

THE MIRACLE IN APRIL

A Dramatic Monologue

by
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Note: This monologue is intended to capture the essence of the human spirit. In times of trouble that spirit can fade and flicker but it never goes out completely.

I looked down. Stitched in blue was my name, Mel. I thought every guy that wears a coverall uniform is named Mel. They probably already have them made. Mels just have to pick out their size and slip them on. Real creative Ma. What else could a Mel be. Blue-collar for sure. Destined to lift metal, rubber, and plastic. Doomed from birth to smell the world's leftovers and cast-outs.

I felt especially down today. Things weren't going well. Dela didn't understand about my being passed over again for a promotion, and the kids were getting older. They needed more. Being raised in the poor side of town wasn't easy. Charlotte down the street was robbed and beaten two days ago. The crack house was five doors down and gang violence was getting worse.

The kids ranged from ages two to ten, four in all. They were good children, staying straight, untouched yet by the brutalities of the world. Dela and I were good people just trying to get by, trying to keep the faith.

Maybe that was it. That was what was really bothering me. It was getting harder to do. The little things were starting to add up to big things. Like...Della...the other day...sat in the family rocker and the springs broke. We only had one rocker...only one place to sit that wasn't group-oriented. It was a place where one could sit alone and just be. It was gone. There wasn't money for another right now. And there wasn't likely to be any soon.

It wasn't just the chair and the money. It was a general dissatisfaction. Everyone wanted something from me. The kids needed attention, discipline, shoes, clothes, help with their homework...I couldn't do it when I was in school, how could I help my kids with it now? They also needed Dela and I to stay together. In a sour world, kids need their parents to stay together. It is a constant in their lives. One that half the population couldn't count on anymore. No wonder kids are so messed up. Well, that was one thing I could give my kids. Besides, I loved Dela. We just didn't have the time or the energy to show each other anymore. Dela wanted things from me, too. Love, support, encouragement, help with the kids...a future. One that didn't involve washing the stink out of a uniform day after day, year after year.

How does one wash the stink out of a man though? I felt the years of lifting, dumping and burning garbage might have soured the very essence of who I was. How does one cleanse that? Maybe that was it. I realized my soul had begun to stink. It smelled of the world...

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