

From the Front Row

She watched herself on stage,
and though she wept for the sad parts,
she didn't wish them away—
they made the story better.
She easily laughed every time she forgot her lines.
And several times, though the play wasn't done,
she gave herself an ovation.
Why not, she thought. I'm doing
a damn good job up there.
I wonder what took me so long
to see I got the lead. I can't wait to see
where this play is going.

—Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer