

GREY
A two-minute monologue
By JANE CAFARELLA

SYL/LA, 60s + sits on a park bench, unnoticed, watching a group of young girls. Who is she talking to? The only person who will listen – herself.

I am grey. Like a single cloud in a brooding sky, I pass unnoticed.

I am grey. Like concrete, I blend with the city landscape.

I am grey. Like a soldier – camouflaged.

I sit between black and white – colourless.

Yet...inside the cloud, the concrete, the soldier...are the colours of my life...

the luminous greens of my spring,

the passionate reds of my summer,

the ripe yellows and oranges of my autumn

and the soft, faded blues of my winter...

Swirling.

Hidden.

You curse the cloud, march over the concrete, ignore the soldier who fought battles you can't imagine...

You can't see what I have lost...and won.

You stride past, lithe, and new, clothed in the glow of youthful ignorance, always in fashion, your wide eyes fixed on your future.

I watch you in your golden innocence.

Tread carefully!

One day, you will turn your head and find that you are squinting at your past as it sinks into the horizon.

One day, if you are lucky, you will be grey.

But you don't hear me.

You don't see me.

I am grey

Like silver,

Burnished by yesterday's laughter and sorrows.

Quietly, I shine.

202 spoken words

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