

Marthe In Striped Red Dress Inner Monologue

I am sick of life. If only I could live up to my expectations. Pierre is so good to me. I don't know what I've done to dear God to deserve his love. Last night, after taking flight from Pierre and his canvas, I dozed off feeling oppressed by the weight of my gown and coverlet. I miss feeling at ease despite being ill. I could pull that off before, now the painful symptoms of this sneaky disorder just irritate me. If I had been prettier, maybe it would have compensated for the disease. It makes me want to do bad things... I feel so trapped. As if flesh and bones were a costume piece threaded with blood and accessorized with sensations. I put it on years ago and I'm now accustomed to moving from it. But it doesn't really feel like it's mine.



Pierre is currently busy with a portrait of Madame de Frenelle that he's been caressing with the tenderness of his brush for the last three months. Life is strange. I feel strange. I know I don't belong here and that death could at any moment capture me forever. It's very exotic to speak another language. I wish I could speak English – or any other language... My sister married an English-speaking fellow.