

A HOLLYWOOD WALTZ

The lights went down and the band began to play, the floor filled up quickly as the dancers started to sway.

Diamonds and Rhinestones glittered and shone as the band played their songs.

And as I watched the passing parade with the rest of the world, my heart leapt within as night turned to day.

Yet still the dancers whirled and turned, their feet shuffling lightly beneath the spinning mirror balls in the endless dance.

Their faces were young and carefree, so full of abandon, as the press caught every smile and look of abandon.

I wondered how they could maintain their grip on the slippery floor without so much as looking, so practiced and natural were they.

There!!! One falls I heard someone call as the woman in the black satin dress slipped on the boards.

But as quick as a flash she leapt to her feet, although not before a waiting camera caught the mistake.

Her smile remained fixed as she moved into the crowd, trying so hard to pick up where she'd left off.

And before too long she was back in the swing, blonde hair flashing wildly as she danced like the wind.

Every now and then a dancer would leave, tiring of the endless dance beneath the mirror balls.

Some would try to re-enter the waltz, and with a flying leap they would make their big debut. But not many could keep on their feet, for as soon as they'd left another would take their place on the crowded dance floor.

For all of us wanted to dance our own steps beneath the flashing strobes, we could all do so much better than they. And the band played on and on...

Every once in a while a pair would take centre stage, the other dancers would all applaud while we watched with envy and pride.

For these were our heroes whether male or female, black or white, short or tall we idolized them all.

So many of us wanted to be on the shimmering floor with its fashion parades and the charity balls. And when one of them slipped or broke a leg we would all cry out.

"God what an arrogant prick!!"

Once I watched the belle of the ball, take her last steps and retire from the floor.

To the applause of the crowds and the pats on the back, she curtsied once and then vanished from sight.

No more was she seen but I heard someone murmur in my ear, if I could dance like her I'd be there to stay.

And as I sat watching the ball with the rest of the world I chanced a quick look at my comrades in arms. Who booed and hissed at each murmured curse, pointing and laughing at each careless step.

"Look at her! What a bitch!!"

"People in glass houses shouldn't throw boomerangs."