

Illustrious movements, willingly poised, a practiced perfection.

Breathing is seemingly sparse, the strokes take importance- they must.

Countless eyes are fixated on this beauty, for too many admirers can only listen with their eyes

Flawless motion, the utmost grace- it must be.

I too can see the lovely cadenza, though the charm is fleeting within a concentrated gaze

Each calculated stroke, the beginning of each ending is seamless

But the enchantment is only within the reach of the blind, for only the blind understand the ears  
as windows to the soul

-----

Restless breathing, morphing with each passage of difficulty

Swift changes in the right hand, shifts controlled carefully in the left

All passionate words dance delicately from one to the other

There is no grace, no grandeur of stroke, Precision has no place here

Her cadenza, enchants with charm and disgust, with sorrow and joy, with the gestures that are  
deliberately rehearsed, yet continue to cast a spell on all eyes, ears, and hearts.

The kind of spell... to each their own on what they decide of that majestic spell.