

Confessions of a Clogging Addict

by Sheilia Popwell, Hampton, GA

Well you ain't seen much when you've seen me,
But talking is cheap and the looking's plumb free,
And the warning's a bargain at twice the price
'Cause it was clogging lessons that ruined my life.

Now I reckon it's hard to believe but it's true
That once I wasn't no different from you:
A pillar at work, my community's pride –
But I took to dancing like a drunkard to wine.

Oh, once I was tidy, not a hair out of place,
With clothes neatly pressed and a scrubbed, shining face –
But I succumbed to the wiles of a clog dancing friend
And went straight to perdition with a light-hearted grin.

Now at first my deterioration was slow,
For I saw no harm in one DOUBLE TOE;
But I fooled with the real stuff like STEP-ROCK-STEP-HOP
And then moved on to free-styling pure Rocky Top.

Well from there on out it was clog dance or die
And I might've could quit, but I didn't try;
I kept saying, "I'll enter one last competition"
And telling myself, "Just one more exhibition."

So my family heard rumors that I'd been seen
In Orlando or Nashville or towns in between
While I strung myself out on the highs and the thrills
Of the workshops from Fontana's to Jacksonville's.

Now I'm red-eyed and rumpled and sticky and damp
My clothes are as creased as my crumpled road map;
I'd be a poor second to a down-and-out bum,
But I'm here to tell you I've had me some fun!

And you'll listen a minute, and I'll tell you it's great
And invite you to try it – and you'll make a mistake,
'Cause you'll come and you'll see for yourself that it's true
And what happened to me will happen to you.

For there's plenty will tell you the dangers of drink,
And assorted degradations into which you can sink –
But I was a victim of infatuation
With the evils of wholesome recreation!