

MARILYN

I have words to tell, many words, but unlike the conventional storyteller, I won't paint for you a solid piece where only one interpretation is holistically viable. Nor will I give you all the elements you've come to expect in a play. Instead, I introduce the elements of a new type of play by telling you the events of my late life, as they happen, and I let you formulate your own meaning.

The play is poetry. Being a poetry play, the symbols are of the essence. Poetry drives the play, but so do the symbols—the scenery, the precise language, the characters. The events happen as if the *deus ex machina* has a weakness for symbols. The players each speak ponderous words. There is a cruel poetic justice bubbling in the air, and each and every single character has his or her own symbolic significance.

I am an emissary from the play and also a character in it. The other players are—my innocent, pristine idealism... my persistent self-doubt, which the real world helps goad... and my realization of the greater truth undermining the nature of reality and the era of my life—they are conveyed by an ensemble of artists, strippers, hoboes, vicarious mothers, and vicious businessmen—all whom I meet in my heroine's journey.

My ultimate stagnation to become the rootless wreck I started out as holds no epiphanies for me. I end up dying, a naïve child, without knowing why I have to die. But you, my dear audience, shall end up the wiser. The symbols shall guide you.

I play a reckless girl of age, though barely so. She lets the telltale symbolism of the world around her pass on by. She lives blindly from moment to moment—there is a desperateness in her that drives her on. It is the belief that her poetry is good and that she is fated to live a greater life. This is manifested, or perhaps epitomized, as references to such elusive abstractions as a “distinction divine,” a “gift from the gods.”

But, she is bound to the world, and despite the vibrancy of her soul, her escape from Hades is a slow and uncertain struggle. When you are too far down in The River Styx, its mud starts clinging at you, and the water becomes thick and grabbing and sinking like quicksand, and you find yourself submerging deep unto its depths as if a helpless piece of stone. You find yourself lost in the middle of Hades, a mere ghoul, forever and ever.

The lights fade slowly as MARILYN finishes the last paragraph, and her words fade away in the last sentence, with the word “ever” a mere whisper.