To Be A Star
by Lauren Valli

Adjusting my headpiece, my breathing increases.
Not yet beyond the curtain, I feel like a horse at the starting gate; hardly containing energy I cannot control.
I do not perform for praise or fame, but for the feeling beyond description or compare.
The other actors belting out lyrics beside me; the smell of hairspray and sweat surrounding me like a cloud.
Itchy attire and unwanted dance moves are behind me now.
I barely notice earthly sensations or human thoughts.
For now, I am a fiery red star.
Yes, a star in the twinkling and shining; bursting with liveliness despite my exhaustion.
Glittering, but not from the sequins on my costume, but from the joy within me.
Up here in the nighttime sky along with all of the others.
Performers who share my passion,
My love,
My talent.