

BEAUTIFUL, TINY DANCERS

Ally Iandolo

Being young and standing there,
watching the billows of smoke fill the sky
as a golden spark sets the logs ablaze.
Hues of red, yellow, and orange spin around the bonfire
Like graceful, tiny dancers in the night.
Crackles and pops arise out of the dullness beneath,
From withered wood that has long forfeited its purpose.

Being young and standing there,
hearing the whispers of the inferno
pulling and aching for me to come closer.
“Back away from the fire!” a voice calls,
distant in the cool breeze that blows against my cheek.
The voice is ignored as I am entranced
by the delicate twirling of the ballerinas.
Reaching out, I feel the warmth on my hand,
a warm hug in loving arms
where everything is safe and sound.

Being young and standing there,
unaware of the imminent danger lying ahead,
completely engulfed by the beauty
and not seeing the agony.
My fingers spin into the tiny dancers
and I am ripped away from the enchantment
and see not dancers, but vicious snakes snapping out at me.
The place they have conquered is not beautiful, but
destructive
and the feeling is not of warmth and happiness,
but of scorching heat and suffocation.

Being young and standing there,
Finally realizing the pain, not the beauty
and knowing the truth after so many long years
of enchanting lies disguised as tiny dancers.