

## **The Sweet Beat That Moves Your Feet**

By Jameliah Cunningham, dance student, New Town High School

Dance is a hidden expression  
Which teaches you a lesson  
Of feeling.

The fluid or percussive movement  
Performed by me, the student  
In front of thousands,  
Millions  
Billions  
Of bright shining faces.

The rhythm,  
The beat  
Moving through your feet  
Up your body  
And out your finger tips  
Telling a story, without using your lips

Over exaggerating  
And the one watching is contemplating  
On what comes next  
Will it be so complex?  
Like you're stuck in a vortex

Just rest.  
But I can't.  
I'm in a trance  
Where the feeling of dance  
Overpowers me  
Taps me on the shoulder,  
Tells me to roll over  
And try out a movement, or two.

Dance is my vacation  
My station  
The place in  
Which I get away  
No problems  
No trouble  
No confrontation  
No rumble  
Just me  
And the beat  
And the movement that comes out of me.