

A Ballet of Stone

Charlie Baker

I stand on the rocks
and reach to the sky,
only to lower my arms back to the ground,
then I bring them up once more

The sun beams as I loosen my muscles
I prepare for a dance,
with the granite and I

I slip on my shoes of rubber and canvas
and stand en pointe
upon a minute crimp

the dance begins

I flow from each move to the next,
my hands finding small cracks,
my feet seeking miniscule ledges

I barely need to think
as if this were a practiced routine between
the wall and myself

my muscles strain
my hands become scraped, bleeding
ever so slightly
but
entranced in my routine
I fail to notice

eventually, I complete my dance.
topping the wall,
I sit.

The ocean laps behind me,
the breeze stirs my hair.
I exhale,
I was one with the wall
and I am one with my soul