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# The Ballet

Thomas Lux

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## 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.