2-20-2013

Ballet in Black & White

Tom Cordle
There is a voice speaking,
Its whisper loud above the cheers:
There is aesthetic joy in watching sweating bodies
Turn, pivot, leap, leap, leap

Nureyev (or is it Villyela?):
A graceful pirouette and bow
Reveals the prima ballerine of formal dance.
Turn, pivot, leap, leap, leap--
Arms raised high above the head
And hands pressed finger tenderly to finger.
A delicate liquid body flows,
Or at least it almost seems it flows,
And then it does not flow--
It is frozen,
Frozen fusion from the fire of flickering lights.
A living statue,
Mesmeric motion metamorphosized in molten marble.
Complete cessation, total expectation,
Expectation of the momentary madness,
The glorious orgasmic climax of the dance.

There is a voice speaking,
Its whisper loud above the cheers:
There is aesthetic joy in watching sweating bodies
Turn, pivot, leap, leap, leap

Monroe (the Nureyev of Black Ballet):
A sudden twist and bound
Reveals the prima ballerine of formless dance.
Turn, pivot, leap, leap, leap--
Arms raised high above the head
And fingertips pressed tenderly against the ball.
So delicately they touch it--
It almost seems they do not touch it,
And then they do not touch it--
It is seeking,
Somewhere in the searching shafts of light,
The sucking strings.
Softly swallowed by the sucking strings,
One sweet sensation, one small suggestion,
Suggestion of the momentary madness,
The glorious orgasmic climax of the dance.