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

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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.