

Their Rehearsal

Sloane Duys

Chopin, Brahms

Their feet tap on the busy street,
Every which way traffic bustles,
None of it
Meaning anything.

New York snow, lit up signs,
Words I can't describe,
Their feet tap on the icy street,
But nobody sees them.
They don't tap loud enough.

Gift boxes, wrapping paper,
It all goes up in ember,
So people don't notice their dance,
On the eve of December.
Their feet tap in the fiery heat,
But nobody says anything,
Their lives are full of
Papier mache
Worry.

They never will be held up high,
Their feet ache, their toes feel fried,
Before their big break,
The words on my tongue,
Rehearse and rehearse-
All rehearse too long.