The Ballet

Thomas Lux

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.3169
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.