

Monologue Harmonics by Janet Marie Rogers

I am. The absent sun. The shrunken moon. Light defining colour, removed. Memories go dark.
The people lose.
Connection. Isolation. They don't know what to do.
Faith in all that is false. I am that which drives us further away. I am doubt.
Everyone wants a crown. No one, deserving.
We live in extreme, conditions.
The drum, abandoned. Packed up and moved on.
We keep. To ourselves. We renege on the original agreement.
Acquit the murderer. This was the first clue.
All the wars were unnecessary. And yet we hunger for more.
Our sole motivation, greed driven. Defended laws of man-made intelligence
Look where it got us.
Sick. Imperfect.
Past. The point of return.

I have been walking on the skulls of my ancestors for so long
I reach out to speak. But they can't hear. For hundreds of years
My language. No one understands.
I am so disconnected. Like the last bit of flame glowing in a wind tunnel. Soon to go out.
The smell of death is everywhere. There is nothing left for the next, generation.
Nothing that resembles us. Who we were and tried to be.
I wait for songs, so faint like ghosts floating in on toxic breezes. Will they come again?

She is gone. And she is gone. Taken.
Time is a cruel trick.
The other half of me, only family I had holding my story.
Left to the other side. How I want to join them. Again
I can't see through this grief. Everyday sadness rains.
I am left with broken umbrellas and tiny flames. My defences are stretched.
We don't speak.
No poetry, only news and announcements.
Broken radios. No signals but static.
Nothing I want to hear, some kinda bug in the wires.
I want them to find my signal again. To this life. Not this life.

Darkness has attached itself to me.
The streets. Littered by those who didn't make it.
I can't understand anything.
Why are we all so lost.