

## THE WHITE GIRLS BLUES

by Marya Sea Kaminski

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### The Play.

*A white girl stands at a live mic.  
She sings.*

Trouble in mind  
And I'm blue  
Won't be blue always  
Because the sun's gonna shine  
On my back door someday

I've got the white girls blues  
And nothing to lose  
No change  
No company  
I'm telling you, I'm so blue  
The sky's got nothing on me

This is the white girls blues

It's not Langston Hughes  
My dreams don't defer

They purr.

And rumble.

Under the wheels of hybrid cars  
Melancholy happy hour bars  
My dreams puff like smoke rings  
Turning in on themselves  
Circling high rises of emotion  
And Pioneer Square  
Carnival freakshow fanfare  
My jeans that tear along the ass  
Seems  
I could patch up these holes with vegetarian leather  
Or gortex for good measure  
For the endless grey winter  
And the imminent thaw

I wonder about what I've seen and saw  
On street corners  
One night cheap hotels  
I line my bedpost with doorbells  
My heart is for the knotches  
All the botches  
All the breathless, reckless jive talking punks  
Who wander this city with my phone number lining their pockets

Sockets.

Plug me in  
To the scene  
I'll show you what I mean when I say  
My blues are deep

They're wide.

Tried and true  
And I'll show them to you  
For a cup of coffee or a good joke  
A light in the night or a flame for my smoke

Why did the white girl cross the road?

I don't know.

But I've been told  
There are some very big things to see and to know  
I bet she was looking for her better side

Cause she realized that it's true  
She's got a whole closet full of black  
And blue  
Like so many white girls before  
The jury, the judge, the advisory board  
The fashion police sit outside my door  
Armed  
With pink plastic razors and a whole list of chores  
I mean, don't they know?  
Cinderella's stepsisters were lesbians with big feet who never learned how to take orders

Wow. Cinderella's got it bad.

*A pause.*

*Then a white boy in the front row of the audience starts to throw down a slow beat.  
He approaches the stage and as he gets closer, the beatbox speeds up until he is standing at the mic and  
taking a fucking awesome beatbox solo.*

*The white girl introduces him and then they start to flow.*

Wo Cinderella's got it bad  
Cause she's not even sad  
She's just lost her knack for attack

While her stepmom pops pills  
And drops dollar bills  
To try her luck at depression and blackjack

I've gotta confess  
I've had enough of this mess  
And all these charming boys with their hands up my dress  
On my hips  
On my lips

Not my words

Are enormous and so full  
Of hope and intention I'm ashamed to mention  
How easy I give my heart away  
For that tasty game  
Of stay  
Or go

I mean, how could I not know?  
There were never any mean intentions only mentions  
For that matter  
Of the flutter and the flatter  
Of someone returning my phone calls

But it takes more balls to call it like you see it  
Set it up play it out  
Let me know what this is all about  
Cause I  
Am all about  
Sound  
I sing the body electric guitar  
I'd travel wide and far  
For a beatbox  
Or the sound  
Of your voice  
The pound  
Of feet on pavement  
I'm all about statement  
Overheard and spoken words  
That drop  
At our feet like marbles  
And roll through all our quiet

I trip on words  
And in the face of you  
I'm so hip and so cool  
That sometimes I miss the point

But not the vector  
Extending endlessly forward and deeply back  
I'll be wreaking my havoc  
In smallish doses  
Lighting tiny fires read to roast us all  
Everything's so small  
In this city this town  
I'd like to sound my barbaric yawp

Just to bring you the news

*The white girl and the white boy harmonize.*

I've/She's got the white girls blues  
And nothing to lose  
No change  
No company  
I'm telling you  
I'm so blue  
The sky's got nothing on me

*End.*