

POEM OF THE WEEK

THE NO-REHEARSAL RAG

Wake up every morning,
strident voice in your head:
on stage in 5-4-3-2-1,
costume, make-up, action!

I thought it was a rehearsal.
Grand opening pending, all prepared?
This is it. No technical/dress,
no late-night lighting/sound check.

I thought it was a one-act play.
It's a full-blown opera:
heroes, villains and all.
Improvise! Use what you have

(you can always do better tomorrow).
Look your best; might need an understudy;
there is no rest. Even Divas
are not eternally blessed.

Where's the orchestra, why aren't they here:
to cover the cacophony that drowns you?
Here's the rap. They're AWOL. Write your score;
play it in your head. No one else needs to hear it.

Damn the critics. You will get it right;
show them your best. Until then it's persistence;
learn as you go. The show must go on:
it's my story (not yours). So there!

Time will be the test.
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It's a full-blown opera:
heroes, villains and all.

The choice is mine
The choice is yours.
The choice must be made

Leslie D. Bush
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