

To Move with Great Abundance, a Sestina

I never felt beautiful, even when I was little,
I always just felt like nothing more than a round, pale girl.
It didn't even matter how well I behaved, or how just,
I would stand frozen in the mirror, unable to move.
Never able to look up, as my mind would mutter, "*Don't*"
As the word echoed through my head, like a downtrodden dance.

I was never the young woman, being asked to the dance.
All of what I would do, I would pretend it was a 'don't'.
Convincing myself that no dress looked good on such a girl.
Continuing to lie to myself, little by little.
Duplicity, believing I never want to readjust,
Running away, but really never able to move.

Happiness was the only thing I ever did remove.
Though other people had plenty, I told myself, "I don't".
Something always lingered within, which always felt unjust.
After things that happened, and the subsequent avoidance,
Beauty and joy were something I could only belittle.
How quickly I started to crumble, this frail paper-girl.

No matter how hard I tried I couldn't abandon that girl,

Somehow she managed to turn my trauma into guidance.

I want to believe I never meant to hurt her, it's just...

It's all we ever learned to do, since we were little.

There was something rooted inside telling me not to move.

Now, when I turn from the mirror, it's her that whispers, "Don't"

Don't

Just

Move

A little.

Girl,

Dance!

Because of her, now I only move with great abundance.

Joyous displays of not only moves but countermoves.

Feeling the beauty and joy take root, little by little.

Eventually she too will be able to readjust,

In my reflection, I began to love that little girl,

And if it ever gets too hard, she feels the things I don't.

If you're ever frozen in the mirror,

Just look at yourself and remember,

Don't just move a little. Girl, dance!

