

## THE DANCER

Let's be honest about this.  
You scare the shit out of me.

Why?

First, you're good.  
Very good. And strong. Lean. Supple.  
You can oh-so-slowly rise into a position,  
Without a quiver or shake,  
That all but the most fit and practiced of us  
Could only do with the help of a crane,  
And our physical therapist at the ready,  
To help relieve the inevitable pain  
About to ensue.

And I don't speak dance.  
I don't know how to say to you,  
Try this,  
Or that,  
Be more like an eagle,  
Or a hawk,  
Now, be an owl or a tree  
In a gentle rain, in a breeze ...

And it's not for lack of vision,  
It's for lack of words  
The right words to express  
What my mind sees,  
And for a lack of experience,  
To know if what my mind sees  
Is beauty, beast or just a loaf of plain-old white bread,  
All soft, squooshy and blah  
As any bread can be.

And then there's religion.  
You're religious.  
I'm not.  
And not that that matters, to me at least.  
But what are you going to think if/when I say,  
Aw, shit – that's amazing ...  
Or aw, man, - I love that ...  
It was so hot, sensual,  
Wow, you've really got the moves.

And I don't, wouldn't, mean anything untoward by that.  
It's just that I'd be thinking it, if I was thinking it,  
And, likely, blurting out whatever was in my head,  
Sensible or not,  
Sensitive or not,

... Religion or not.

And I guess here's the bottom line.  
I want this to be good for you.  
I want you to have fun.  
Be challenged – AND REWARDED – artistically for all your effort.  
I want you to walk away saying,  
    "I'd like to do that again."  
    The picture, the process, the pose, the posture –  
    ... they were all good for me."

*[pause]*

I know what I'll get out of it.  
I pretty much only learn by doing.  
And I love dance.  
I love watching dancers articulate a story in a way words simply cannot express.

So, yeah, I'll learn from you.  
    I'll learn a ton.  
    I get that.

But what scares me so is – what will you learn from me?  
    And if the answer is "nothing",  
    I will have failed.  
    And I don't want to go down in your diary ...  
    as a waste of your time.

That scares the shit out of me.