SQUIGGLE *(to audience)*

I worry I’m not being heard

I look at Eleanor and sometimes I think she gets it, I really do but

The very next minute she’ll decide to put me on speaker phone so that I can talk to Tanya

And I am reminded immediately that she most certainly does not get it.

(adjusting glasses) At least, not in the way that I do

.

I was never a big talker

Rather, I have a

Difficult

Time expressing myself in my own words.

I think that’s why I prefer the words of others.

Because— it’s like—

I don’t know *(SQUIGGLE sighs. She never gets these things right.)*

.

.

.

I talk and talk about all of the same things and they mean something to me

Something big

But they (gesture to REN and ELEANOR’s living space) don’t seem to get it.

They nod and pity me and pat my head and say

Squiggle, why are you barking so much? It’s okay Squiggle, poor Squiggle

But they never look me in the eye.

I want them to have these words hit them in the way they hit me,

To punch them in exactly the right place and give them that— you know— that, that—

.

Christ, this is getting esoteric.

I hope I don’t sound pretentious.

I really don’t mean to.

.

I’m trying to make sense of all of this.

I wish I could do that better.

Because I think

I—

Because it matters,

I think. But

.

But it’s just a mess, probably.

.

.

Sorry for

Waxing on about this.

I should get back to my reading.