

It Is All Stage

The years have travelled far,
the ol' Bard a mere :) legend now,
but the world's a stage no less,
and all in life are still at play.

Has the rub to wage our roles ever been so thick?
the money weightier to deliver the spectacle now,
our discipline distracted and bearing untidy character,
and we so hurried in motion to bring what we picture to focus.

Still we strum and strum to life our tales of great force,
hers, yours, mine, all play on as fates align,
each a performer devoted to their own script,
yet all small parts in the narrative of a Grand Dramatist's dream.

We play nothing short of an Epic as the frame fades in...

Our expectations of ever better and always more cast the Drama,
faraway deeds of Action and War grip strong like a Thriller,
Science is less Fiction now, our ambitions ignite star machines,
from every stage corner, terror and feud provoke Horror and fear.

We've played these dramas before, say you? Well, history repeats,
and we've lately been apt to sequels and retellings,
for stagecoaches and simpler times veered offstage long ago,
what was once Black and White now a green screen Fantasy.

'Tis no wonder we redress the muddled fervor with flames of another kind,
drawn to the comforts of Romance to match heart with heart,
as much as ages old parlance and pen now concede to clever key strokes,
love remains the great Mystery, forever played to explore than to explain.

Our afflictions and virtues a reality show, business for everyone to see,
great measures are taken to ensure no scene is left unseen,
faces now form books, starlets tweet more than starlings,
all showcase from a show case, greying truth through selective verse.

And what of the performer's props?
devices abound like appendages, a ring here a tap there,
they begin as aids then make their assault on our every expression,
with our reliance so dense, one hopes the art isn't lost in the contents.



Lighting? Crave more from the spotlight it now follows you home,
Prefer it not, you're offered so much to sit and view from the box,
Sound Check? Trumpets and orchestras now earpieces in apples,
It's all such seductive satire, no surprise we savor Comedy like a tonic.

Lest we forget the young performers beginning rehearsal,
thirsty for accolades and exposure in their Coming of Age,
theirs the mad rush to seize the finish before the hard work preceding it,
stage direction humbles, expect them a slip or two across the hardwood.

So long as appeal to Family Friendly fare exists,
guidance and lesson will assist the pursuit of showmanship,
heed reflection as rare luxury in a moving picture show,
Intermissions rarer still in the busy showtime schedule.

We remain the obsessed performers that we are,
seeking out the life in it all to be fuller and brighter,
wanting it to be larger than,
passion and personal truth like treasures in a quest.

Some players will always feature more brightly, others less so,
but legend is less vital than tradition,
acts that inspire still rule the day,
it has always been how we play that's the thing.

Scripts will change, faces too,
entrances and exits all in their right time,
as it was for past players, so it will be for future ones too,
the show is greater than those in it.

It is after all the great drama,
The delivery of all our lives beholden,
Whether your story first, mine next, no matter,
all matter together.

Somewhere offstage just beyond the lights,
I imagine the great stagebuilder vastly entertained,
amused even, like the spry dramatist She is,
as we play out our stories as we must towards the curtain.

-JC