

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



THEY ACT FOR US

Self-selected thespians
Put their lives on hold.
Then assume a role
To touch the human fold.

The stage is their home
A place fully free,
Where they can be anyone
For you and for me.

Why do they do it?
Why do they care?
They simply can't help it,
They're driven to share.

True, it's illusion,
Wholly make-believe.
But thank God that they do it,
So we may receive.

What do we get,
Just what is reflected?
They remind us that all men
Are truly connected.

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