

figures of light

arms carving the same invisible line

bones tied with tights and ribbon

there is only the light and the smell of the heat and the dust

side-on at the barre
hoping to position yourself
so the mirror's crack will
take
the middle of you away

head tilted softly
the elegance and eagerness of a curve

so bright you can't see
the watchers
feel bodies by your side but
you are touched only by the light

bulging and straining and shining wet

nothing safer than when he squeezed
tight at my waist and suddenly I was in the air
blank shock
and quick remembrance that even up here
point, extend, tense

teeth grinning eyes blank mind trying not to collapse

chest lifted – breathe in the music, let it make you soar
pull you into that light

I was once stood in front of the mirror
and shown that the top of my thigh
could take up less space
and I nodded and said
thank you

mouths amused by the shared absence of a joke

wrapped, secured against the
oozing and inflamed

all we want is to be impossible