

It's (Not) Showtime

By Hannah Myriam Baptiste

The lights went out in more than the auditorium that day.

The classroom lights were turned off,

The light in people's hearts were blown out,

The stage now resembles a night sky,

With stars no one can identify

And a darkness that only some find beautiful.

24 hours to showtime,

1440 minutes to showtime,

3600 seconds to showtime.

It sounds like a lot of time,

So much that the hourglass overflows

but it wasn't.

Time slipped past our fingers like a gust of wind

As we finished our final rehearsal that day.

All the dancing has worn me out

And days of rest approach me,

the rainbow after the thunderstorm.

But lightning strikes the stage,

And it is no longer safe to perform.

A different show illuminated the next day.

We all bought tickets to a show no one wanted to see,

A mystery that even Sherlock Holmes can't solve.

A horror show plagued the streets,

As I realized, I might never see the stage lights again.

The dances turned into moves I will no longer be able to make.

The notes in the song are exclams of joy I won't have for a while.

And I'm now confined in a prison,

That may never see the light again.

My insides are a rainstorm knocking the shingles off the roof.

My security becomes a piece of paper dissolving into water,
erasing what was known.

My hope is nailed into a box and buried somewhere,

And no one can find the map to the lost treasure.

I worry about my future,

As my knowledge of life becomes clouded.

I am a bottle with a message lost at sea.

I have no connection.

I don't know where to look.

I don't know what to see.

There are no stage directions,

And I have no stage.

I hear the birds chirping,

Wondering why it's more calm outside.

The same boring routine is set in stone,

And we don't know when we can break it or rewrite it.

It takes one second for the rest of your days to be forever changed.

One snap of your fingers to spark a new reality.

Paths set in stone are crumbled and overgrown with grass.

Stages collapse and performances only exist in daydreams.

We march with our masks on into an unprecedented future,

With signs pleading for life and happiness,

An end to more systems than one.

We create a new normal for ourselves,

So when this disease no longer plagues the streets,

We can have a world worth returning to.

For now as I await my return to a life with only walls of my choosing,

I dream of seeing more spotlights again.

The show will go on,

And I will make moves, again.