

I know these lines  
Hundreds of times before the mirror  
A flood of words  
A torrent of emotion.  
Only now the words fall from my tongue  
Like a drunkard falls in the gutter  
Trampled underfoot by indifference.  
Listen to me!  
But that's the point  
It's not me at all  
These are not my words  
Have I nothing to say?  
What happens when the curtain rises?  
I am blinded  
Waiting like the startled rabbit in the headlamp glare  
Crushed by the wheels of expectation.  
What do you want of me?  
I can be part of your life for only a short time  
Before reality washes me away  
What of me then?  
Have I too not the right to exist?  
Or am I forever to walk this stage?  
Please God let this be just a rehearsal.