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Dust

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Dust

Emma D. Demar

It was the silver flecks that first draped me in a daze
Sifting seamlessly through shards of all shades of blue
They were spotlights, grasping greedily onto the radiating light
That filtered its way through the pale glass of the nail polish.
It was called Dust, this supposed color, which was really
A cradle of sparkles spinning like a sea of indigos and royals
I might use to paint the sky, and those silver shards
They'd be the stars. I'd be the star, I'd always say
To anyone who'd listen, when I'd frolic and prance
And send spins around my living room in front of Dad's
Video camera. I'd slide seamlessly across the floor,
Toes pointed and chin up, like I knew to do,
Singing and spinning until there was no more charge left
In Dad's camera, or he'd grown tired of holding it there
Or it was dinnertime. But I was never ready to give up
My shining time. Sparks of royal blue,
True blue hues were still bubbling inside my tiny gut
Making me sick with the urge to release their dazzling beams
To the spotlight. But the camera light had already been
Turned off, and when I looked down at my toes,
Still pointed, they were buried beneath a daze of stardust.