

MARY MESSMER SMITH

Those darn fools ...
Their clothes'll be filthy ...

Aw. Heck. They're having the time of their lives. I'll wash 'em tonight.

(long pause, maybe 10 seconds, only her eyes move as she looks around)

The colors. Redbuds. Dogwoods.
Green fuzz on everything ...
I love the seasons ...

Oh, my, those crazy kids ...
Let 'em be ...

They'll have the poor cow worried sick ...
As long as they don't sour her milk ...

(medium pause)

Who'd ever think I'd be standing here like mom used to do ... (short pause)

I wonder if I look like her? (short pause)

I can still smell her arms ... (short pause)

I'm not a kid anymore ...
Although that's not how I feel ...
I wonder if they know that ...

Sell, move to the city?
I can't imagine that.
No barn. No horizon. No smell of hay, or manure.
We can't do that

Painted Valley. Lori always had the names ...
I wish she lived closer.

(short pause)

6 o'clock. Time to cook.

(long, smooth sigh)