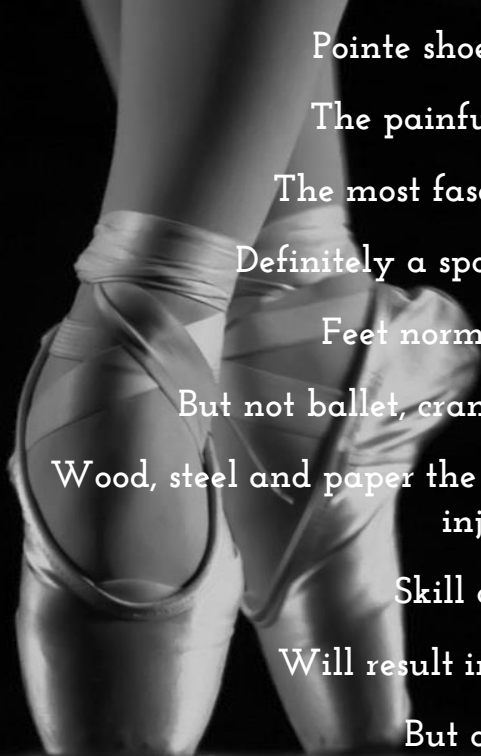




Poetry

POINTE SHOES



Pointe shoes the elegance of the show,

The painful, the powerful, the perfect,

The most fascinating sport in the industry,

Definitely a sport, the most physically abusing,

Feet normally used kicking, running

But not ballet, crammed into handmade paper mache,

Wood, steel and paper the only thing stopping you from falling to an
injured ankle or knee,

Skill and beauty combined,

Will result in a magnificent performance,

But after the performance,

Taking the shoes off

Definitely another story,

Untied ribbons, pull off the heel

Ouch pouch didn't stop the ouch,

Costumes



Ballet is a rainbow of costumes,
Red for the blushed cheeks of excitement
Orange, warm glowing stage lights,
Yellow, Hair nets and bobbie pins scatter all over the floor of the dressing rooms,
Green, the light lace lay limp around the leotards,
Blue for the quiet shadows backstage while waiting to go on stage,
Purple sequins paint pretty patterns on the bodices,
Pink tutus yell for attention center stage.

The Performance

The surrealness of the performance thrived,
Floating, leaping, gallops they have arrived
Partner work, continues the magical
Choreography,
Remembering the steps through their dance
telepathy

Pas de bourrée, Chassé flow together,
Dancing like they were birds of a feather
Clapping, clicking of the pointe shoe box,
The amazing tricks gives the audience shocks
Curtsy and bows to finish the dance,
Red roses thrown for their final glance.



I am Ready

Under the spotlight,
Heart racing, the music starts
deep breath, curtains draw...