

THINGS I KNOW TO BE TRUE

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ROSIE:

I hang up. I get out of the car. I can hardly breathe. I'm standing on the side of the highway. I don't know whether to turn back or to keep going. I'm somewhere between who I was and who I'm going to be. I want my dad. I want my sisters and brother. I want my mum. I want my mum. But I can't think of her, of them, not now, because if I do my chest will explode. I feel like I'm literally going to fall to pieces. That my arms are going to drop off and then my legs and my head. And to stop myself coming apart I make a list of all the things I know to be true.

I know that having your heart broken by a boy from Spain won't be the worst thing that happens to you. I know that things can't remain the same no matter how much you want them to. I know that people aren't perfect. Even the people you love. Especially the people you love. And I know that love is not enough to save them.

I know what grief tastes like. Its bitter. I know what it sounds like. It's loud. And I know that on the day my mother died my childhood finally ended. I know that summer turns to autumn and that autumn becomes winter and that winter turns to spring and spring back to summer. And it goes on.

Life.

It goes on.