

Now Playing

I am only a projection
My narrative written in a beam of white light
dust floats in the halo of my spirit
I started silently
With a narrow eight-millimeter perspective
Awash in black in white
Cut crudely around the edges
surrounded by dark vignettes
and unable to understand anything beyond vaudeville and trips to the moon
I was new, impressionable, eager to please
somewhere along the way God added a score
I felt the echo of my new voice push me out into a deafening world
Trumpets heralded each new discovery
The strings played a dirge in every melancholy defeat
And the orchestra swelled during my moment in the spotlight
My life became a musical
Sweet songs of love and ambition rose up into the rafters of my ribcage
I sang in the rain and tap danced to the rhythm of my heartbeat
Finally, color arrived
I grew into a full spectrum of wild beauty
I travelled the world
hungry for new hues to compliment my growing palette of possibility
I swam through the bluest waters of the Caribbean
Basked in the technicolor lights of Time Square
Rode out into the golden sunsets of the wild west
And Enraptured myself in the deep black stars of galaxies far far away
But in this search, I also learned of violence, sex, and war
I became a new beast,
Straying away from my yellow brick fantasy
Favoring the true reflection of my humanity
My luminous silver screen became speckled with blood
The individual frames peppered with burns
I am a projection
but all that is left of who I once was
is the *tic tic tic* of the machine
as each still memory splashes in and out of existence
within an empty auditorium