

OLD LOVERS
A 90-second monologue
By JANE CAFARELLA

LYNETTE, 50s+ is browsing through an old photo album.

Sometimes I think of them – old lovers.

Although in my mind, they're not old.

They're young and...glowing.

It happens at the most inconvenient of times.

I'll be driving to the shops with Pete and a song will come on the radio, and suddenly I'm back there, on the beach, water beading on my brown skin, shiny from coconut oil, your hand on my breast – that look in your eyes.

And I ache for that time when we knew nothing and everything; when desire made you and the world, irresistible!

“You go in and I'll find a park,” Pete says, slowing down in front of Kmart, and I turn my head and see in his face the roadmap of the life we've shared – our daughter's sweet smile, and our son's broad capable hands.

“Okay,” I say, and as I get out of the car, I'm humming the song that took me back to you.

“You're always humming something,” Pete says, smiling, because he thinks I'm happy.

And I am.

For now – and then – when you and the world were irresistible.

181 spoken words

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