

IN THE BACKGROUND

By Lorenzo Caricchio

If I could see behind my back
And look at myself from the rear
I think I might glimpse the lack
Of faith that causes so much fear

I would be able to stand in back of me
Looking over my shoulder while living my life
And just what I am, would be just what I'd see
The good, the bad, the fortune and strife

Like a movie, or maybe a play
Act one- ACTION! Enter now!
Say the lines and never stray
Play the part, then take a bow

Will there be an encore?
Or just a fade to black?
Another entrance, an open door?
Applause or a pat on the back?

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