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The Ballroom

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Silver Sparkles of Light

I wanted to write
to let soft words flow and dance
onto the whiteness of the page
like a thousand ballerinas
in perfect form.

I wanted to color the world
with all the beauty
of a Kansas sky
where silver sparkles
light up the dark background.

I wanted to create a memory
to touch people
like the cool mist of morning dew.

But my pen stayed black
and the words never came.

--Christy Eller

The Ballroom

from the record player
ripples the Blue Danube Waltz
two shadows of the candlelight
approach one another
one curtsies; the other laughs
they mold into one
one who is
deaf to the static
blind to the light
ignorant of the audience

while I stare in amazement
at my parents
dancing in their empty nest

--Pam Van Den Broek