

MONOLOGUE FROM "GRAPHIC DEPICTIONS"

By

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ALEXA

In retrospect, I think our bed frame might have been the beginning of the end.

It seems possible, doesn't it, that you can tell life's journey by how portable your bed is. When you're little you can pretty much sleep wherever someone puts you, you don't even need a pillow, you don't even need to be horizontal. And then we did sleeping bags and then futons on the floor in college... and then we got the bed frame. And suddenly we were adults. We needed structure. Our spines needed firmness. Our bed, our life, wasn't going ANYWHERE. Not easily anyway. The only thing left to look forward to may be the big adjustable hospital or hospice bed. Which is portable, but only so you can be wheeled into the ER. Or for a final trip to the patio to look at the lake.

What brings this to mind is I was realizing that once we had a bed frame, my fantasy that we could still just throw all our earthly belongings in the car and disappear kind of had to die.

What brings this to mind was my resistance to buying a house. The house was my husband's idea. I was a happy renter. But there was some gene in my husband, I don't know its number or even it's been fully located on the genome yet, but it seemed to click on for him at the sight of my son emerging from the womb.

He needed a house.

More specifically, he needed a yard.

He rationalized it that children need yards, but really my son needed milk and skin-to-skin touch and some form of warmth. But my husband needed to build a nest or use the smell of fresh mown grass to counteract the smell of shit-filled diapers or something.

So he bought a house.

We bought a house. I signed on -- futon in the car, gypsy past and possible future sold out for walls that we could paint any color without asking anyone's permission.

What brings this to mind is the toilet is clogged.
Again.

We have roots -- our home has roots, the trees around our home - which, let's be fair, also gave up their chance at freedom when their seeds finally alighted and burrowed into the earth and took up sentry posts beside our sidewalk - our trees have put down roots that are strangling our ability to flush toxins from our system.

Our home's system.

I'm not a fan of the roots.

I pointed out to Steven when we were looking at houses, neither of us has what I would call Handyman Skills, but apparently we have the ability to read books which can lead us into Handymanhood, and we have earning potential to hire Handymen to repair our Handywork. And so now we have three children - Michael and Jennifer and 3714 Lewis Lane - who have combined their foundations to firmly plant us in a neighborhood with neighbors and trees that merely want

She catches herself