

Performance Monologue - Performance of the self

The sun was bright that morning- one of those golden, glinting kinds that made the sidewalk shimmer and turned every surface into a warm invitation.

Coffee on mind, we found a little shop on the side of town.

Sandpoint, Idaho. A town much like this one.

Thousands of miles away, but we still felt at home.

The walls were filled with art and shelves of old books and new.

The scent of coffee in the air. You ordered for me, knowing I was eager to wander and dive into the space around me.

I let my body, eyes, and hands guide me to a quiet spine tucked in between all the rest.

The Wisdom of Insecurity by

Alan Watts.

I came in looking for my hair tie or maybe just you, and there you were

Legs draped over porcelain, the book in hand.

You didn't look up at first- the words holding your attention and gaze.

I had never seen you so clearly-

Your body, water-limned and loose, the tension that always followed you melted into steam. Unguarded, as if the water had given you back to yourself.

You read the words to me as you touched my skin, fingertips mapping my arm like punctuation, pauses where you pressed your palm and let the meaning settle in.

Each touch, each syllable, each shared insight became a permanent inscription beneath my skin.

The bathroom has become a portal. It has always been my place of safety and transformation.

But the day you died here, that familiar sanctuary twisted.

The porcelain felt cold, not comforting.

No longer a basin of baptism, but a tomb.

The air was thick with an unsafety I had never known there before.

Thick like silence between unfinished sentences.

Leaving the bathroom, I flipped the switch, hoping that turning off the light might ease the energy,

Soften the space back into silence.

But the light stayed,

Regardless of which way the switch was flipped.

As if a lost moth was trapped in the casing,

Searching in artificial light for the moon.

It felt like that persistent illumination was a harsh glare reflecting something within me – an inability to escape the vivid replay of that day.

What good comes from death? Isolation, despair?

The earth welcomes and embraces you, so why can't I- Use all of its parts to deepen the room around me.

Death enriches the base of where everything begins.

The bugs view death as a divine offering from above and get to working alchemy and sanctifying what's been laid before them.

Transmuting what was once full of life into sanctified rot.

Maybe I am the offering, and I have begun to transfigure into deep reverence that provides areas with meaning rather than folly words.

Gazing into the mirror within this space of newfound safety, I see not who was lost, but the emerging contours of a self rooted in deeper earth.

(Allan watts speaks: Give yourself to the water: 1:06 to end of scene.)

(begin to read quietly to self.)

(Sitting for awhile reading, you step off the stage, in some uncertainty and go to the light switch and turn it off.)

