

THE LAST BALLET CLASS

is on Mars, leaps hanging in thin air filled with carbon dioxide, landing in arid canyon, redness shading skin and sky. Suited limbs lunge and dart, a moving piece of modern art, lungs sucking oxygen, racing against time.

THE LAST BALLET CLASS

is in darkness, the sun a recollection, bodies moving without audience and from internal memory, each dancer blindly replicating *pilez* and *tentlu*, no mirror or teacher's eye for reflection. Dancers search for other dancers with hands grasping hands, waists, and legs - bodies reading the space and responding to each verberation.

THE LAST BALLET CLASS

is on WASP-12b, the planet raining molten sapphires, each *pilez* and *tentlu* shimmering blue, bodies glowing ecstatically in one last burst of life.

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FRANCINE RUBIN

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is in a green field under blooming supercell clouds, dancers arching, desperately sweeping against grass and warm pressureless air. Clouds blossom like poison flowers. As the storm's movements expand, dancers swirl in sky.

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