

I wasn't being what was there and you reached inside  
and touched something pulsing windows are sadness  
especially with your closed fist tight around breath  
pauses jumps hesitates calls and turns blue tears  
swim out between eyes tonight seems like yesterday  
please tell someone where I lost myself this becomes  
soft glowing red violet skylike through our sleep  
together begins with waking and shuddering of  
whimsical distractions tops were spinning like tops  
when this feeling became apparent like windows  
reflecting night time fire sometimes dances behind  
curtains my laugh is painful like wilting photos  
realising you in my ribs let stars shine while you grow  
bigger start opening thousands of boxes of crickets  
this will touch allow me to sleep awake when swans  
(?) warm every bone beneath my breast write pages  
of eights so everything seems free again treasures lie  
waiting for you in skin if time doesn't reverse then  
sand won't turn into the stars and you find me  
weightless beneath waves of pacific dreams rushes of  
green grass tickle my ribs I smell something alive  
where elbows meet the earth soil reminds me of  
trusting stars visible song my grandmother breathes  
whenever heaviness pushes through my mind this  
place reminds me of earth before things got green,  
and youth burned slowly into my grandmother's brain  
this sounds like dreams driving fast down gravel  
roads with you and your quick-hearted smile I hope  
that remembering you will grow easier I sometimes  
sleep among grasses without clothes thinking only of  
waves old and you good wakes tremble inside these  
teeth my solitude is always open leaving only truths  
lying exposed on hands holding drops of rain

The Most Unlikely People Confess to their Dream  
collaborative monologue written during rehearsals  
by Carrie Elzey and Theron Schmidt