

Interior Dialogue

Lavinia

I look at you, Miz Emily,
see somebody beautiful
somebody worshipped
somebody who never
lifts a finger to
cook, clean, sew
(embroidery don't count).
You never been unkind to me,
but I cannot like you.
You too comfortable,
How can somebody
with no worries in the world
be somebody worth knowin'?
Me, I got lots to worry 'bout.
Don't even have words
to express my troubles,
just sad, lonely songs.

Emily

I see you in the field,
always working near
the biggest, strongest man
on our plantation.
yet you never touch
or even look at one another.
What will you do
when Robert sells him
to Mr. Rayburn over in
Oakmont more than
thirty-five miles away?
As for me, I wouldn't mind
if my Robert went traveling some.
He's still after me like a rabbit
though we've been married
more than two years now,
and he doesn't like when
I am engaged in conversation
with anyone – man, woman, or child.
Sometimes I can hardly
breathe from having him
standing so close beside me.