

Monologue Woman. Her adult son has died.
It's me, I'm Here.

By Gail High

He died, our grown son. My baby boy. He died bedside, on the floor. He's dead. It rhymes. Bed, dead. It could be funny. It could cause laughter. News at eight, aneurism kills full grown boy. I see him, crawling, talking. He is everywhere, falling in love, eating pepperoni pizza. Then, "I'm only gone three days Mom," then my last hug.

His text: I landed safely.

My text: Good.

A last chance to say more. I don't go to bed at night because I wake thinking he is here. Let me scream that for you. Everyday is forever.

Loosing your child tests your will to live the rest of your life. Inside myself I am alone. Every mud puddle needs my boot stomping. I will eat powdered donut holes until they touch my tears. Some say time heals. They try to be kind. They look at me like I am damaged beyond repair. I want to punch those faces until they bleed. I am not myself. Dreams terrorize me.

We haven't sold his house. I sleep on his bed, because I can. Before our son died his Dad had a stroke. So, at times, his Dad didn't recognize him. Our son would pound his chest, "I'm David, your son. I'm right here, Dad." And then he wasn't.