

## Pavanne

This haughty dance we learned at ballet  
When we were as high to hauteur  
As a child bride is to a King.  
Steps of withering grace we tried for  
Punishing the long mirrors with disregard  
Dismissing suitors who never showed.  
Later we studied the dress: wide panniers  
And waists like wedges driven  
Through the spine into the eye.

ELIZABETH SMITHER