

## THE ACTOR

As the curtains part  
the bright rays of light beam down on me.  
The slight buzzing of the lights  
radiating throughout the stage.  
As I inhale  
I take on the part upon myself.  
Playing the part to please the audience  
That's how it goes.  
I say the lines,  
following the script.  
My lips are cold,  
I'm numb to the words  
Am I good enough?  
Is this good enough for them?  
The audience is pleased  
They'll expect more,  
They always do.  
I'm losing them.  
What else do I have to give?  
I'm pushing myself to my limit already  
Isn't this enough?  
Why am I not enough?  
I find myself  
throwing out more empty words.  
The audience flash their greedy smiles,  
While looking content once again.  
Why am I so unable to determine for myself?  
Who is writing my lines?  
What writes my script?  
It doesn't matter.  
My body is beginning to become sore.  
My ribs feel as if they  
are closing in on me.  
My lungs are gasping for another slither of air.  
As long as the audience is pleased,  
that's all that matters.  
The audience begins to stand and applaud.  
I stand there on the stage,  
my feet blistered and my body bruised.  
I'm oblivious to how bad I'm hurt.  
The audience cheers louder.  
This is good for me, right?  
I think I feel happy with myself now.

230 words

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