

Pia Wilson

SILOS
by
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CHARACTER NAME: Woman

BRIEF DESCRIPTION: Lonely, in existential crisis

A woman stands ... open.

WOMAN

We are silos of bone and skin and teeth. So alone. Alone in this cage of blood and decay that we dress up. We play dress up as many ways as we can ... to become as many people as we can. Suits – pants and skirts. Makeup. Tattoos. Mohawks. Afros. Sneakers. Heels. Alone.

It's nice for me ... sometimes, it's nice ... it's good for my mental health to sleep with a man, to have him inside of me so that I don't feel so desperately alone most of the time. Always talking to myself.

Oh, what it must be like to have a baby. Flesh of your stinking, rotting flesh recycled into perfection. You can't be alone because your marrow is crudding up somebody else's bones. You're in there, some other body bag. Sort of. And you're alright. Sort of. You're alright.

I'm alright. I'm OK. I'm alright. That's been my prayer every night. Now I lay me down to sleep, perchance to dream of myself being free, free from this solitary confinement.

I wish I were my body. This beautiful, brown body. I wish I could look in the mirror and say, "That's me." But I can't ... because it's not. It's not me. Because it's not. It's just a bunch of cells bumping into each other. It's not me, she who sits in a cage of bone with a life sentence. How do I do life, a life sentence? How do I pass the time?

How many times can I swipe right before it's a match? Can it ever be? A match? When I just want out ... of this silo of bone and skin and