

Short monologue for a young woman.

A young English woman contemplates her unhappy marriage to an older man in Canada.

'Ghost of the Tree'

by

Charles Robertson

My husband is a sweating pig. I don't much like him but I must be resolute. I have undertaken this marriage, this partnership and perhaps in time we can learn to become amiable. This country, however is not amiable. It is unfriendly, uncivilized. The streets are dirt. There are some buildings of note. This house my husband is building for me is quite nice. Quite large so that I can escape to the far reaches and hide. It is four stories high, and they have dragged stone blocks from the surrounding mines to build it. My husband, my architect has decided to name the house in my honour. I suppose I should be flattered. I am not however privy to feelings of unmixed delight. He calls it The England House because...I am from England. The man has no poetry. Painting I have taken up. I look out my window and I paint the waves imagining the ocean, imagining England. I came from the ocean, fully formed. A Hans Christian Anderson mermaid.

And like his mermaid I have turned to stone.