As the Show Must...Go On!
by Dan Rutt, alias "Top Pun" (it's just, my pun name)

Desperately seeking an audience
With kings, queens, and commoners
Call in the troupes!
Who will perform her
Aspiring thespians
Willing to do Shakespeare
Or any low brow play right
As parts are parts
Whether broad way
Or way, way off
A bawdy comedy
As familiar as drama
And as Greek as tragedy
Of chorus
Getting a leg up
On those with less rhythm
Two bit players
Ticketed by seasons
Perhaps a woman of an uncertain age
Seeking the roll of a lifetime
The lines are long
And few are chosen
Luckily
Protagonists
And amateurs all
Make for stiff competition
Breaking a leg
To be cast
Blinded by fancies
Of bright lights
And paid with applause
In dark rooms
Only wishing they were someone else
 Until curtains for all
 Calling them out
 Unmasked
 And wearing customs
 Both foreign and familiar
 Giving spy to private moments
 And public scenes
 Usual suspects
 And unusual characters
 Tugging hearts
 And funny bones tickled
 Inhabiting the dreams of others
 Constructing story after story
 With strapping sets
 And suggestive facades
 Getting down to it
 With a portending fear
 Of under study
 Practicing your lyin's
 Until with sincerity
 Putting on
 A peril
 As gossamer as taut
 Utterly made up
 Like guise and dolls
 Hoping to hold up
 To bright lights on disquieting duds
 As once alive audience
 Recumbent in such getups
 Prone to rein checks
 Less than charitably
 If over season
 Choice words
 Employed too generously
Making out like a bandit
   As if
Amateurs turn pro feign
   Still putting on errs
   In a sense
Beyond approach
   Unless crying
Author! Author!
   Then too
Their credit
Setting the stage
For public scrutiny
   And curtains
For private dramas
   To play right
And becoming actors
   As some life long
Vocation
With every few weeks run
   From the on set
Fashioning a dress
   Rehearsal
Imagining you’ve arrived
   Opening night
Wear all cheap talk
Is exchanged for some notorious scrip
Taking another’s word
   As one’s own is silenced
Propping up delicate worlds
   That can be destroyed
Like cellophane crumbling
A hard candy to swallow
   Or cell profane
Making a bard dandy too hollow
To see stars circling and falling
Uniformly emptying the stage
For the row to follow
B4 you sunk my battle
Ship ahoy
Can you hear me now?
Ushering out
The end of
A cacophonous patron
Of coarse, it could be
A night mare to be ridden
Into the next production
A play within a play
Full of mock puns
Yielding false starts
And startling double-takes
As hearts race
And our worst fears ketchup with us
Dying on stage
Putting our best end forward
Too sad a claim
Enough to bring the house down
Or perhaps so fetching
From the edge of one's seat
To recover
As unruly
As the show must
Go on
In her dialogue
Not with standing
Ovations
Out laud
Across the country side
Only just surviving by assuming another's name
A compelling ingénue-ity
Making up for every pre-tense
As you take the stage
With your commanding presents
Though petrified
Masking it well
With a wink and a smile
You totally rock
And given props
Taking flight
Not walking on water, but skipping
A stones throw from the coast
Safely in the pocket
Like music in your years
One for the ages
And all for won
Giving berth
To the generations
Of awe uplifting
And knaves razing
Ever suspending disbelief
As a play
Like a child
Takes a village

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