



The story

The Story

behind

Cards on the Table

First I thought: there isn't any story behind Cards on the Table.

And then it came to me: there isn't any one story behind this piece. But it's been huge in my life, trying to live cards on the table.

I learned, in childhood, to put some cards on the table: about ideas, about what I thought.

I also learned to love creative stuff. That I put on the table.

I didn't learn to tell a lot about myself, especially ways I was shy or scared.

I don't mean that no one knew - though I did my best, in many ways, not to let on if I was scared or shy or felt awkward or outside.

I know. It's so everyday. That doesn't make it any easier to live.

And learning to live differently has turned into a lifelong quest.

I learned to say some stuff ... and then other stuff would come up.

Time and again.

It's been almost 20 years since I wrote ...

It's Taboo to Say I Love You.

*It's taboo to say I love you
just because I feel
the words rising in me
strong and clear and real*

*And yet you say you love me
that's not taboo for you*

*and I feel your words throughout me
that's not taboo*

That's from memory - so most likely the words are not quite as I wrote them long ago.

I remember feeling the feeling - the feeling of coming across a taboo.

One after another.

So many other taboos encountered a couple of years ago - taboos against feeling loving feelings. Instead, living with loving feelings covered by anger until things were over ... and then coming to grief.

Then I did live with the grief visible.

And on and on.

Anyway, that's the story - trying to live, cards on the table, to put one down whenever I'm able.

As I say at some point in the song -

*I look down
the cards have changed
the cards in my hands
the cards on the table*

*Strange this living
with unstable
cards on the table*

It **is** strange - the bits of oneself that come out of hiding, and then more bits, and also coming across more blocks, and also unblocking, more flow.

It's not that I want to be blurting out everything to everyone.

I just want to have the choice - and when I don't know what's happening in me, there's no choice. And when there are taboos against speaking, again I have the feeling of no choice, and yet there's so much longing.

And that's why I'm trying to live, cards on the table - to reach for, rather than long for. Because even if I don't reach what I long for, I'll know it's not my staying stuck in silence that's keeping me from getting, but that whatever I'm reaching for isn't there for me. And then, no stuckness, but going on.

Ever more cards on the table.

Elsa

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