

Audition for a dramatic vocation

I the lion or cub on all fours, and in pressed shirt, roared.
Did also render monologues from The Corn Is Green and Romeo and Mercutio.
One of two thousand hopefuls giving junior league reasons for not getting roused.

Did you can or did you seal my videotaped improvised roars?
Trade a general education for a vocation of snatches and narrow margins.

That, that was my mother's consent, and my father's was, well, less direct
To late-stage divas, we the entrusted dramatic children.
Where went the bus-and-truck promise of scouts, rapture, encouraging agents?

We the bit young glommed the once overs, hail fellows, and thank yous.
Well, there's my bus and overheated daily E train from a Flushing row house.
Were we the body electric racing in those years at PA, or parts
for careworn post-graduate so-and-so's?

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Note: PA was Manhattan's School of Performing Arts