

## Ballet Class

Sometimes I like it best  
for the way we become  
a Degas,  
one adjusting  
the ribbons of her shoes,  
another leaning  
against the barre,  
feet close  
arms spread  
against the wood  
as though crucified  
with beauty,  
another kind of grace.  
And sometimes  
I like it best  
for the colours  
which are always only  
pink and black and flesh.  
But mostly I like  
the motion,  
the sinews responding  
to sound  
and all the fire  
of the body as it would be  
reined in  
until we move precisely  
flames of a scented candle  
in a room where the only  
vibrations  
are music  
and the beat of the breath  
as perfect  
as notes.

by Rosemary Aubert

