

Years of whirl

a poem by Bea

As I remember it now
Those dedicated years of whirl
Rooms, musicfull,
Played that endless song.
The haziness of those years
That saw me grow,
Today are only memories
To which I hold
Close to my heart
Close my core

The countless hours in the studio
Tempo, tempo, tempo
Is all I needed to know
For the world outside
I needed to resign
My focus laid only on movement
That could not escape my mind

My muscles burning,
Sweat dripping,
My gaze hazed by the heat,
And those spiraling nerves.
It is impossible to subverse
The standards set long ago,
We are only satisfied once they are met
But we all know that satisfaction is hard to get.

Those standards,
Those unreachable standards
Those harsh and cruel and unattainable standards.
Resulting then,
Again and again
In repetition to exhaustion
With no care or caution
Those bodies of ours
That we push to the limit
Hours after hours
Criticizing the nature of it
The mirror our biggest complicit.
Starring, comparing
To others, to ourselves
Man was not made to look at itself.

Tension is prevalent,

Competition is trivial,
Although the disguise is quite elegant
Behind the mask, judgement is visceral.
Wishing all the same thing
All sharing a similar goal,
Fighting everyone, for a chance at the first role,
Some are ready to torn down others
Some are ready to tear down their souls.

But the enemy is nothing but a shadow
That hides amidst the stages' glow,
A non-existent creature
That pits you against your peers
A volatile promise, a general fear
Only plighted to one
But whispered to all.
"What if it was I that got it all ?"

There is a reason, though,
Why we stick to this art
Why we endure it all,
Why we accept the ache,
Why we accept the fall.

This devotion to the art
Didn't require,
Even if that what may transpire,
No dancing spell sent our way
No smoke rings in our mind
And no foggy consciousness
Solely a love for this strange exercise.
Although to you, reader, this might seem crazy
I invite you to take a closer look,
A peek,
And you will see
That perhaps we aren't all crazy
Just kids with a dream.

No one starts because they want to be the best,
Only by the love one has in their chest,
For movement, for rhythm, for stretch
It is all a drug,
We all seek that adrenaline rush, that release
Exposing for all to see
The rawness of our spirit,
And the reason for us to be.
A complete surrender to the music
But also to the unknown parts mind

Leaving who we thought we were behind.

"We all have a song"
As Patti says
We all have a dream, an aspiration
A dream of light, of sublimation

It now seems all so far away.
How could I still feel this close
To the art of ballet ?
For I haven't dance in months,
When I used to dance everyday.
I don't do it anymore,
But I have never felt longing like this before
A longing that knows the highs and lows
A longing that misses, but back it doesn't wish to go.

As I remember it now
Those dedicated years of whirl
Rooms, musicfull,
That played an endless song.
The haziness of those years
That saw me grow,
Today are only memories
To which I hold
Close to my heart
Close my core

And as I remember it now too clearly,
Yes,
I loved it dearly.