



Acting Classes In Perth

Absently Present

by Terrence Mosley

Mother: I never liked my name. The family name. Sound like an ugly song. Felt like that my whole life. I would think about it and the white people that had it before us and wonder why they would pass that shit on to us. A legacy of beige. Went through life feeling like nothing special. Then your Daddy hit me. This short, hairy, odd, African with these eyes. Here he was, twenty-two years old, and he had these sad eyes. And then he told me his name... Oh, blew my mind... I couldn't even say it. Must of been something I lost and my tongue forgot where to put it. Looking into those eyes, hearing that name. The secrets that song must hold. The story of the short African with sad eyes. I had to be with him. He had something. He was the thing, the one person, besides you, I worked the hardest on. I knew after he found out about you, he was gonna make me honest... give me his song to sing. I told him about you and he just looked at me with the same sad eyes. I gave him a choice, said change my name or...

Packed my shit up, moved, and started my life with you. I promised myself, I'm gonna do the best by you, with what song I got. That name you got. I know it ain't filled with ancient meaning and chances are, way back, we took from someone who took from us much more than can be mended. But you say you love it...Why would you throw away something you love?