

Annabelle's Dance

Robyn Cage

swinging brown curls
taffeta swirls
it's Annabelle's Dance
tiny pink toes
a turned up nose
stars in her hands
she's tossing her stars up into the sky
sparkling promises light up the night
she watches them gleam
each one a dream
of who she will grow up to belong
gangly arms
teenage charm
it's Annabelle's Dance
spinning around
feet kiss the ground
she's dreaming of wild romances
she still sees the stars but sometimes they go dark
she's turning and learning life can be hard
she isn't so sure of herself anymore
the stars aren't as bright as before
pouting red lips
spiraling hips
it's Annabelle's Dance
flailing about
twirling with doubts
no-one understands
the stars are falling out of the sky
she's losing her light and she doesn't know why
she's still just a child in her mind's eye
whirling and writhing and dancing through life
swinging brown curls
taffeta swirls
it's Annabelle's Dance

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