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## The Ballet

Bianca M. Oliveira  
*Nova Southeastern University*

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## The Ballet

### Author Bio

As a Massachusetts native, Bianca seeks various creative opportunities to express her love for the four seasons. Now a Florida resident, she enjoys to capture moments of nostalgia and beauty in art—mainly poetry.

# THE BALLET BIANCA OLIVEIRA

Yearning, her fingertips meet each wink of white  
before her eyes do.  
The wind-up ballerina of your forgotten jewelry box  
materialized.  
Her eyes' brilliance is the chime of harmonizing song.  
Frozen in an ocean of fresh lace, her eternal pose  
radiates beauty,  
unwavering in tinkling flakes of once upon a time.  
Her arched figure flows in waves of flurried wind,  
enveloped by the embrace of delicate thread.  
The quiet bend in her knee mocks branches that  
admire the image of poise  
in vain.

Take her hand  
join her in still glory,  
and reach for the twinkles in untraceable night;  
the brilliant sun always shines there,  
and promises of childhood lore live on.  
Take her hand

Yearning, strangers' fingertips meet each wink of  
white before our eyes do.  
Strangers no more, we rise and fall in musical  
memory,  
accompanied by wintry whispers of wind,  
surrounded by silky innocence—cool to the touch.  
Trees and leaves and bushes swoon to the tune of  
a friend's laughter, a grandmother's arms, a mother's  
magic  
and forget the ice of an old heart.  
Join her in still trance and joy.

Take my hand.