

Purple

Tiptoe creeping
While the whole house is sleeping
The darkened hall
Is my catwalk.
A moonbeam sneaks
Through a crack in the wall...
My spotlight may not be bright
But by its glow I can see my way -
Don't worry, I won't fall.
Though the stairs are steep.
Silent as a sequined shadow
My stiletto tiptoes creep.
Suddenly, a glimpse
A glittering gleam
In the mirror by the door.
Hey, I look amazing!!
I look strong. I look bright.
Like a shimmering star in a velvet night.
I look like someone who can take on the world.
No, the whole universe!
I look like someone who can put up a fight.

Why don't I wake them?
Show them?
Make them see
This ravishing, resplendent, rip-roaring real me?
I could open their eyes, open their minds

And dazzle them with my extreme pizazz!

Would they understand? Would they see?

No.

Not really.

How many times have I called them?

Asked them? Begged them?

More than I can count.

But it's their turn to do the maths.

I've got places to be, got people to see.

I will hold my head high

I'll strut, I'll dance, I'll fly!

No. I won't wake them.

But I won't be alone.

I never am.

You can't be lonely when you're this gorgeous, this glam

Inside and out.

And I'll be standing side by side

With the others who stand out.

Who are different.

Just like me.

So tiptoe creeping

While the whole house is sleeping

The darkened hall

Is my catwalk.

