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## In Front of The Crowd

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# In Front of the Crowd

Jose Sandoval-Gutierrez

In front of a crowd

I'm not very loud.

My voice cracks

like an inexperienced boy-

toddler,

I've been reduced to nonsense.

My topic of discussion

makes no sense

and the crowd looks wide eyed

as if what I did was stunning.

But I'm stunned frozen,

shocked and non-responsive to the world,

my hands drip a nasty sweat,

my under pits a mighty sweat,

drowning in my own fluids

I can't continue,

Chocking on words I produced,

I can't express words I produced

however hard I choose to let go,

it's stuck in my throat-

the knowledge I seek to expose.

I have to mediate

seek equilibrium

so I can release what's in my cranium,

but damn,

this is harder than I thought,

An action I thought I'd complete

with the ease of a shoulder shrug

but that's how the crowd responds

cuz they don't know what's going on...

Boo!

They cry,

and as hard as I try

I can't make them content

because I won't spill my content,

when in a different context,

hidden alone,

I would express it gladly,

fierce as a lion

my words would replicate its roar

and bring excitement that no one knew was in store.