

I



The little girl was trapped in the room
With nothing to keep her alive in the gloom.

Just the book of the dancers, the dances, the dance
Stretching high, swooping low, contorted bodies and arms.

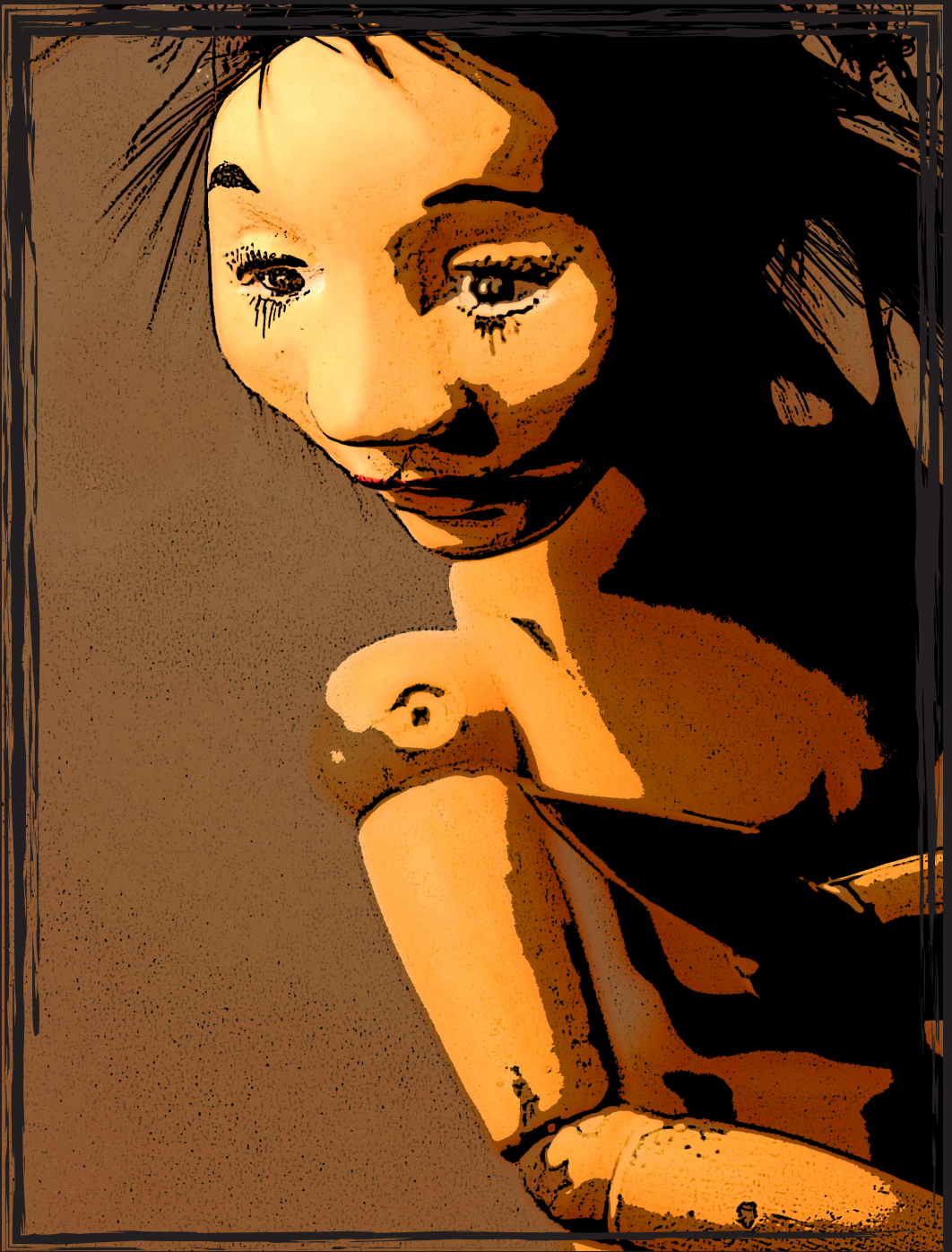


How she longed to escape this dark scary place
And dance on the stage, feel the lights on her face.

She said to herself, 'One day that will be me,
I'll be a dancer, and I will be free.'



But the walls just got closer, and the dark darker still,
Yet she'd look through her book and the room seemed to fill
With light from inside her, and passion, and rage,
'I will break free from this prison and dance on the stage.'



She studied those dancers, recreating the moves,
Determined to break down the walls of the room.

She learnt every position, every role, every part
Till the dancers on the pages were firm in her heart.



The chance finally came, as chances will do,

The chance for her dream to finally come true.

‘Please dance on our stage,’ the bright poster sang

‘Anyone welcome, anyone can.’



As she put on the skirt she'd crafted in lace
The walls could no longer hold her in place.

She imagined herself as a swallow in flight
As she stepped on the stage, felt the crowd, felt the light.



As the light warmed her skin tears rolled down her face
Repeating the pattern of her ballet skirt lace.

'Now I'm out of the room the dancer is me
I'm finally dancing, I'm finally free'.



She recreated the scenes of the dances she knew
And as the little girl danced her confidence grew.

But the crowd were just staring at the tableau she made
This was not dancing, this still masquerade.



She kept holding each pose for just the right time,
Then she'd turn the page in the book in her mind.

She stood frozen in flight for the audience to view
For she never knew that to dance was to move.