

(A day in the life of a) Tiny Dancer

Mama says,

“Come, Tiny Dancer
let’s go watch Big Sis.
And maybe someday soon
you will dance like this.”

Dressed in leotards
with ribbons in their hair
their tying shoes
and stretching with care.

With everyone ready
the music begins
but from outside the room
Tiny Dancer peers in.

Perched by the window
she hears their feet stomp
and somebody’s saying
“Keep going, don’t stop.”

“No, no no” says the teacher
“You can’t just prance
it’s more than moving feet
YOU’VE GOT TO DANCE, DANCE, DANCE!”

That same voice is counting
“5, 6, 7, 8
Come on, dancers,
you’re all looking great!”

Tiny Dancer hurries home
with Mom, she can’t wait
to dance in the mirror saying,
“5, 6, 7, 8”

Upset with herself
she drops to the floor
just like her sister
has done before

but she picks herself up
and dances again
and the crowds go wild
if only just pretend

For hours on end
she spins and twirls
and watches herself
in her make believe world

Her big sister dances
as if the main feature
but she does not know
that SHE is the teacher

We all become teachers
when one watches you
even if it’s simply
monkey see and monkey do

Lessons can be learned
when lessons are taught
But the best lessons learned
are when lessons are caught

Mommy says it’s bedtime
and this will have to last her
for such is a day in the life
of a tiny dancer.