

# *She's Crying - A Monologue*

By  
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She cries herself to sleep you know. Pitiful it is. Not that she sleeps much. I keep telling her I'm all right, but she doesn't listen. And she won't look at me either.

My dad's no better, doesn't say very much. He can't quite grasp it, it doesn't make sense he says. He doesn't listen either. Mind, nobody listens to me anymore. It's like I don't exist, like I'm not there...

I wish someone would tell me what I've done, so I can do something about it, make it right. It's awful, I get so angry sometimes and start shouting and swearing, but it does no good. Such frustration, and I can't do anything.

Can you hear me? Are you listening?

They said you could help me. Not that I'm sure who 'they' are. Some fella with big hair who looked like he was in drag. The other one looked like my Nan, but younger. I'm not too sure. I remember there was lots of bright light. Weird really, but they were ever so kind.

Anyway, they said you could help me. Can you?

Apparently I died a few weeks ago. At least, that's what 'they' said.

But I can't be dead, I mean, I can still think and feel, I can still talk & express myself. I'm not supposed to be able to do that when I'm dead. But I can, so perhaps I'm still alive. Am I?

I'm so confused now, so maybe you can ease my mind and stop all these conflicting thoughts and feelings from whirling around me like a storm. Am I dead?

Because I equate death with stopping, ceasing to exist, not living. Clearly that isn't true as I'm beginning to find out. She's the same, my mam. I died, so she thinks I've stopped, that I'm gone, kaput. It's like her life has stopped too. And the crying, it's just too much. It hurts... help me make it stop.

She found a pair of old smelly socks under my bed the other day, you know. It was so funny, and for a couple of minutes she forgot, which was lovely. The air was blue, mind, and she was going on about me always forgetting to put things in the washing machine. Just wait 'til she finds the ones stuffed inside my trainers!

"I'll kill him!", she yelled. Then she remembered, and the crying started again.

So I need your help. I need you to be my voice, to make them hear me, to explain what's happened and ease their pain. Tell them where I am, what I'm doing, that I still think & feel and that I can hear them speak my name. Tell them I experience joy, and that I know my brother and his wife are expecting their first child, and that I feel pain because they think I'm no more.

Tell them thank you for my life, that I loved them then, and love them still, and that I will go on loving them forever, whatever, so strong is our bond.

And please, please tell them that I did not die... I am alive, and I will not say "goodbye".