

# Indestructible

*by* Keith U.

Giselle was dead.

I was in the wings with Albrecht.

The theatre was packed.

I had never before seen the marriage  
of strength with grace  
The dancers made it look easy,  
these apparent contradictions,  
Plato's Forms for physical conditioning and artistic mastery.

But then, until that moment, I had never really witnessed  
*Professional* anything.  
Or rather, if I had, hadn't appreciated it.  
and I was in awe.

*Where are the flowers?*  
Albrecht asked.  
and suddenly they were in my hand  
thrust there by a passing member  
of the touring crew.

*What are these!*  
he whispered wide eyed  
*These aren't real!*

With furrowed brow  
He took the plastic stems  
and began to beat the blossom ends  
against the black brick wall  
contorting his face to my delight

repeating with every blow,

*IN-DEE-structable!*

[Whack!]

*IN-DEE-structable!*

[Whack!]

*IN-DEE-structable!*

[Whack!]

and the harder I tried to maintain my composure,  
the more I feared I would wet myself.

Then on cue, Albrecht danced  
back on stage  
and wept real tears  
as he placed the flowers on Giselle's grave.

I was in awe.

But then, until that moment, I had never really witnessed  
*Professional* anything.

