

Reverie

Her hair was white as sleet and thinning, her scalp translucent, arms and legs pallid, skin paper-thin. Her eyes were dull and staring but not seeing, vision blurred by cataracts. She hadn't taken a step bearing her own weight in years.

She sat upright in her wheelchair, an unwilling detainee, limbs slender and still.

Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake piped through speakers in the quiet, dim room. Her face beamed a rare smile as her soft arms and hands remembered their cues. Fluid movement, knowing, elegant arms, conveyed passion and purpose.

And she was on that stage again, a radiant, snow-white swan.