

Performing Hearts

The theater of our [undisguised] lives is spun on reels deep inside our own cerebral cinema.

This is where I sit [as movie-goer] to watch my plot disclose.

It's not a [story line] that I already know, which I suppose is [mostly] for my good.

[Although, I often say out loud that I would like the facts up front.]

But there is the slimmest hint of [it] that lingers just ahead of me [like heat still in the oven after dishes are all done].

It comes to me, [this soon-to-be-biography], in teaser pieces line-by-line; [just enough] to keep me and [not so much] that I will go.

Here in my first-row center seat I see my [daily doings] without knowing what comes next.

[I'm only guessing who'll come through the door.]

And I'm left to wondering [when] my story line will twist [and grist the grain that lies upon my table] into something new.

[There are a few scenes that I hope will hurry toward their zenith and be gone.]

[There are still others I would gladly hobble so that they would stay.]

I long, as any lead performer does, to [do] my reading well; that [my novella] somehow shows and tells the passion of [the Author].

That in the Library of Souls, I would be counted as one who spoke the lines of [simple man].