

## **Dance, Little One**

It's Nutcracker time of year.  
The pumpkins all carved up, the tea with the steam.  
It's Nutcracker time of year.  
Which makes me think back to the time...  
The time when I loved her so much, there's no rhyme  
To fit it.  
I miss her everyday.

First, there were her feet.  
The way she'd pointe, then soutenu  
made me go pointe, then soutenu.  
She held... I held.  
She'd yell out with her piercing voice...  
The way she'd scream, I had no choice.  
HOLD!  
But I never was as good.  
The way she'd pointe, then soutenu...  
The way I never could.

She had history inside her legs,  
and tales of teachers past.  
And I was new, my legs were young.  
I did the steps too fast.  
I'd try until she'd finally smile;  
that smile made it all worth while.  
DANCE, LITTLE ONE!  
I tried so hard to dance.

Then, there was her back.  
The way she'd lean, then port de bras...  
I tried to lean then port de bras.  
She flowed... I flowed.  
She'd stop me, and she'd twist my spine.  
She'd let go and I'd realign.  
FLOW!  
I never was as sleek.  
The way she'd lean, then port de bras.  
My back was way too weak.

The history inside her legs,  
the tales of teachers past

She knew exactly how to move,  
and I just went too fast.  
She'd clap out what the steps should be,  
expecting all the world from me.  
Dance, little one.  
I tried so hard to dance.

Her history. Our history. My history.  
And now?

I'm here 'cause of her.  
The way I think, and how I move.  
She made me think of how I move...  
She loved. I loved...  
And now, when I take class, she's there.  
Her voice is screaming, "fix your hair!"  
Tight!  
In class, I'm not alone.  
The way she loved how I would move...  
The way the time has flown.

The history that's in my legs,  
the tales of teachers past.  
And now I'm old and heavier;  
I never go too fast.  
The pumpkins carved, the falling leaves  
the sweet despair that memory weaves.  
I danced. I did.  
I tried so hard to dance.

It's Nutcracker time of year.