

On Stage

The theatre was empty;
the stage was soft but bare.
The orchestra began to play,
as the light shone on your hair.

You played your role so beautifully,
just like you did outside.
The mask you wore was impenetrable;
as your character first fell then cried.

I didn't have to say a word.
You knew just what was wrong.
The play could go on forever,
but now came the end of the song.

The orchestra stopped playing.
The curtain was soon to fall.
For us there was no encore performance;
for you, no curtain call.

By

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