

Confidence

by Chad Smith

"I am still learning!"

He bellows into his microphone
He peels an apple on stage
The razor sharp knife sparks in the light
The audience is startled then amazed

His words spray the page like a shotgun blast
One day the words will form an order
One day the words will make a rhyme
One day the words will make a meaning

For now he practices

The words spill out
He will pick up speed

"Distaste for the well dressed man doesn't level with my desire for a
three hundred foot yacht."

In the audience a whisper, a chuckle, a cough

"You will covet my coat of many colors!"

"This is not the joke."

"One day you will waddle in the shadow of my magnificence."

He loves that they look at him
He loves to stare right back
He looks them all in the eye

“I am everything!”

He takes his notebook and pencil out

He writes:

“I will destroy you.”

He erases it

Pauses

Then rewrites:

“I will fucking destroy you.”

