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Everyday Life

by Paul Hunter

Peter lived in a house, two up two down.
Nice enough on the quiet side of town.
Neighbours he could nod to but not say anymore.
Nothing much happened at number forty-four.

He laboured in an office from nine to five.
Shuffling papers for a living, he was hardly alive.
They talked about football but he didn't know the score.
He pretended to laugh, he'd been there before.

Life is for living. That's what his sister said.
Hurry up Peter or you will soon be dead.
She always had a way with words, blunt and quite direct.
But could he take that chance, what would the world expect?

A new poster on the notice board, maybe it's a sign?
Auditions at the local theatre along with cheese and wine.
He'd acted when at school and received some good reviews.
He decided he would check it out and tell his sis the news.

He felt a little nervous as he walked along the beach.
Could he try to change his life, would he fluff his speech?
The Seaford Little Theatre suddenly appeared in view.
Just another two hundred yards to venture something new.

He passed the audition and was welcomed to the team.
A role in the production, it was more than he could dream.
Working with this company was a pleasure and a joy.
He hadn't been this happy since he was a boy.

The audience was ready, the theatre was packed.
It was then that he realised how much he loved to act.
It was so much more real than everyday life.
Who knows with any luck he might even find a wife.