



(A mangrove at dusk, three people sit at a table in the middle of the shallow water, drinking spirits in silence and rolling dice; birds sit in the trees and watch them. A butterfly net lays across the table.)

ONE OF US: I always think about these nightmares I have where I'm trying to strike some enemy, but my arm won't move. A sort of dream paralysis. Or I'm running from a predator, but my legs are stuck in place. Dreams are stationary journeys, and I suppose it's fitting your motion should be prohibited.

(Music is heard in the background)

BIRDS FLYING BY: Afterall, you are just laying there.

(The bones of a small bird are seen floating in the water)

ALL TOGETHER: How can you even talk right now?

(The voices echo ...can you even talk right now...)

ONE OF US: I opened my eyes, laying in the water, the current flowing around me.

(breath)

ONE OF US: I opened my eyes. I could see the silhouette of a butterfly dancing through the air.

(breath)

(WE THOUGHT: He held me and told me to open my eyes. I melted into his body and the floor. Maybe I was drowning, I couldn't breath.)



(Three people, neck deep in mud)

ONE OF US: The holes of your net are too big!
And the butterflies too agile!

If we were somehow wiser, perhaps we'd concede and just put the net down, but then we wouldn't be the CATCHER. We can only learn to swing the net more gracefully, but we won't ever put it down.

In this world: that's the truth!

ONE OF US: Those emerald waters awash with butterfly plankton twinkling in the blue light of the ceiling lamp! We were so peaceful there, floating on our backs. In the salty lagoon, sinking slowly into the tile floor of the foyer.

ONE OF US: There is a sick feeling one has when you have



been somewhere too long; desire becomes strange, daylight becomes irritating, vernacular loses its meaning. Some say knowledge for knowledge's sake is a type of sickness.

ONE OF US: This mud is much too dense. Our impotent swings!

Feels like our muscles have atrophied and time has slowed down just for us. We must look foolish trying to jump into our own shadows...

Must we know our ignorance as power!?!



(you breathe)

you: If a breath is a memory: you breathe it in, and breathe it out. And if you are mindful, there's a moment at the end of the exhale where the memory crystalizes in front of you.

ONE OF US: If it is something beautiful you might not want to want to take another, to let it go. But you have to, to stay alive.

(breath)

ONE OF US: This is how I remember it. If we were inspired, it was not with a sense of optimism. Fear was covered in boastful language; anecdotes we wished were antidotes. Lost. To the west the Sun was setting.

We walked east.

(the lights go dark)

A MANGROVE AT DUSK



ONE OF US: *(to the audience)* Unable to speak, we layed. We
felt alone, but nothing scared us. Smiles breaking the silence;
birds crossed between the stars.
But I really can't be sure, you have to ask the others.
(you breathe)

YANN GERBERGER
GALERIA O.M.R. 2014

NICO COLÓN
MICHAEL RAY-VON



A MANGROVE AT DUSK