ACT I, SCENE V

after Buson

He loves her best when he’s not with her. He’s happiest, he thinks, when he’s alone. On those occasions, yes, he loves her dearly. But the thought of pouring poison in the porch of her ear haunts him. Unlike Claudius, not to saddle himself with someone else, but to escape the little day to day annoying conversation, the endless one-way talk. Does everyone’s wife, he wonders, so go on and on? Gossiping and nattering about who knows what?: The neighbor kids; their friends’ successes; some stranger’s house; how everyone is somehow better than they, is such hot shit! Oh horrible! most horrible! Or could it be, he wonders, lonely now, that that’s what love is?