

MONOLOGUE ADAPTED FROM
BETTER BY CANDLELIGHT
©2005 Arthur M. Jolly.

jollyarthur@hotmail.com

www.arthurjolly.com

MAN

I don't remember it, really. Weird what you can forget.
Fragments, maybe.

The wire twanged, rust flaking off, suddenly, the pressure gone. I was gripping nothing but iron dust, grit in my fingertips. A slip, a low twang - the loose guitar string note of a wire fence slipping from my fingertips.

The slap. That sound. I remember the sound - the unimportant slap of barbed wire meeting denim, and the copper taste of fear, the acrid saliva, the sweat on my forehead that was dry moments before.

My body knew before I did. My body knew injury, a private pain that wasn't pain. No feeling - just sweat and a fear that tasted of pennies.

Feelings - real feelings, the slivered pain was later. The dull ache and the stomach clenching cramps... all I knew then was sweat and fear and the dull twang of a barbed wire fence slipping from my hand, springing upwards like a rattlesnake.

She looks up, her red hair gleaming in the candlelight. The room smells of sex and burning wax.

"Jesus, Honey" she says, looking up at me, looking - she's a goddess, she looked - candlelight looks great on a redhead - she says "When did you get that scar?"

"What scar?" I ask. I had no.. none at all. Some memories get lost. Hidden, you know? Long gone, like the taste of copper and a handful of rust. No idea, 'til she saw it.