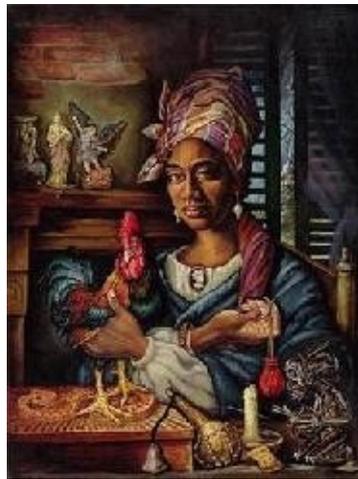


Confessions of a Voodoo Queen

By : Lylaet

A monologue based on Madame Laveau's story! Madame Laveau is the renowned Voodoo Queen from New Orleans! She has captured the heart of Lousianna with her beauty, charm and power even though she is black.



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One person show
Voodoo Queen Marie Laveau

â ¡. I did something yesterdayâ ¡ I poured my heart out, something I do not usually do especially to a crowd of thousands of people!

I, the renowned Madame Laveau bared my heart to a crowd of strangers, some of them regular clients like Claudia (whose husband of two years still doesnâ t know he is under a love spell). But still, I told them everythingâ ¡

Although I did I stretch the truth towards the end because I was beginning to seem normal! Madame Laveau is not normal!

It was right after my first dance that summons the spirits and then this young man, who now that I think of it I should curse, asked a question, and it is not that I could ignore it, he asked it very loudly!

â WHAT TURNED INTO A VOODOO WOMAN?â

I used to wonder why I do what I do; it was a question that used to run through my mind the first few years as a voodoo woman. But that question slowly faded, actually a lot of things changed, one being that I now have a bad habit of speaking my self in third personâ ¡

Then the young man, who I do intend to curse, led me to discover my answer after 6 yearsâ ¡ Marie Laveau who is capable of so much was made speechless in front of thousands of people!

So with no control over my mouth I started to talkâ ¡the spirits were obviously amused because they did not stop my babbling!

Stage dimsâ ¡ a new setting of scene!

It was the end of the dayâ ¡ I was ready to do what I do bestâ ¡voodoo. I rushed into the dark alley and into my eerily dark roomâ ¡put on my clothesâ ¡

Laveau has to be extravagant like her voodoo African ancestors,

On this day my breasts seem to have expandedâ ¡ I was fond of large breasts, they add a sort of power to a woman.

â ¡ But my dress was about to pop â ¡maybe it should be part of my actâ ¡blind men with my beautiful bodyâ ¡hahahahaaaaâ ¡ Laveau is married and faithfulâ ¡

My first costumer entered, a tall blond lady with sparkling green eyes and uhhh . . . a perfect body . . . by her clothes she was obviously rich . . .I had a mind to turn her into a toad . . . if I stared at her long enough . . . but . . . no . . . Madame Laveau has integrity .I grinned and ushered her in, already becoming a Voodoo queen:

â Maman Laveau and the spirits acknowledge youâ ¡beautiful lady, sit.â

She sat down nervously and smile tentatively, perfect teethâ ¡she could make a wonderful toad petâ ¡ I grinned my most frighteningâ ¡and asked my routine question:

â What is it that Laveau can do for you . . .?â

It took her a while to say anything and in that time the spirits made me aware of how tight my dress wasâ ¡ I could barely breatheâ ¡ curse the evil spirits!

Then she told me thatâ ¡ she wanted to charm a man into loving herâ ¡ I tried not to look surprised.

Why would a stunning wealthy woman like her need force a man to fall for herâ ¡ it could be done of courseâ ¡ nothing is too hard for Madame Laveau, but this woman was willing to consult voodoo for this manâ ¡

And in it that moment as lightning clapped, wind howled in the room and my button popped, it hit meâ ¡ Menâ ¡

That is how I ended up as a voodoo queenâ ¡.

Men in all their forms from Christopher Columbus to my white father, to my dead husband (who I am proud to say still communicates with me), to my costumerâ s desired lover.

Menâ ¡ with their charms, humor, all they really want is to sleep with you and rob you of your sanityâ ¡

Confessions of a Voodoo Queen

When I told the crowd this they gasped in surprise but didn't dare say anything, after all I am the queen; the powerful the wonderful, queen.

Back to my foolish customer

â Lady before we begin you has to provide me with a certain something for this potionâ

â â ! I will go get my cauldron first; it is actually my best friend, this big slimy black potâ

I brought in the cauldron but tried not to bend too much, my breasts seem to be expanding by the minuteâ ! or is the dress that is shrinking.

â ..Donâ t stare at IT!! It has a mind of its own it will drive you mad, only powerful people like me can gaze at it.â

Itâ s the Negro Medusa, hahaha, forgive my crudeness

As I add what is needed, which I mostly have, in your potion, oh wait... except for an important material that without it this thing I am making here will be uselessâ ! I need you to deliver me your desired loverâ sâ !
PENIS!

â Hahahaâ ! I fool with you!â

I love my job

She looked at me desperately, wait a second, was she actually considering... noâ ! this was a scary woman

While she gazed at me confused and desperate, I thought back on Christopher Columbus.

Oh yes him, the great stupid American heroâ ! how I hate him in moments like these. How dare he get on that stupid ship if his!

I have actually tried to communicate with him; the bastard probably thinks he is too good for me. Well none is too good for Marie Laveau.

But it is because of him I am in America not Africa. It is because of him I am here in Louisiana where I perform a sacred ritual dance every year.

First man that I will slap when the spirit take me to their worldâ ! stupid man

My costumer was still staring at me

â For spiritâ s sake woman, I am joking around, there is nothing more I need, except maybe for a piece of hair of your lover, which I assume you have.â

â Ahh thank youâ ! a brunetâ ! those are especially easy to enchantâ !!â

"Love pure, and Love strong

This love will past long

Roses and candle light

Love, Love, Come tonight.'

In the language of my ancestorsâ ! (it wasn't really.. just the language my husband had taught me)

"Upendo safi, na za nguvu

Upendo Hii itakuwa mwisho kwa muda mrefu

Maua na mwanga mshumaa

Upendo, Upendo, Njoni kwangu usiku wa leo. '

The potion turned violet and I stopped stirring captivated by my own power. The lady looked at me in question by I put a finger on my lip signaling her to keep quiet.

The room was quiet once again and I thought of my father.

The seducing, rapping bastard. I am a Métis, my mother is black and my father is white.

I know the story, my father raped my mother and she had me. Simple, short, painful...

Menâ !..

I grew up without a father, but with a mother who raised to be creative and dutiful to God...

If only she could see me now...

My father contributed to who I am, because I have white blood in me, I am respected more than other black woman,

He is another man who paved my path to becoming a voodoo queen.

The potion is ready

Confessions of a Voodoo Queen

â Lady we are set but you have to promise me that no one will be hurt over days, my days as a healer are during Sundays and Saturday.â
I gave her the potionâ † crazy lady

I am to act this out in front of a lot of people for my theatre work, so please critique and tell me if you like it !!

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