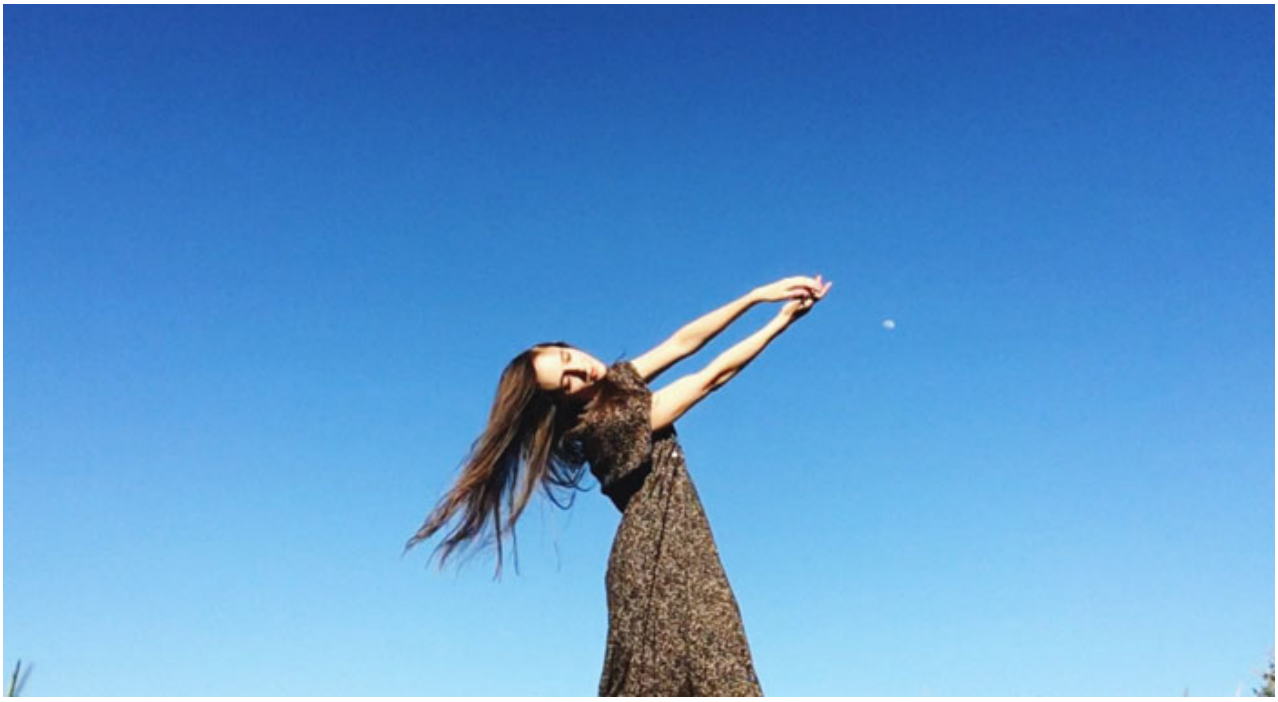
POETRY

An Ode to My Inner Ballerina

by Brianna Colmenares



"up in the air 2" by Margaret Wiss

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I am Clara, I am Alice
running circles in my pointe shoes
the Dodo, and the Dormouse stare.
The March Hare hounds her to stop.
He is dizzy. Tweedledee and Tweedledum find me as
I am on the way to the Kingdom
of Snow begging me to show them how to calypso.
In a perfect world the Queen of Hearts and
the Rat King will wed and I will
be left alone to leap all over Wonderland.

In a world of my
own I would simply sissone
over the flowers singing “Golden Afternoon.”
Twirl in between the changing hues of the caterpillar’s
hookah smoke. I would trade my itty bitty
mushroom piece for
one of those Christmas
cookies. I would remain the size
of grass — three inches tall. If only
to stay in my head.

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