

# The Unbeatable Speech

by Virginia Duffy

I wait,

The boisterous crowd settles down

I climb,

Stairs onto the wooden retractable stage

I walk,

And get closer to the dreadful over rehearsed, sweat covered speech

My right foot shakes as I place it on the step stool which still had the Wal-Mart price tag

The last candidate's thrilling, unbeatable speech rests on the podium

My brown sweater acts like a towel, a very damp towel

My eyes gaze from my paper to the hundred of people in front of me

They all gave me this look,

Like I was supposed to do something

Maybe I should start talking now