

Shall We Dance?

My milky skin and delicate wrists
Are often admired from afar
The folds of my skirt, caught in the waltz
Buttercup yellow to match my hair
Taffeta and silk
Ringlets dripping on one shoulder
A slender foot ready for the beat
Waiting...
For my handsome gent to lead me
In a waltz around the floor
Alas it is not to be, for I am frozen now
Never to hear the strings of the orchestra
My eyes expectant, they will not age
My ethereal smile trapped
No experience of love nor marriage
Childbirth or death
I stand upon the cabinet
Forgotten over time
My skirt gathers dust, my skin yellows
Yet still I am ready for the dance to begin
Perpetually at the ball
The Coalport name bears witness
To the occasional nod,
'She's worth a bob or two'
They lift me up and turn me over
'Emily is her name.'
Then place me back and walk away
Porcelain figures, no longer in fashion
I wish that I could close my eyes

Rest for a short while

But instead I'll gather up my skirt

Ready for the waltz to start

Forever waiting for the words

'Shall we dance?'

34 lines