

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Connie Post: Three Poems

Connie Post · Tuesday, December 2nd, 2025

### Ballet Class Seven P.M.

It was a small  
well-lit room

Thursday nights  
after college philosophy class  
I went to practice at the barre

The teacher told me I was too close  
to the girl in front  
and took her hand and nudged me back  
three steps

I was not supposed to notice  
the girls' perfect bodies

not supposed to notice their legs  
taller than mine  
their shoulders  
more fragile, more delicate

I had known a life  
of lifting heavy thoughts  
meant to  
break me in half

I did my plié  
as instructed  
I did my demi plié  
like a woman half alive

My boyfriend hated it  
when I went to class  
because he wanted me all to himself

After college  
we got married  
I forgot ballet poses  
invented new ways to fold myself

Now when I drive past a ballet studio  
I see the girls, in a far-off window  
taping the blisters on their feet  
unraveling their tangled hair

\*

## Spending Time at the 51/50 Café

It's about four a.m.  
the waitress clears a spot for you  
at the counter  
the coffee is so hot  
it scalds you  
just the way you like it

The seats are the torn red  
Naugahyde of your dark self  
you love the familiar seams  
how they remember  
the creases of your body

there is a kid about fifteen  
vaping and muttering  
he thinks this is the first  
and last time he will dine here  
I give a small nod

My dead father is the short order cook  
grilling a new plant-based burger  
infused with cyanide and bad memories

after the waitress takes your plate  
the counters are wiped clean  
not a trace of your DNA is left

you think of all the times  
your therapist has talked about self love  
and how many times  
you've stumbled in this ancient dance

After the dinner menu is burned,  
the lights go off  
everyone is leaving

the waitress taps you on the shoulder on her way out  
“see you tomorrow sweetie”

outside, you call a cab  
and check the date of your funeral service  
it’s been moved back, another day  
another day

\*

## Lost Dog

I wonder if they  
ever found that dog

there were posters everywhere  
for the longest time  
on trees and telephone lines  
on church bulletin boards

I started looking at every dog  
as if it could be him  
his name was Brutus or  
something formidable sounding

but I wondered  
if he was alone in a field  
ran to another city  
or adopted by another family

would he someday forget  
his warm bed and favorite cheesy snacks

would he forget the cat  
standing behind him as the sun fell on the house

when the posters disappeared  
I wondered if they found him  
or gave up

I wonder if they still  
hear the jingle of his collar  
or the sound of his paws  
clicking across the hardwood floor

I wonder if Brutus  
now answers to another name  
like Duke or Jack or Dexter

In his sleep  
does he dream of faraway voices  
and a small hand waving in the night  
coaxing him through a small gate

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*(Featured image from [Pexels](#))*

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