

www.practicetracks.co.uk

Start

Reference number PT0988

I just wrote a play.
I think it's okay, well it's not really done.
Just like my other creative pursuits, I'm finished before I begun.
I sharpen my lead, but instead I get distracted,
lose interest and then I zap a burrito and nurse a Mohito all while I
wallpaper the den.
But I know if I focus...
Oh look, by the ash tray, there's an apricot tart!
What was I saying before I...
oh, yeah.
I could make art!

If I would just start with a word or a note or the stroke of a brush,
there's no rush, I've no deadline that I must fulfil, time to kill,
let the minutes make out in my head,
while in bed, accomplishing nothing until my B. F. F. kicks my fat
ass, but all I'd produce would be natural gas which apparently I am
quite willing to pass along.
Oh, but when will I finish a painting, a book, or a song?

It's President's Day.
The kids are away;
I have nothing but time
and all of this garbage that I have put up with to turn into
something sublime.
I'm ready to write into the night or shoot my Shar Pei with a soft
focus lens.
Or I could go on HuLu and watch Honey Boo Boo or Facebook
with my pretend friends.

What's that on the love seat?
Those aren't my panties, and I don't have a girl!
They're next to the fat zucchini and I'm feeling my toenails curl!
But I'm not here to judge or condemn but create and I must before
I fall apart.

If I could just start with a scene or a headline I read in the news
like the shoes at the auction worth more than my house,
or that louse in my basement who won't pay his rent,
or the dent in my scooter, the one I just bought,
or the clot that will kill me by noon,
when my son finds out I took his miniature spoon,
I know that rummaging 'round in his room was wrong.
I was only avoiding creating a painting, a book, or a song
about not getting asked to the prom.
A seven act play 'bout a call from my mom.
A painting of all my trailer park trash;
the ones I gave birth to who beg me for cash
which I'll tape to the Frigidaire door,
then drink myself under the table once more,
then I'll work double shifts 'cause my husband ran off with a hot
little number and all of our savings and left me with nothing but
paper and pens and a beat up piano from one of his friends.

(spoken)

But

(sung)

Without all this chaos,
I might have nothing to paint or to write or to sing.

I know ev'ryone thinks I am dreaming,
but one day I'll walk up to them beaming
and with hard-earned humility say,

(spoken)

"Ha!

(sung)

You were wrong!"

Then I'll show them my ten-foot long painting,
my seventeen-hundred page book,
and my epic'ly awesome and awfully wonderful song!