

Self Worth

Pause before flying
by Marjorie H Morgan

Today's the day.
This is my promise to me.
I will believe ...

Believe in what?

Don't start, you've just said you're going to believe.

I am.

I am.

Right.

I am an artist.

What does that mean exactly?

I can make art. I can express myself through art.

What is art, exactly?

Not that again.

But, seriously. What is art? What makes you think you can create art that people want to see?

Have you studied art?

No, but ...

That's what I mean. Anything you have to say is pointless and meaningless.

Art is specialist. You are ... well, you're common. You come from a background of ...

That doesn't matter!

But it does, you know it does. Ask the gatekeepers.

I'm making my own gate. It's the 21st century. Everything is different now.

Don't make me laugh.

I'm not listening to you.

I'm you, you have to listen. I'm here in your head, all the time ...

I'm not listening, I'm not listening, I'm not listening ...

I've done this before. I've created. I've been successful, I've made art ...

I'm looking at my body of work, I'm looking at myself in the mirror.

I'm telling myself, 'Remember, you can do this...'

Yes, I can! Yes, I can! Yes, I can!

Proof.

What?

Where's the proof?

The reviews and articles I've written. They're out there for all to see. They've been published.

Fluke.

The films I've made.

Were they really films in the true sense of the word?

Well, there are also the plays I've written, some I've also directed and produced.

Lucky. You were working with amateurs, they didn't know ...

How dare you! They are professional actors, sound designers, stage managers, lighting technicians, directors, theatre managers

Great list you have there. Nice to see you defend them. Did you see their CVs?

Yes, of course. They have a body of work out there for everyone to see. Acclaimed work. Professionally reviewed work. With degrees and everything.

Degrees are all well and good, but are they from a recognised arts university or ...

So, are you suggesting we're all frauds together in one massive fraud fest? Really!?

You know the saying, 'Birds of a feather ...'

I'm not listening, I'm not listening, I'm not listening ...

I need time to think, can you go? Please?

I'm your reality check, I keep you in your place, you need me.

Place? What's my place?

Not in the limelight, that's for sure. You belong in the shadows. Where your kind do best.

What's my kind?

I don't need to answer that, you know who you are.

When the light starts to shine on you, you always remember that you don't belong. I'm just saving you the trouble of going through all that pain.

Why do you want to do it anyway? Isn't life simpler when you just put your head down and get on with a standard role in life, none of this artsy stuff? There's no stability in it. You'll get found out, your incompetence will show, you won't be able to answer the questions that they ask at those fancy gatherings, and then you'll never be invited again. Is that what you want? Public failure? To be laughed at and then to disappear back to where you belong?

Might as well just save yourself the time and exposure and stay put in the shadows. You'll thank me eventually. I'm reality, you are the imposter.

No!

No! No!

Got some fire in you today I see? Go on then, let's hear it ...

I need ... I need time to be still. To think.

I need to pause a moment, then I can ...

*You see, when I am still
I can see my dreams
I can feel the joy of making
making my thoughts into something concrete
When I am still
I am gifting myself peace
I am flying in my mind
I do summersaults in impossible spaces
wearing incredible colours
surrounded by images and people I have made
When I am still
I am a creator
I am an artist
I am a believer in me*

*What I know is that
if I pause a moment,
I remember that I can still fly*