toes every step I extract
On the wooden floor
The wooden polished floor
The old floor
The floor I fell on
Passed out on
Cried on

The floor I wish to dance on
The way I used to.

You remain silent.

No sorrow
mercy
Emotion
Effort

You did this to me
To all the other dancers
By yourself

You simply stand against the doorway
Looking at her

The role model
The priceless doll

Tell me why I knew it all along?

But I can't quit now

I'll let down my childhood dream
Money was spent
Years were taken

I've been held captive; confined

Because of you,

Ballet.