

Through The Glass

By Susie Spann

A soft melody drifted through the cold springtime night,
A sweet contrast to harsh electric light.

Through a wall of glass I glimpsed a wondrous scene:
Figures floated and glided like an enchanting dream.

Swept up by the magic I stared through the glass
As the music changed from strings to brass.

Without missing a beat the figures began a new dance.
I stood and I stared, caught up in a trance.

They soared and they wheeled like angels in flight.
They jumped and they jived and danced through the night.

Then I remembered a time, long, long ago,
When music was embedded deep in my soul.

Suddenly, my heart yearned to dream once more.
What would I lose, if I dared cross through the door?

With a deep breath and the bravado of a Marine,
I put my hand on the door and marched into the scene.

I knew right away that I had entered a new land,
When one of the dancers took me by the hand.

Feeling like a stupefied Rip Van Winkle,
I learned the words foxtrot, salsa, and twinkle.

I left my footprints on top of my instructor's feet,
And I'm certain he despaired of making a dancer of me.

Now I'm learning to do a tango, instead of a take-down.
And I know the difference between a smile and a frown.

I can extend my arms, in an almost beckoning way,
Instead of trying to keep an opponent at bay.

But the best thing I encounter with every class:
I found a new part of me on the other side of the glass.