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The Magic

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The Magic

Michael Brodt

As I entered the door And looked around, I saw the room light up. I heard the sounds echo. I felt the magic. It surrounded me, Enveloped me.

As I walked onto that hard, wooden floor,
As I saw those empty seats,
The magic started.
I saw hundreds of people
Who gathered to see a performance,
To see me.
I saw the other actors,
The magicians
Standing on stage,
Smiling,
Taking their bows.
I saw,
Me.

I turned around And they were gone. I sat down and waited

Waited

For the magic, to come again.