

PIECE OF MONOLOGUE

I watched as his eyes closed
that final time.

Did he look at me,
in the end,
did he see me at all?

I'll never know.
It doesn't matter, I tell myself. It never mattered.
Yet, the question remains,
always
ever ... it remains.

Look at this.
What will I do with all this
now that he's gone?
And me.
Look at me.
A short life ...
Well lived? Who's to say?
Not me.
I only ever knew anything of this life,
of my life,
through his eyes ...
eyes now closed.
Did he look at me,
in the end,
did he ... [tailing off]

Twenty-three ...
Twenty-four?
No, twenty-three ...
Who was he?
A lover? A confidante? A bon vivant? A fling? Advisor? A friend?
He wore so many masks and I ...
anyone ...
dared not ask what lay beneath.

[pause, looks around]

I can't be here.

It isn't right.

It doesn't fit.

I am not this.

I cannot be this.

I cannot stay here.

Yet the question remains,
always,
ever ... it remains.

[beat]

Did he look at me,
in the end ...

It doesn't matter.
It never mattered.
Yet the question remains
always,
ever ... it remains.