

**Drama**

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**“No More Mirrors**

From the play, *For My Silent Sisters* ([www.tarameddaugh.com/for-my-silent-sisters](http://www.tarameddaugh.com/for-my-silent-sisters))

By Tara Meddaugh

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*JORANI is a young teen in Cambodia when she is taken from her home to work at a brothel. She is speaking out toward the audience.*

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**JORANI**

The bruise should be no surprise. I’ve felt them often enough. They don’t hurt unless you touch them. So don’t touch them. That’s what my mom would say. No one says that now. No one notices them. They pull on my arm which is covered with bruises. I flinch but they don’t see. My caramel skin is more green and yellow now. I’m used to seeing this. My skin is no longer mine. My body is no longer mine. I understand that. The Buddha shows us suffering is life. When I last saw my mother, she reminded me of what I have known all my life—we must rid ourselves of our attachments, and then we can be on the path to enlightenment. My path. I think of this often, as I give up my body. I accept that. I hold no attachment. But when I see my face, I know that it’s mine. I’m still attached. I see it in the broken mirror of the hotel bathroom. I see it in a reflection of his family’s picture on the nightstand. I see it in the water he’s put in a bowl for me to drink out of on the floor. My eyes house my soul. My mouth houses my voice. My ears house my compassion. This essence of who I am is still mine. Seeing my face reminds me...of me.

(pause)

The American chose me. I prayed he would not, but he did. I saw him months ago and I dirtied my pants when I saw him choose me again. I’ve been with him for two weeks now and I haven’t once looked at my face after all he’s done to me. Our faces matter, Madam tells us. Our faces are to stay clean and soft. But this doesn’t stop them. They’ll pay extra, but this doesn’t stop them.

(pause)

And I need to see.

(pause)

He’s stepped out to get high again. He knows I won’t leave. I crawl to the bathroom and reach up to the sink. I pull myself up and ignore the pain in all of my body. I stand, but my legs are shaking. This mirror is clean. I rub it with my finger and it squeaks.

(pause)

I stare. I breathe in...But I am quiet, I am a mouse. I cannot make a sound.

(pause.)

(She stares.)

(Pause)

This isn't my face. I don't know this girl. This girl with the yellow and brown and black face. This girl with the tiny eyes that have no movement in them...the mouth with the fattened bottom lip, the ears with the red streaks dried to them... This is not my face. I understand that. I accept that. And I will look in no more mirrors.

If you'd like to read the full play from which this monologue comes, or learn more about Jorani and her story, visit here: [www.tarmeddaugh.com/for-my-silent-sisters](http://www.tarmeddaugh.com/for-my-silent-sisters)

For more information about Tara's work, visit her website at [www.tarmeddaugh.com](http://www.tarmeddaugh.com).

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