

The Gloves are Off

By Amy Cannon

Some of us spend our lives in the wings, waiting for the call.
Trammelled, standing in the shade,
Our outsides, tucked in.

A moment comes, often, or never,
when the lights come up and the stage is clear.
The inside-outers are quiet, briefly.
Here is a chance.

We step out, creaking the boards.
It's our time.

Usually no one notices.
But we do, we swell inside and out, feel the
thoroughness of being the main act.
For just this moment,
the gloves are off.