

Life in Slow Motion

She acts out her day as if she's new talent,
Trying to get it right with each take.
But where's the director? Supporting cast members?
She's at the Oscars with no one to thank.

She moves through her day as if she's a puppet,
With those around her pulling the strings.
Life on the stage—completely disjointed.
Only reactions to what each scene brings.

She walks through her day as if on a tightrope,
Fearful of missteps poor balance can bring.
Eyes on the goal, one foot, then another,
Hands reach to steady; there's nothing to cling.

She feels like she's living her life in slow motion.
She keeps forgetting her lines for the play.
She can't look around her, only straight, forward.
Only hope for tomorrow keeps panic at bay.

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