ROBERTA FEINS

Monologue

Yes, I’ll sit down and eat, though I have too many things to do. Get your hands off of me: I am not falling. Listen to me: it was in Munster where I no, put that over there, no, not there studied Picasso. His first mistress was Jewish, you know. Well, you should be interested; he’s a very important artist, no I won’t pay that bill, it’s too much money Besides I didn’t need to go to the hospital, it was just a scratch – well, of course they’d say I needed stitches. Be careful of that porcelain, it’s Lladro, Lladro was where your father started having heart trouble, no that’s too much butter. If you’re going to pay it, then write PAID on it. Write the date. No, lower down. You used black ink. Use red ink. Can’t you do anything right. Didn’t I tell you about Esther’s daughter’s husband? Can you deny children owe their parents everything? This newspaper is too wrinkled. Take it back and get me another one. His brother is quite a well-known surgeon, and did you see Grandma’s librettos in the closet. No, I won’t get rid of them they’re very valuable. Where’s the butter, you’ve hardly put any on. Yes, I took my pills – oh those, no I haven’t taken them yet that’s what I said. Your Dad’s letters? I think they’re in a suitcase in the basement. Well, you can throw them out, I don’t care.

Demented priestess, see how she totters
in my loose and bleeding skin.

Roberta Feins was born in New York, and has also lived in North Carolina and (currently) in Seattle. She works as a computer consultant. She received her MFA in Poetry from New England College in 2007. Her work has been published in Tea Party, Floating Bridge Review, and The Lyric. Poems are forthcoming in Bridges and kaleidowhirl. She is an editor of the e-zine Switched On Gutenberg, see http://www.switched-ongutenberg.org/.