**I’m Ready**

It’s been eighteen months since I saw a show,

Since I walked in the theatre and I said “hello”

To the cranky old usher who told me I couldn’t take pictures.

I tried watching plays on my tv at home,

But it’s just not the same when you’re drinking alone, And you’re checking your sourdough starter at intermission.

I’m ready to leave all those days in the past,

‘Cause we’re heading back, back to the theatre at last.

I’m ready to finally put on some pants,

And talk to real people instead of my plants.

Even though my plants are also my friends.

I’m ready to yell at my waiter who’s late

With my entree ‘cause we’ve got a curtain at eight.

He’ll understand because he’s clearly an actor.

There’s so many things that I took for granted back then. Well starting today, I won’t be ungrateful again.

I’m ready.

I tried learning French, did a puzzle or ten.

I watched *Tiger King*. I won’t do that again.

I even got cocky and thought I could be my own barber.

But now New York’s back in a really big way.

I know ‘cause I stepped over vomit today,

And someone was cutting their toenails last week on the subway.

When you’re cooped up this long, you miss everything you once had. All of the good things, and even some of the bad.

I’m ready to stand in a really long line

And pay forty dollars for really bad wine,

And drink it in a cup that was made for children.

I’m ready to glare at the man to my right

Who is crunching on M&Ms all through the night,

Then forgive him because he’s supporting the arts.

I’m ready to sit in my orchestra seat

Where my knees will get crushed ‘cause I’m more than four feet. It feels like you’re flying in coach on Spirit Airlines.

I’m ready to go to the stage door and stand

With my autograph pen and my playbill in hand

And wait…

Oh wait, I think that’s a thing of the past

Well, whatever happens, it’s time to go out and explore. Now is the time that we’ve all been waiting for.

I’m ready.

I’m ready.

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