

This poem, *Chandelier*, created by Grace Long, a student from the 2007 Student Writers' Workshop Group E, was misprinted in *Discovery Magazine*, the SWW anthology. We regret the error, Grace, and are publishing your poem in this issue of *Writing Works*.

Chandelier: My Last Dance

Chandelier
bright golden lights
the ballroom shining kaleidoscope
people dance
they laugh at the evenings' arrivals
even in a small candle
the charisma continues
while the night brightens

Chandelier
even if a small candle dims
the glow remains
even if the whole arrangement
grows faint and weary
the glow is holds on
even if it fails to light the smallest area
the glow of its diamonds and metals offer

a spark of hope

Chandelier
bright or faint golds of light
spiraling translucents and silvers
liven up the ballroom
even when there is just more dance.

Chandelier: To Dance Again

You can see the shimmer
the glowing, even with imperative eyes
I don't want you to give me the reason why things are
because it answers itself.

why suddenly?
they were burning brightly a moment ago...
the bulbs must have shuddered in some way
a mystery that I don't want to unveil

even now
on this second dance, in the darkness
the lights are agonizing me
yet, I haven't been black or even gray
that familiar,
that beautiful
light that still burns
brightly
constantly
spiritually.

What's Love Got To Do With Crying? Part One

Feelings flourish within
We know for sure
This is something I don't want,
For I haven't a cure.
But hiding inside
Doesn't solve my "heart"
Raining inside.
Should let them out these eyes.
Lest we forget
What makes things colder
Or warmer
Calm and anxious
it keeps me from suffering

Just one
Crescent tear
A Salty drop
Weak?
No....
To let out emotions
Takes courage
In the end
It'll make one strong
No, never weak

Wimp?
Punk?
Baby?
Child?
Crying over nonsense?
Tears from these eyes
I have no such nonsense
Locked up inside
Pushing out
Or hiding
Wanting to
Rip me apart
Tear me up inside
And out.

I need to let go.
But it's not easy
Lost.
Sad.
Forgiven
Sin.
I have all these things there.
Building up.
they will fall down

one should cry
I should cry
to
conjure fear
foster integrity
conclude concern

Why do you feel that way?
To keep in these tears
that will eat you up
Consuming you
I know
It's happened
Once or twice...

And I still let it do this
Don't cry
No, I worry for others.
I'm not always selfish
Crying makes me feel strong
Yet...

Once one locks it up
-I lock it up-
eventually
In the end
One will weaken

So I choose
What is called for
Dry face?
Or cry.

What's Love Got To Do With Crying? Part Two

Unlocked is my heart
Take a peak
No
I slam it shut.
I don't want you to be involved
Again.
Involved in these things
Since you have similar experiences
But we both don't like to talk
Much about it.

Crying? Me? Not good at it.
I have no experience
In letting my heart out
Free.
I can't break the chains
Only you can.
I'm not good at crying

At showing my emotions
I wish I was at times.
But out in the world?
I'm proud I don't cry

Being alive
Is being an actor
an actress
Yet, it's not me
To hide my true face
From the world,
Keep that make up
of lies on my face
It's not waterproof.
Wiping it off
Keep trying
But it's hard to.
Eventually...
It'll fade away...

I can't say I know how you feel
Cause I don't.
You can relate better to me.
Than I do you.

Anything I have gone through
It's been much worse
For you
I don't want you to cry anymore
I wish you had nothing to cry about
I wish I could cry
But I have so little to cry about
Yet, I have so much to let out.
Does this apply for you?
I dunno...
We don't like to talk much about it.

I'm not so good
Revealing my emotions
Can you help me?
Can't say how,
But,
Just...
Don't break my heart
It's hurt enough
Friends with you?
Good enough for me.
Then be there for me
I want to
Only
help you
stop crying