

## *Laura Wilder*

### BETSY BREAKS UP

At the height of this melodrama she's in,  
Betsy blanks:  
What in the hell mean these rosebuds,  
11 pink, 1 white?  
Who in the hell'd send syrup ta suture wounds?  
Ah, he would, 'course. How wrong.  
And yet it's not written in her role to tell him.  
She does not have the heart,  
yet, that arrives in the cooler via whirlybird,  
Act IV.  
What mean these sweet, chewy jellies?  
Why point you to the sugar which clings  
to their traffic light red, yellow, green?  
Cut, cut, she's laughing and she knows  
that's not how it's written!

Yes, yes, she loves you, it's all coming back  
to her now. Yes, you're right, she must have  
said it. "More than once," and, "In the shower."  
Certainly so. But wherefore have thou come  
now? How appear you so in this countenance  
so skinny and meek and pale and trembling?  
Quite like a leaf, in the gutter, out front,  
saturated in rain water and oil and whatever else,  
struggling with a wind.  
How does she, as you so say, "blow you off"?

She's grinding her teeth for Act II.  
Sharper, to cut out of here,  
she'll tear through coat, skin, and sinew.  
Act III being murder, the director's scrambling  
for her long lost list of cues.