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.



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