

## Phaedra French sections translation

### Chair sequence:

I grew up alone with my father  
I have two brothers who grew up with my mother  
This situation demonstrates my isolation early on in my existence  
I'm the only one who hasn't grown up with my mother's big special breakfast, I'm the only one who doesn't know the family spaghetti recipe  
Instead I inherited a nostalgia of a life, a black beast that gnaws me at both ends.  
Solitude, difference and the lack of connection between the puzzle pieces served as a guide for the adult I now am.  
I begrudge you, I am jealous of what you have, I find the things that please you pathetic.

### FUCKERS

I protect you, but I protect myself as well. In this way I can continue to confuse my feelings and feel sorry for myself.  
I can continue to avoid touches and reconciliation.

### Defense section:

It's important to me that the world knows that  
I don't like weakness  
And I hate seeing people on their knees  
It's degrading  
Like dogs.  
I did nothing wrong.  
I am not going to beg  
I had to fend for myself  
And I don't ask for any pity  
I made something of myself  
I know what is right.  
She cannot do anything to me.

### Final speech:

And the mother comes in with a big plate, and everyone leans forward, eager. The father takes a knife and begins cutting. They begin eating, banal compliments are made. Everyone smiles. There are candles on the table. And when they are done, stuffed, bellies out, leaning back on their chairs, they know that upstairs there are warm beds for them, beds that smell like them. Rooms that they grew up in, places that are homes.

And he is looking at them from the window. He doesn't want them to see that he is looking at them. They don't know he is outside, he won't ask to come in. He's angry that they don't know he's waiting. He turns away. And he walks off to the water, not looking back, even though that little house is always on the horizon. And would they open the door if he knocked at it? I don't ask, I don't need anything. I put an ocean in between.

I don't want to hear again that the dead do not lose their blood,  
that the putrid mouth goes on asking for water.  
I want to sleep the dream of that child  
who wanted to cut his heart on the high seas.