

DIED SUDDENLY

Written by

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c 1990

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Part I

She died suddenly.
Suddenly she died.
She was intimidatingly beautiful.
She was beautiful and she died.
She died and I knew all about him.
I was the only one who knew what she felt about him.
She was beautiful and she died. And I knew something about him.

And then I met him.
She has died suddenly for both of us.
And I know something about him.
What does he know about me?
I look into his eyes and I see that he knows nothing about me.
And I know something about him.
What does he see in my eyes?
Is he mistaking knowledge for something else?
Nothing is hidden.
He witnesses my interest in him.

"Are you Charles?"
"Yes."

She died suddenly and I have this information.

The Information
I loved him before I ever saw him.
She told me everything as I held her hands.
All her favorite parts of his body, and what she didn't like.
And I knew that what she didn't like would be my favorite part.
But I never said.
Sworn to secrecy I listened to her whispers about him.
And then she died.
And I met him.
And I loved him.
And I loved him.
And I loved him.
And I realized she had never even mentioned my name.

Part II

The Moment Of Seeing

At her funeral
I looked at him
And I felt like her.
I looked at him
And I didn't know
What I wanted.

She was looking at him
Through my eyes.
There was no more she
She was looking at him and

She knew
What she wanted.

To touch his flesh
To hear his breath
To own him
For a moment forever once again.

Staring at my flesh
He didn't see me.
He was attracted to the light

Her light
In my eyes.

No one of the three of us
Could resist
The urge
Of spirit and flesh
For flesh.

The Moment of Surrender

Staring into my eyes
He touched my breast
She leapt
 inside me.

They knew each other.
I was the outsider.
I gave in
To her longings, his need.
My body their playground
Kissing so sweetly
With such recognition.

She was fierce
With the use of my body.
He was unforgiving to my flesh
In his quest to get at her.

I faded and gave them room.

The Moment of Conception

He needed her
She had died
And he still loved her.

Grabbing at her soul
He settled for my skin.

Hesitating and lurching
In ignorance
With great determination
Small awkward bodies
Poke at each other
On the living room floor of a cheap apartment.

He is in heaven
Brushing cat hair
From his face
So near the dirty carpet.

She wanted him.
Her burning willpower
Seared my nerves
And left me numb.

She would stop at nothing
To regain flesh and life and him.
At that moment
I conceived her.

She was in me.
She mated with him
To give birth to herself.

I conceived his child
And it was her
And he didn't even know my name.

The Moment of Naming

Gone in an instant
Yanked away
He felt the rush of her leaving.

Flashing his eyes open
He looked at me
For the first time.

My body my own again
Save the secret embryo.
Big naked trembling
I averted my eyes.

"What is your name?" he demanded.
Don't ask! Don't ask!

He stared on.

I don't know my name, I thought.

"Barbette", I said
As I pulled down my skirt.

The Moment of Leaving

"How do you . . . How do you know Anne?"

"I was her manicurist."

"Oh. She had beautiful hands."

"Yes. She did."

"How did you get a name like Barquette?"

"My father is French."

"It's pretty."

"Thank you."

"I don't know whether to say 'thank you' or 'I'm sorry'."

As he closed the door, my breath filled the room.

Part III

Later I'll see him in a bar.

I'll smile and he'll look past me with no recognition.

At Anne's grave

I kneel in the dirt and water her bones with my tears.

The only time I cry, for her, for me and for him

Bound

In some strange wrong circle

Between earth and ether.

(Anne sings)

To touch his flesh

To hear his breath

To own him

For a moment forever once again.

(END)