

# Light and the Dancer

Mist and marsh-light behind her  
she moves through the dark tunnel  
and descends the stair.  
You, perhaps, would choreograph her otherwise.  
Towards the open audience of my eyes  
she descends the stair  
each step a Fonteyn step:  
toe outward down,  
the heel flexibly and firmly follows.  
From the dark frame, the pallid gaseous flare,  
she descends into unlit space  
between the curtain-lids.  
No silken prince attends,  
muscles glinting to sustain her flight.  
She descends the stair  
masked in shadows of black skin.  
Her hands shield and cherish  
a smokeless flame that strains between her fingers.  
She descends into stage space,  
offering out her centre of light.  
There is no rainbow.  
Darkness matts my palms.  
There is no applause.