

MORNING TIME

By Lila Whelan

28 Plays Later – Challenge 16

A: Grip pinching around that knot that knot the diaphragm that is heavy and sickly and thinking of today and all the strange weird and wonderful things that may go wrong, could do wrong, already have gone wrong. Dreams not helping torturing me taking me away upsetting people letting them down and telling them they are not worthy. Anxiety's a bitch but today will be awesome to step in step up and be somebody else give the power give the control unto someone else's hands and bask in the care of that other's authority. Meet new people be creative on my feet and not just in my head remember the emotions and the joy in the words I right hear them see them from the tongues and imaginations of 4 others who know nothing of me and my directives and my missions. Sun-shining through window a good omen no rain for me today the rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain but in London it rains not so half as much as Manchester why do they complain? Caught out on Friday by thick heavy drops soaking my hair and coating my toes saved by a sweet short man who looked over his shoulder at me for 2 minutes then tipped his umbrella in my direction as we stood silently at the traffic lights. Nearly pushed off my grey tips by an impatient waitress scampering Bambi like on over polished floors discovered hand dryers are the best hair dryers no faff no weight great volume. Explaining not defending my position to those not in the know who look on from the outside with concerned grins on their faces they just want to know why anyone would choose this daft life but then it gets to today with that winter sun smiling and fingers crossed all will fall into place. The charity and generosity and kindness of others constantly takes me by surprise we'd love to help of course we will what do you need let's do it tomorrow for 6 hours and cover you in blood and grip your arms and push back on your hips and we'll get the best shot for the shoot and and then we'll edit and choose all for you down from 1000 to 47 is no mean effort. Skipping through the photos I look mad and crazy and sexy and other, that's not my face I do not look like that only in my dreams. Thank you thank you to all those others in the same boat but some in bigger boats who are kind to slow down their steam engines and let down their sails to lag for a moment or two in order to throw you a rope and let you catch up and build up speed and jog along side of them for a while. I must not squander I must not squander the opportunities laid out before me learning on the job is different to 'not knowing what I am doing' I absorb like a sponge be humble but be confident be open be kind be resourceful and ask for forgiveness but do not be apologetic for who you are and what you are trying to achieve. You are doing your best and, as your mother and father always said, as long it is your best than you cannot ask for anymore. Perfection is of no interest lets keep it rough and ready round the edges because only then can it be flexible and move and twist and curl and collaborate and let others in to play as well. Better go it's time to put on clothes and dry my hair and try not to smear mascara on my upper eyelid like I always do. It's time to play.