

The Ballet · *Thomas Lux*

(for Cathy Appel, who took me)

I don't know what they pay the dancers but
the hall they dance in is huge and golden.
Whatever they earn—it's not spent on food
since they look *starved*. Do they leap so high
so they'll get more to eat, or is it because
they do not eat that they are light enough
to leap so high? I ponder this as they cross
in threes from wings both left and right. I wonder
also if it's some trick with mirrors: from here
they could all be one: same size, same tutu,
and bald (hair tight back). It *is* beautiful:
they make it look so easy—leaping, twirling;
I couldn't make it look so easy leaping *down*.
Of my pleasure I am sure: this is dance.
And if I feel displeasure it is with the opulence
of the hall, the hundred dollar haircuts, which
after all, don't have much to do with dance,
which is art, I guess, or athletics
where no one tries to kill another. I'd go again,
with you, though dance means naught to me.