

A MILLION TINY DANCERS

I step out from the comfort of the Opera House,
Mozart still ringing in my ears,
And am welcomed into the bitter cold night by a million tiny dancers
Sparkling brightly in the winter sky.
They touch everything,
The Christmas trees, the street decorations, the statues in the square.
They spread their frozen magic all around me
And fill the very air with their endless, gently swirling movement.
I have never seen the city look so lovely.
These tiny diamonds are more beautiful than any designer jewels.
Children reach out trying to catch them,
These sparkling sequins in the night sky that are more beautiful than any designer dress.
The city stops to enjoy the spectacle.
“Let’s just walk home tonight. If we take the underground
We’ll miss this amazing sight.”
Then a soft, gentle breeze steals my winter wonderland away.
The tiny dancers disappear.
We go home by the underground as usual,
But with everlasting memories of one of nature’s marvels,
Freezing fog.

Mary Hogg, Crosshill SWI

Based on a memorable experience.