

32.

I wake up hard and into wind, steady out of the north and always in my face.

I tell myself

 moments like this are commonplace in adulthood, moments like this are
the daytime equivalent of trying to go to sleep without a happy ending.

My mother laughs at me, lights up on a

*Lights up on a phone conversation. MOTHER (older,
wiser) listens to DAUGHTER (tired).*

DAUGHTER

I imagined my thirties feeling more stable—

MOTHER

HA (continuously, for 30 seconds of polite amusement.)

*My choice to abstain from
motherhood no doubt carved the
gap her laughter now fills.*

End of play.

When she was my age, she was watching her dreams fall apart and reconstitute into the
faces of two healthy, growing,
 all consuming
 children.

I have never outgrown that trait. I stand waiting for a traffic light and I am still
growing, my underneath and inarticulate nature unhinging its jaw to draw in whatever
might be of use.

I swallow full quarter-hours trying to fit this mouth around what the fuck I am going to do now that I know how to get what I want, eating every moment of my days without a thought to when they will be digested.

I look and look. Lights up

Lights up on a bathroom. A NAKED WOMAN, 32, and her RIGHT EYE sit: one on the toilet, one in the bathtub. Perhaps they are smoking a joint, or some other liberal relaxation method. Perhaps one is dissatisfied with her fat deposits (even though that's cliché). We all know which one pays too much attention.

NAKED WOMAN

I'm making sure I haven't spontaneously become a man.

Eye puts the joint in the sink and runs water over it, until the fire goes out, until the paper and ash disintegrate, grey pigment no longer staining the sink, the sound of water traveling into the Naked Woman's want at her center and nothing escapes.

NAKED WOMAN

Read to me from the internet.

RIGHT EYE

(Reading)

Absorbing selfhood past the event horizon, we can never know what space the love we feed her shares with fear, or anger, or confusion. We can only watch as the edge of her maw moves back through time. Then the lights go out, because no light can escape.

Lights out, End of Play.