

*Monologue*

Yes, I'll sit down and eat, though I have  
too many things to do. Get your hands off of me:  
I am **not** falling. Listen to me:  
it was in Munster where I no, put that  
over there, no, not there studied Picasso.  
His first mistress was Jewish, you know.  
Well, you should be interested;  
he's a very important artist, no  
I won't pay that bill, it's too much money  
Besides I didn't need to go to the hospital,  
it was just a scratch – well, of course  
they'd say I needed stitches. Be careful  
of that porcelain, it's Lladro, Lladro  
was where your father started having  
heart trouble, no that's too much butter.  
If you're going to pay it, then write  
PAID on it. Write the date. No, lower down.  
You used black ink. Use red ink. Can't you do anything right.  
Didn't I tell you about Esther's daughter's husband?  
Can you deny children owe their parents everything?  
This newspaper is too wrinkled. Take it back  
and get me another one. His brother is quite  
a well-known surgeon, and did you see  
Grandma's librettos in the closet. No, I won't get rid of them  
they're very valuable. Where's the butter, you've  
hardly put any on. Yes, I took my pills – oh  
those, no I haven't taken them yet that's  
what I said. Your Dad's letters?  
I think they're in a suitcase in the basement.  
Well, you can throw them out, I don't care.

*Demented priestess, see how she totters  
in my loose and bleeding skin.*

**Roberta Feins** was born in New York, and has also lived in North Carolina and (currently) in Seattle. She works as a computer consultant. She received her MFA in Poetry from New England College in 2007. Her work has been published in *Tea Party*, *Floating Bridge Review*, and *The Lyric*. Poems are forthcoming in *Bridges* and *kaleidowhirl*. She is an editor of the e-zine *Switched On Gutenberg*, see <http://www.switched-ongutenberg.org/>.