

Good morning, Mr. Mourning!

by Lorraine Joubert

"Jane! Jane! Wake up, Jane!"

"NO!"

"Jane, you have to wake up! Mr Mourning is already here."

"What! Why? Who invited him? So early? Send him away!"

"Good morning, Jane."

"Good morning, Mr. Mourning. Where is she? How dare she leave me alone with you?"

"Open your eyes, Jane. Ms. Wise did not leave. She is still here."

"Oh. I am so glad. But, why did she let you come in? Why are you here? I told you yesterday to leave."

"Yes, you are. She had no choice. You invited me. Yes, you did."

"Huh? What?"

"I answered your questions, Jane.

Yes, you are glad, Jane." "So, if I am glad, why are you here? Mourning is not gladness."

"Mourning does not exclude gladness, Jane."

"Oh no! Why did she let you in?!"

"Because, you invited me last night, Jane." "No, I did not! I told you to leave and never to come back!"

"When you went to bed last night, you missed him. You wanted him back. You cried for him. You felt empty. You are no longer hurt and angry. You miss the hurt and pain. You miss the anger. You loved him."

"I already mourned for him! I am finished with my mourning!"

"Yes, you mourned the loss of him. Yes, you finished the mourning for the loss of the love you had. Yes, you mourned the loss of hope and excitement."

"So, what are you doing here?!"

"You feel empty. You lost the pain and hurt. You lost the mourning. You lost the depression. You lost the anger. So, I am back."

"It does not make sense... I do not want you back. Mourn the loss of pain? Mourn the loss of anger? That is plain stupid!"

"No, it is not, Jane."

"It is not?"

"No, it is a loss."

"Ok, you officially went mad."

"Mourn your losses, Jane."

"Ok, but I am GLAD I lost those!"

"Yes, but now, you are empty. You have lost something that was part of you. And remember, you used those losses to create. You are also losing the source of your creativity."

"Now, I am getting angry! Now you want me depressed too!"

GET OUT! GET OUT!"

"Jane, calm down. Calm down, Jane." *"Ms. Wise, send him away. Please send him away..."*

"Jane, only you can do that." *"How?"*

"Fill the emptiness."

"Fill the emptiness...? How? With what?"

"What do you have?" *"He just now told me, I am empty."*

"You are empty, because you lost." "You are still here. Create, Jane."

"Create? He said I lost the source of my creativity."

"So, find a new source."

"A new source?" "Yes, Jane. Inside you there is a deep source of creativity flowing. You are still here. The source of you is still here. Buoyant and fierce."

"A buoyant and fierce source within me. Flowing. Creating, love and joy. Creating a new presence. Creating a new future."

"Thank you, Mr. Mourning. You may leave now."

"Thank you, Jane. I am always available when you need me."

"I do not need you now."

"Yes, you do not need me now. Good day, Ms. Wise."

"Good day, Mr. Mourning."

"Oh, Ms. Wise, thank you so much!"
"Happy creating, Jane."

