

This poem was written in June, 2005 during a hospital stay related to PD. The only object visible to me from my bed when I looked out the window was a huge crane. I was inspired to write this poem after realizing how fluid its movements were, unlike mine at the time!

STEEL BALLERINA

By Heather Goddard

There she stands firmly planted
A monument of strength
Hovering, towering
Balanced.

With her triumphant trunk
She conveys a sense of calm
An air of serenity
Despite her majestic mass

Her agility and grace, an amazement
Her fluid control, to be envied.
But, wait.....

This steel ballerina is a machine, not a person
Man-made, unfeeling, and unimportant
An uncomplicated crane
Yet stronger than me
More mobile
Controlled by a man in a blue box
Sitting high above the earth

Me
Controlled by a sick brain
Buried deep within my body

Ballerina of steel, balanced, even, legato
Me, unsteady, choppy, not at all agile
And certainly not ballerina material!

Nevertheless
I live, I feel, I emote
While the steel ballerina, full of grace
Is only a manipulated machine

How sad for her. . . .