

Play Me

LILLIAN (51)

I always loved the word 'rapture', don't you? Just saying the word forces the tongue and lips into such intimate movements... it almost makes a lady blush. (closing her eyes) ... rapture... (smiles) I can't imagine any other word in our language that so prepares for the attainment of its meaning. Although, I hear the French language is full of them.

At this stage of my life, I've come to appreciate the finer things I once overlooked. White wine...imported chocolates...and younger men. (enjoying the subject) Younger men possess a certain... arrogant grasp on life.

Older men let it leak out their pores. Or slowly grow it out of them, slicing it off with each whisker they shave. Drying up anything left inside with after-shaves that smell of respectability and dotage. Younger men wear their life on their chins and upper lips to show the world they are not afraid to trumpet their virility. (hesitates, then...)

The other day, Harold, my husband of twenty-three years...told me I have all the melody of a stringless violin. Really. Can you believe he said that? I replied that if he simply tried tuning me more often, rubbed my worn veneer to bring back some former luster, and perhaps put his bow to me with a little regularity, I assured him I could still pour forth a symphony or two.