

If All the World's a Stage, Then How Do I Get Out Of the Chorus

By Mark Edgemon

Applause changed my life; it came out of nowhere,
While playing the lead as a civil war ghost,
In a second rate drama club school production.
Standing before my peers
Who previously paid me no attention.

I was nervous; I was scared and yet exhilarated!
Me, up on the stage, everyone looking at me,
Waiting on me to say or do something to move them.
They didn't know what I was going to do
And neither did I, my scenes barely blocked out.

So I traveled the stage like I owned it!
I pretended I WAS an actor,
Waving my arms, shouting into the rafters.
They had to watch, no one else was speaking,
So while I held their attention, better do something memorable.

I fought through the fear, the dread and overcame them,
At least for that performance.
Didn't want to look the fool, so I held nothing back.
People just stared, I couldn't see their faces,
I couldn't gauge their reactions...I just hoped!

And when the play was over and the applause came as expected,
I waited for it to die down. The director waved the actors onto the stage,
To polite clapping. I was too embarrassed to go out, so I waited backstage.
The director insisted and so I stepped onto the stage once again
...To a standing ovation!... For Me!... How?... Why?... I moved them!

The End