

My tale is of simple nature

One of success and failure.

A few years ago back when I worked with my brother

I would stand still and simply hand out fliers

Barely talking to those go-byers

But that changed someday when my brother declared

That it was time for me to be prepared

Prepared for a time when I would be someplace like up here.

He sat me down in front of a sunny window

A laptop open in an Excel spreadsheet window

It unveiled a list full of names, numbers and emails.

A list so large it was almost tangible

I hadn't even started and I was already in trouble.

I was told to contact all those lines

A script to use but not to comply.

With nothing to do but begin

I called the first number held within.

Ring. Ring. Ring. Beep.

A no-show, to my surprise.

Ring. Ring. Ring. Beep.

A no-show, once again.

I was expected to be professional, and vibrant

But if no one picks up, how can I be expected to try it?

Ring Ring Ring. Click.

This time a voice answered

And unprepared as I was

I struggled, omitted, and stuttered

Thankful for when the voice finally uttered.

“No sorry, I wont be there.”

Embarrassed at my own incompetence

I prepared myself once again.

The next few calls turned out better

As I became smooth and quicker.

Before soon I completed the list.

Only to be told I wasn't finished.

Four more lists, of similar size

Appeared right before my very eyes.

My brother wanting to assist

Stayed awhile observing my progress.

Confident in my improvements,

I spoke with clear confidence.

Ring. Ring. Ring. Click.

A new voice answered

And I replied with what I was used to

And therein lied to issue.

I was told that I was to robotic

And people wouldn't respond well to monotonous.

My ego shattered and my progress was battered

But nonetheless, I started again, with newfound motivation.

Ring. Ring. Ring. Click.

Finally, as prepared as I can be

I spoke with conviction and formality

Now these calls weren't just recitations

But felt like actual conversation

And when I said my farewells

I knew that these skills would help me

although only time could really tell.

Eventually I did get through those lists.

And my brother moved on with his life.

As I have with mine.

But everytime I use my language to speak loud and proud

I remember the first time, I learned how.