

Gotta Start Small (feat. Deborah Abramson)

Stephanie J. Block

I ran a mile today
And for a while today
I forced a smile today and sailed on with ease. I used to think, 'Not me - I can't'.
The track was smooth,
Hardly a slant
And though I panted for air,
I swear I clipped like a breeze. Using my breath and raising the bar
Four simple laps felt strangely far.
I hope tomorrow my legs are stiff.
I didn't scale a cliff.
It's just a mile.
But I didn't fall.
Gotta start small. I wrote a song today
And I feel strong today
'cuz I belong today to those who create.
An empty page was all I had.
I thought it out, put pen to pad,
And as I added each line of mine
I felt something great. Using my hands and feeling fulfilled
As for the song I'm not that skilled.
Still every builder who learns a craft
Keeps growing by the draft.
It's just a draft, and after all,
Gotta start small. Facing a bigger, a moral biggerish challenge,
That's quite a climb.
I'd rather cling to each thing I can conquer one at a time. Taking a risk is most of the battle.
A victory to claim.
Taking a risk - no matter how little - small, but committal -- is risking all the same. The sky is clear today.
I'm fighting fear today.
So while I'm here today
I pick up the phone. I call my mom; expect the worst.
But I stay calm and I speak first.
Yes, we conversed without fronts
For once.
Then as we burst into tears,
My fears have suddenly flown.
Using my head and using my heart,
Making a call, making a start
A single part of a larger plan.

I'm doing what I can.I ran a mile.
I wrote a song.
A mile's too short; the song's too long.
I made a call.
Before we fought we learned to talk.
Before I ran, I learned to walk.
Before I walked I learned to crawl.
Gotta start somewhere.
Gotta start small.

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