



The Dressing Room

by Joyce Anderson

I walked into the room,
What memories it held,
Of good times and laughter,
Time began to fly backwards. . .
I sat down in a chair,
And gazed into a mirror,
Remembering how many people I'd been,
But those were just dreams,
Long ago dreams. . .
I rose and walked towards the costumes,
And my fingers touched what had been,
My fabrics of fantasy,
But were now faded glitter. . .
This place had once shone,
And I was its star,
It had shared my success,
My name was boldly printed on its wall!
But I left it behind,
I waltzed onto some other stage,
Perhaps bigger and better,
I was running after the sunshine. . .
And shadows always come,
My dreams were shattered,
I began to see through my hazy windows of the world. . .
A sigh escaped from my lips,
And I left the dust-covered room,
Why had I returned to the past?
Suddenly I locked the door, and left,
I had a new role to act now. . . reality. . .