

Theatre

All the worlds a stage; a line many know,
All the men and woman merely players.
They all have their exists and entrances,
All jaws dropped, crowd frozen before them below.

The millions of lights for friends who see,
Robbing the sky of starts that could be hers.
The feeling you get when the lights come up.
Welcome to the theatre, to the magic.

Nowhere could you get that happy feeling,
Just as you are stealing that extra bow.
Standing out in front on opening night,
Glowing as you watch the theater fill.

Today they told you, you would not go far,
For the night you open and there you are.
Racing heart wonders where to travel,
As you are making your final bow.

Display to the world what you are made of,
In the vast ending will you rise or fall?
It is not in the stars to hold our destiny but in ourselves.

