

In the Spotlight by Zoe Kaufman

Pointe shoes tied into a bow,
I've been waiting, and I'm ready to go.
Hair tied back into a bun,
Ready to have a night of fun.
Cheeks are red and lips defined,
The choreography is running through my mind.
In the wing I'm nervous too,
I run right in on my cue.
Lights are blaring in my face,
I'm squinting as I keep a steady pace.
Leaps and turns and grand jetes,
I go en pointe to do my fouettes.
I take a bow with pride and grace,
In the spotlight is my happy place.
Applause and cheering reach my ear,
The end of another show is coming near.