

## 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**