

Ballet · *Brenda Hillman*

After the class I taught my father French:
Lundi, mardi, mercredi and the slow months.
He learned the R the way I learned to move,
A little stiff and dramatized and breathless.
I held my arms round like the full moon
Wanting pointed shoes, the intractable
Lace of a real dancer. It makes me sad
To see them leap across the stage. Father
Mispronounced the French. But he had grace.