To a Muse of Fire and Sapphire Juice

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An Ode to Acting

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At five years young, Iâ d jump off jungle gyms,

And in my mind Iâ d skim the air with wings aspread-

Feathers in my head because magic was my religion.

And at seven I was a card captor, or a dragon of the sea,

Or a traveling elf, or the goddamn tooth fairy

And I wish I was writing this on a typewriter,

Pulling an all-nighter; like I used to at twelve

Where my friend and I would delve into the deepest folds

Of our homemade imagination machines.

Weâ d make sapphire juice in a big plastic jug

So snug in the fort weâ d make under my loft bed,

And weâ d clip open the dinosaur Dell and write tales

On ships with green sails and wolf men and rubies.

And thereâ s a song I know now, by a fellow named Rain,

And he proclaims â Iâ d go back, do it all again,

If I knew now what I knew thenâ and my friendsâ ¦

The road bends, and sometimes it twists the child

Out of the man. But hell, I wanted to be Peter Pan

Or Christopher Robin, or have a job in

Unicorn riding or Seek and hiding or playing house

With some boy named Klaus- I didn't want to grow old

Cause' I was told old was grey and age was harder

And I thought I was so much smarter than

Those jaded folk with frowns on their maws

I wanted APPLAUSE and grinning jaws and

Growing UP sounded so much wittier than growing old

And so much grittier and more bold than the stories

My Papa Q told me as a rug rat with eyes big as celestials

And the best of the hills is always the highest

And I never thought responsibility should mean the mundane

Or the taming of lions or the refraining from buy ins

And I wanted to love the green of the grass on my side

I wanted to be crass and I wanted to be snide

And I wanted to glide through adulthood with the might

Of captors and dragons and elves and fairies

Because god or whoever knew I had felt that might before

And then eighteen hit.... and it was a goddamned bore

I snored through geography and abhorred the "grown woman recipe"

And for a year times three I agreed to agree with not being free...

Just another bough on the Novak Tree....

Not to say that I didn't dream; gleamed from my eyes

As I watched the guys and gals- a ton of my pals

Stand in hung light of the warm and the white as they

Felt the might of kings and impossible things and in my blacks

I would peer through the cracks of fabric legs

And mouth along each leg of the Shakespearean prose...

But as green as I was I had CHOSEN the shadowland

And where I wanted to stand was not where I stood

But like so many societal zombies I would glide through

The routine- blue and dreaming but never letting my river teem

With fish. Like a ballet dancer I thought the actor had to start as a child

And while to say I was immature is putting it mild

I dismissed the dream with a "sir not I" and didn't even try

To fly- didn't even entertain but instead refrained from letting

The eggs hatch into salmon that could power upstream

And empower my mind to realize...I had always BEEN an actor

Like a tractor that sits in a shed is still a tractor and that

Lackluster geode resting on the bank, once cracked...

Is still a fucking crystal... God, it took a long time to find my light

And then the bulb turned bright and I thought....

Fuck it.

In one fell swoop my blacks were out of sight

And I put on a shirt of the warm and the white

In an instant felt the hug of something that's right

So snug in the fort I'd made in my head

And I remembered that quote fellow Rain had once said.

So yeah, I'd do it all again, because I felt now what I felt then.

Listening to Marionelliâ s Briony and feeling the

Heat of inspiration under the pads of my fingers.

Now four moons after tasting the stage for the first

And it still lingers - that tickle and that aching thirst

And hell I hate to be fickle....but here's the thing

I still want APPLAUSE and grinning jaws and

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Growing UP does feel so much wittier than growing old

And it's so much grittier and as bold as the tales

My mom weaves- as grand as celestials and it seems

That the worst of chills is always the coldest

And the best of the wills is always the boldest

And they told us to be responsible but never mundane

I won't tame the lions, or refrain from the buy ins

And I'm starting to really love the green of the grass on my side

I'm going to laugh and I'm not gunna hide from the light

As I fight to glide through adulthood with the might

Of captors and dragons and elves and fairies

Because I hope god or whoever knows....and so do I, my friend

That I will feel that might again.

And again.

And again.

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