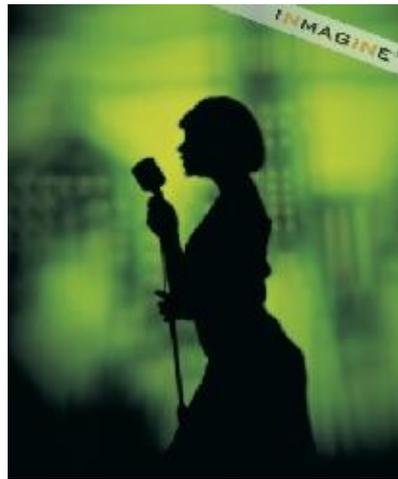


The Singer

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By : Violet Vane

"I love to be happy, but I love to suffer on the stage..." - Placido Domingo



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The Singer

Silver light,
piercing through darkness.
Soul silence,
no voices in your head.
All is tense inside,
the coils tight, springs ready.
The chill of being naked,
of baring all the angels
and the demons within-
you can't hold it,
it makes you tremble, makes you shake.

And then,
Passion, bright hot passion,
burning through your eyes and heart.
All the world bows to your will
bends to your voice,
cries with your tears.
And time stops.

Time stops...

Here is the culmination
of all pain and work,

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of all past failures,

and joy-

There is so much joy.

Even through the bramble of bad memories,

you are elated, lifted heavenwards,

even as you die a little inside.

Sweet agony,

voice laced with bittersweet sorrow,

they hear you,

they feel you,

you bring them down into you.

No one can breathe

unless you breathe,

they are all caught

in your enchantment.

Your gift-

it is real magic.

Giving them the power to feel

through you.

But that stark light

blinds the eyes.

Are you good enough?

You have turned like the seasons,

washed in and out with the tide,

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been through the grinder,
all in a matter of three minutes.

And yet...

Was it enough?

Questions asked by the doubting Mary
inside your head,

Will anything ever be enough
to silence her voice?

You can't bear anything
but Music.

It is the burden you wear,
the baggage you carry
and at once,
the wind that sweeps you skyward
to Heaven,
to God.

You can feel nothing
except Music.

Your soul was not designed
to work in any other way.

Will this be the moment
when Fate meets Dreams
and they marry, holding hands,
and ushering you into a world
that has brilliance and love

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at every turn,
where the labor of love is your labor,
the pain and suffering
merely fodder for a song.

The applause washes over you,
like the fire and ice of heroin
in your veins.

Fire wells up within,
burning you in ecstasy,
an exquisite happiness that
borders on both the holy and profane.

Whether the gods were listening or not,
you know that nothing can be taken back,
that the moment is gone
and you left it all out on the stage.

That quiet state of grace,
standing behind the curtain,
listening to the frenzied rhythm of your heartbeat
lessen, softly, slowly.

You are sure you are dying.

You ache so deep,
a fresh hole opened within
and things are still pouring out.

But it is tremulous and hushed,
anxiety giving birth to something sublime.

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As for the next moment,

when will it be?

Not soon enough to quench your desire

not soon enough to quell your fears.

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