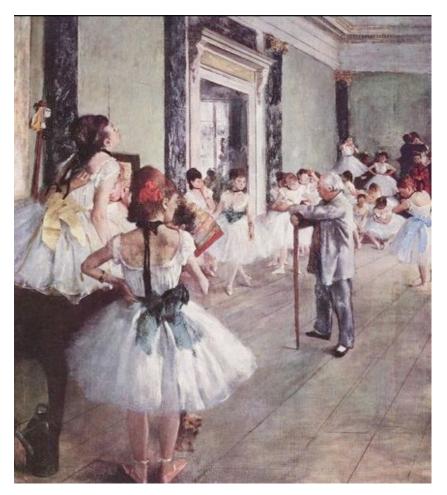
42. Ekphrasis



Dance Class by Edgar Degas

Point your toes says the instructor.
Routine demands, she does as she's told.
Her toes point, until they tremble.
If only everything she did were this bold.

Her bow tied tight, her shoes drawn up, Everything is settling in place. Make-up on, smiles drawn to perfection, Her legs shake under the lace.

Sheltered girl in a sheltered world,
Dances to please the crowd.
The curtains come down, so do the tears,
Even if they are not allowed.

War of the Irises

Indigo silence Fills the air,

Deep and heavy Darkened by their colors.

Twilight drips. It slips. It seeps

Into the abyss. It calls to me.

Alone and yet Surrounded,

A single soul Stands to fight

A war against All things That threaten To suffocate The light.



Irises by Vincent Van Gogh