

Adolescence in the Age of Destruction by Evelyn Sharapova

Act I

I am a soloist in this repetitive choreographic waltz
I bask in momentary adolescence
I ache in the bittersweet age of destruction
As the stage falls apart and the curtain dissipates
I go on with the show
Every step, every moment counts
I do not know how I got caught in this waltz
This inescapable, enrapturing, ploy
It has borrowed my feet and brought them into syncopated soliloquy
It has twisted my spine to make it compatible with the composition of my own decomposition
My youth is fraying with each passing second.

Act II

My Earth is no longer mine
My Earth was never meant to be a possession
My throat aches with resolute and my mind grows tired
I wonder, have I become the disintegration of the ground?
Dust is as dust was, just as ash is to ash and bone is to marrow
A candle is still made of wax as you burn it
I wonder, does my belonging in this chaos stem only from the fact I was born into this nonsensical disorder?

Act III

This adolescence of mine is held like a locket
But I cannot seem to keep it, the picture inside is fraying and the color mellows
No one likes old things anymore.
Movement is no longer the sweet citrus water in the throat of a dying man
It has become the dagger upon which the man impales for the sake of lasting boredom.

Act IV

I watch with failing confidence as the audience rises to clap
They are not clapping for me.
Can it foreshadow my future?
Can applause remove the shadows I cast in my destructive waltz?
My feet burst through the ground
The chairs cave into the Earth
This Earth wasn't meant for me
It wasn't meant for anyone.