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For the Love of Dance

Rebecca J. Quinn

Nova Southeastern University

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For the Love of Dance

Author Note

My poem came from a friend of a friend and an inspiring session in the dance studio.

For the Love of Dance

I am a dancer.
I am a masochist.
The two are essentially
The same thing,
You know?
I fell in love with dance
And I gave my body to it
So I also fell in love with pain.
I am beaten.
I am bruised.
I bled.
I possess the scars.
All from one lover,
A sadist of the toughest form.

But not a sadist who leaves you
Alone
Crying in pain.
A sadist who stays while you're hurt.
A lover who tends to your wounds.
Physically you're hurt.
Physically you're dying.
Sadist dance does not
Tend to you physically.
It can only harm your worldly essence.
But, if you dance,
Your soul will be beautiful.
The sadist dance beats your body,
But the lover dance tends to your soul.