

Tending to the Green

The bright light shines
through the window
and onto the tufts of leaves,
buds bend over
a barre. I pick up the pot
to dip my finger into the soil,
and admire the limber legs
that change from first
to fifth position as they reach
for the sun. The delicate flower
amongst the foliage,
an accent bow on a leotard,
swishes through the breeze
as I turn on the tap
for water the soil
tells me it needs.
Stems lean over
the pot, a ballet shoe
bounding the dancer's feet—
the root of the body—
and water drains from the soles.
I take a cloth to wipe
the dust from the green,
so it can keep dancing
under the gleam
of the spotlight.