

Katerina Aksonova. Until I went away.

(Soliloquy for reading)

Idea 20.06.2015

SHE: Listen to me. I wanted to tell you this. I was thinking about it during sleepless days and nights. I demand that you will hear it until I went away.

You know what I feel about you. I know that you don't deserve my boundless love. I can't do nothing with it.

I want to say it now, because it's not my desire to go away from you, I prefer to stay. Can't be quiet any longer.

I live for you, to make you happy, to see your smile. You never are grateful for this. You take my feelings like deserved by you. Like I was made for your good mood and it's my only function in life. I allow it to you, to think so. You never questioned our relationships.

We were happy, most of the time. I know, I give you such impression. Now I want more attention. And for me it's not that you give me to taste all food from your plate.

Food, you chose everything. You don't mind to cook everything yourself, but also you select what I have to eat. If I don't like, you convince me - that's healthy. To make you content I swallow everything. To see your smile, satisfaction for you that you made something to me.

I remember times when we were only for each other. Cuddle when watching your favourite shows on TV. Your face was near mine on pillow in bed. You smiled to me in the morning and said good night.

Now everything stopped. I became bothersome alive toy to which you haven't enough time daily.

I tell you how I feel because I want that you know how I'm upset, until I went away. I don't want to leave you, but for long it can't work.

I'm the one who you blame for every broken cup and plate, for wither plants, for water on the floor, untidy sofa. I want to be sure that you remember, it's your house. This days you often remind me about that.

I was agree to live with you. You thought, because it's doesn't matter, with whom I want to stay. You wasn't first who try, propose me to live with him. I picked you, believed you, hoped that you are best. Because of you I start again

trust men. What can I do now? After you. Terrible thought, life without you. I'll find somebody, like you said yesterday. Somebody I find, I want you. Which are your wishes?

You expect that I don't see anything. I don't remember. All that women with whom you shared your smile and your laugh. Women who you touched gently, like me. Even when I was in the same room with you. Insulted, I went to another room. You needed hours to notice my absence. I forgave you, like usual. I can't refuse to hear how you say my name again and again. I'm weak, because I love you, trust you, no matter what. I can't imagine my life without you, I tried, I can't.

You gave me sweets and cookies. I know what are you planning. I became fat and no one will want me.

For you I left my family, my brothers, sisters, my friend. You accept it. You never appreciated my this gift. You are able just to take what I gave you. What you gave instead... with hope it will be enough. It was, till everything changed. You start to spend more time out of home.

I wait for you, looking through the window. People, men, women they all walk past our door. No one of them is you. I never lay to sleep until you come home. Now, you never check that I'm asleep. For you it was easy to pretend that I could sleep when you not at home. You didn't pay attention that I didn't eat anything, even drink water. These days you try not to look at my eyes, only indifferent touch.

You liked when I was near your face. Now you are afraid that I make scars on your face. Yours unshaven face quicker make scars at me. You wasn't mind about scars which I left on your back. You thought it was fun and show them to friends, especially when there were two pairs of them. They laughed and said that you became crazy. Crazy with me. It was. Not for now.

I tell all because I want to stay with you. I want to acquaint you with my world. World in which live I and my feelings for you.

You, you always and forever you. You are more important human being for me in whole world and you let yourself to talk with me in such words. You know that I'm sensitive to every shadow of change in your mood.

Now you have fun outside of house. I can't blame you. Not many friends like me, few of them didn't forget how I behaved when was jealous about you. I know, sometimes I have to behave soft, all want for me that, when look at me. I'm harmless till no one encroach to my man. If you trespass the border, I'll became a beast, because you asked for it.

We used to sit near the window and watch rain. Were happy that we are at home, watch like people run at street, cars make waves of water. I remember when on our roof we wait for sunset, how cold was before the dawn. We were happy, just you and me. If you forget, look at photo on your phone.

Photo. You make shoots of me every time. Everything what I did you find lovely

or amusing. That days are gone too. More photos with women whose name you can't remember and delete from memory, like from your phone.

You can live rest of your life without me. I know that, just was upset that you told it yesterday aloud. If you wasn't ready, or just change your mind, I'll survive. You made apologies, bring me my favourite fish. Behave the way that I can forgive you everything. It was in morning. Now it's five minute to midnight and I still wait you near window. Rain began and stopped, you didn't come. I think you start to avoid your home, favourite place on Earth, because of me. You can't say that I have to leave. It will be cruel for your conscience. You are responsible for me, because I became yours.

I'm not complaining. I tell you about my life, from my point of view.

You start to stop conversation when talk on phone when I came. You close door. You want to eat alone in the morning, to not wake up me such early. You started to run to be in good shape. For me you was perfect. I know that day could come, but no... you can't leave me.

I tell you everything until I went away. I love freedom, I stayed with you, because love you more than freedom. I still hope that everything will be as was before, between us. When all your talks will be about me. I will be on your knees when you watch another boring football match and you will wake up me with scream of joy from another goal. I always take part in your interests, because what is important to you is sphere of my tolerance.

You used to hold your hand on my back at night. Even in sleep you need to know that I'm near you. Now both your hands are under pillow and your face opposite the wall. It happens that for days you don't say a word to me.

What happened with you, that I was thinking about went away? I didn't change in anything. When you open the door, I'm already in the hall, like faithful dog. And I mentioned loyalty of dogs, you know how I avoid this animals. I was open with you. You were not. I don't hear your plans for weeks. You didn't tell me your dreams for months.

I made my best. I was kind, flawless. I don't deny I vented all my anger at plants. Why in another way they look so frighteningly? I gave you time, you didn't deserve my patience. Your behaviour didn't change. Again I became unbearable. You didn't notice change for good, you didn't notice change for worst. We can't live longer in misunderstanding.

I want that you will change. No, I want that previous you return. I want that you met true you at the street and bring him home to us. I won't leave you, if only you expel me. I tell you this because I hope for your love for me. You'll afraid to lose me and stop all this nightmare.

It's morning. I'm alone. I'll tell you this, when you return to our home, to me. I promise you. I promise it myself.

Meow. Meow.

Cat stretches and snuggles.

The End.



Afterword.

Do you read play to the end? Yes it was cat's soliloquies to her owner.

I never had a cat, but it's my second text from cat's point of view. Before it was short story which is still in Russian, as draft. I have intention to translate it. Short story was written 22.05.2008. It was called "Brynhild's love."

This play came to my mind at the night of 20 June, next day I wrote it.

Despite of cold weather, like for summer night, cats near my window planned to make date and have successfully private life. I was wondering if all that "meow" were words, how they would sound. In case of this two cats - lovely tweeting. But if cat is unhappy... near my bad is always notebook, I used to write all ideas to not forget them in the morning. Light from streets light lamp was enough to write name of story and sketch of poster. So I wrote what I need like in a day and return to bed.

After I wrote play I read my short story. Few ideas and sentences stay the same. I chose not to translate story, but it's my pity that in this story cat hasn't beautiful name Brynhild.

My tiredness of a lot of reading for preparing serious play give me strength to write something different and tiny.

I don't want to write at first line that main character is a cat. I thought it could spoil your compassion.

Hope you enjoy reading the text, like I was pleased when I wrote it.

P.S.: This play is not autobiography! Meow.



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