Liz We're not fools

We are not fools

We -

You're eyes tell me all I need to know

We know

We know what is to come

We will take – we are taking control, and those eyes – so like a child's, alive, alert, shining with… – will close. Sleep without fear

Me

I won't…
I couldn't…

I won't watch you disappear. Watch you diminish. Watch sickness diminish you… Pain bending the body into itself. Retreating. Terrible ravages of a terminal ruin. Destroying you. Your painful destruction destroying me. Who would want that?

Pain can be borne. We are born in pain, why die in it? Pain with no end until you cease to exist? Why? What's the point? A noble death? There's nothing noble about being hollowed out, organs failing, dignity falling. An incontinent fool. How low do you have to go? What trembling? How much wasting? Stop. Be stopped. Your skin sallowing. Voice faltering, the trembling. I won't allow it. Such suffering, such... No longer what you are - who you are. The who I love. To watch you shrink and shrivel, some malignant beast to eating away at your bones, feeding on your flesh, your muscle, your heart. To watch that? No. To know that you were hurting, or worse, that you were hiding that hurt from me. No. It won't happen. For you. For me. For us. You will not suffer such ignominy. You will not suffer alone

We are not fools

I can do this I can do this I can do this

I will not…

On

I will not sit in the back of a large black car and have people pat my hands and say they are sorry. I don't want their sorries. Sorry wont bring you back. I will not stumble after a hearse, your body bound in some oak, flowers trying to make it palatable, pleasant. A bit of colour. Dadah. Cut flowers will never grow. Not being able to see you, touch you. To dress in black and weep, weep whilst you slide into a fire there's no coming back from. To stand alone and listen to the delicate whisper into the roar of despair, *I'm so sorry for your loss*. Rigid smiles and gentle handings. Tears. Tears. Tears. No. Waiting to be handed an urn. All that is left. Left to hold. Leavings. I will not find you amongst the ash. Life, grey and slipping through my fingers, I will not look for you in ash and bone

I hope I can do it. I pray that I -

This isn't much fun is it

Lost… getting there

Let's get lost
We are each other.
We will not be fooled

Liz *disappears into the bathroom. A tap runs*

(Continues)