

# *Ballerina*

Isabella Gordon

Sitting on her dressing table chair,  
Annabelle daydreamed of being elsewhere,

She dreamed of performing on stage,  
The white spotlight beaming down on her,  
Gracefully spinning and moving to the music,  
Her feet prancing as if they were floating in the air.

She dreamed of wearing her pale pink tutu,  
Standing en pointe in her shiny satin shoes,  
Her hair slicked back in a tight ballet bun.





She dreamed of dancing in the Snow White  
with her little sister Heather  
Elegantly leaping as light as two feathers,

She dreamed of listening to the Nutcracker's score,  
Visiting The land of sweets on the dance floor,  
Her chance to be the sugar plum fairy,  
The applause she received was extraordinary.

