

## POETRY

14-15 “Celtic Riverdance” by Alexandra Vasquez

Concentration and excitement running on high as the music begins to play. The audience is waiting to watch your Every move as your feet begin to fly through the air and your Leaps take you soaring in the sky! Flying into your own Time, your own place, no longer is there any audience to cheer you on ... all that is here is you.

Instincts are all that matter now. The dance, the music, and you – that’s all there is; all there ever was. Your heart is

Calling to your feet now, but they know what to do. Your soul is part of the music and it hasn’t missed a beat. Everything forgotten is now

Reality. It’s a dream and yet real – we’re just caught

In between. We’re looking into a mirror – but all that’s there is me. Nobody is around, you’re gone now, and that’s the way that, for now, it should be. I can’t be

Veered off course; I’m free to be just me. Dancing for my soul now, dancing just for me. Not flying for the judges or amazed wide-eyed onlookers.

Everyone is gone and nobody’s watching me. My heart it leaps for joy, and my love for this true. It’s what I’m meant to do now, what I’m searching for.

Revealing this I’m not, a secret I must keep it; but it doesn’t matter.

They’ve already seen it all. The

Dance has told a story. Some were mystified, some overjoyed, some tearful, and some understood, but all knew this wasn’t the end. Even

As the music slowed and I was whisked away once more – caught up in the world – I knew I had to finish and that this would be it. Everybody saw it, yet

No one really knew. This music, the soul and dancing of the heart would never be again together, never see it through. The

Cheers broke through my thoughts and a smile came across my face. At least we had succeeded – you and I – we’ve made it through to the

End. Now we must go our separate ways and pray to one day meet again.