

Your “A” Game

Are you ashamed to use your name,
Because you haven't played the game
To the ultimate that you could,
Settling for just “pretty good?”

Exceptional efforts are the least
That you need to slay the Beast
The one that resides upon your back,
Always knocking you off track!

When you don't use all your power
You waste every precious hour,
How can you secure a win,
When you only “fax” it in?

Will you fight it 'til you die,
Or only 'til you turn and cry?
Knowing not that you would score,
If you fought one second more!

Heroes are not more than you
They've just decided that to do
Miracles, they can't accept just “good enough,”
For this, they must be ultra tough!

Superhuman you can find,
Not in your arms, but in your mind.
You don't have to be a giant,
But to your fears, don't be compliant!

Cowards are dying every minute,
Avoiding the closet, and the monster in it.
Your mind can conjure how to fail:
Don't turn and fight, but merely bail!

A hero's work has begun,
When the lesser ones have run,
screaming from the fight,
Though they're on the side of Right!

If a dragon stands in front of you,
Here are two things you can do:
Turn and run away,
Or run to him and slay

The mind's most fearsome creature,
Equipped with every deadly feature,
Could it be that he's not real,
Just your mind's attempt to conceal

That it is your mind's desire,
To live in a coward's endless fire,
Controlled by your unending fears,
Alone in the dark, with your tears?

Hero status you will find,
When you still your lizard mind.
At that point, the skies will clear,
And you will find Heaven here!

Rick
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Rick Rucker is a pen and ink artist, an author, and a poet, living in Southern California.

His FREE website teaches how to draw cars, please take a look!