

The flags were stagnant.  
Longing to dance.

I was aching to aid them,  
A premise not within my power.

For I was just a child, feeble in my meanderings.  
Coveting for something so graciously unattainable.

Reluctant to fail, turning to a strange man for help.  
Bearded. Unenthused. He declined.  
Informing passers-by, that she was already dancing.

A pink slime.  
adorned her face.  
Oozing from pores.  
She only danced in company.  
Never just for me.

Speaking a dialect none comprehensible.  
A methodology of distinctive features.  
The melody of her tongue,  
Lost in translation.

She was already dancing.