Do I Envy?

Such a silence,
In all those steps.
Forward, forward, back again—they sing.
Movements never stepping with correction.
Am I moving forward?
Or just helping others correct their step?

My head in my hands,
No one can see my mask...
Flesh and all.
Did they notice?
Notice my sweet smile.
The soul behind those eyes.
My soul seeping through their finger tips.
From me—through theirs.

Stepping slower and slower,
Twisted my bones.
Learning slow—huh?
Really, my excitement grinning
From behind their eyes.
I reach out.
I'm touched first.

Got a new ball and chain.
Thanks, where's it go?
There's room on my pinky toe.
Dragging through the sand.
"Excuse me, would you mind?"
"Yeah, getting off my back."
"No, didn't need that eye."
"It's okay."
I still see the light.
The rays make it past you,
But if you could step aside...

It blinds me.
But I seem stronger-growing.
My roots so deep here.
Can I dig myself out?

I wait for the strength,
Around these movers and takers.
I'm taught the word will.

Will I,
Won't I,
Die in envy?