Side 1
Eight: (group meeting/a story before the story)
A: Hallo
Hallo
Is everyone okay?

...

So, we’re all friends here. We can say that. If we want.
Or we can pretend to consider the fact that we may become friends after being here
For some time

We’ve been here for some time already
We could use the word “friends.” If we wanted to
Coffee?

...

Listen, this is not therapy.
We’re just here to talk, be with each other
Sometimes it’s good to do that
Even though I know
It’s hard

Just last night I was thinking about how hard it is to have a really good talk
I don’t think I’ve had one in years
Not one that hasn’t had something to do with politics, sex, or work
I miss the art of conversation
Because it actually is an art, a real something between people
Do you know what I mean?
Side 2
S: sure, I spend hours and hours
imagining another kind of city/country/place
but to tell you the truth
can I tell you the truth?

…

S: sometimes it feels very stupid
Very small
Insular, you know?
Because who the hell cares what I imagine?

There are those that never went to any kind of university that might be
Probably are
Much more capable at this kind of dreaming

They may have already seen the future
They may have already imagined it

Their dreaming may be inside us
Theirs, not ours

From years and years and years ago
From villages and huts and cabins and caves
From the wilderness
from the ice
from the blistering sand and heat
from the ocean
from languages we will never speak
for all we know, we're quoting them. understand?

…

I'm just a person
Like anyone else
Side 3

Eleven: an admission
Time shifts. A kind of suspension.

A: Normally, this is where I would say
Okay
We’re done here
We’ve done our talking
We’ve shared our bit
Time to move on
Go out into the world and sort it all out for yourselves
You’re grown-ups, most of you
You can do it
Other people have done so before
Other people have lived through worse
Far worse times than these
And they managed, right?

Listen
Listen

Many of them didn’t even imagine a future
Because as far as they were concerned
Tomorrow wasn’t another day
The end times were now
So, really, even if

After all that happened
We did think the world was over
We did think the rabbits were stretched out against the snow
Frozen, lifeless, with their little mouths open in fear

We’re here
Some of us

We actually walked into this room
We actually thought being in the presence of each other mattered

Despite our rage
And our shouting
And all the mess we carry around with us inside
Side 4
E: Like, what happened...

After it all happened
And we thought that the world was over

if I had faith, the kind I had when I was a kid
I would draw a line

a line in the dirt
to imagine the next

and this line would feel infinite
because it would just keep going
For miles and miles

and it would make others look

because this line
Made from the dirt of our beings
In the dirt of the ground we walk upon
With our bare feet
Helpless, poor, hungry,
Would be a question

and this question
In the shape of a line

would be one for those who sit in the halls of power

not here
with the bad light and the fucking coffee
but those other halls
where it is said people walk with ice in their pockets

and this question would be so big
So impossible
No one could answer it

and it would make the ice in their pockets
Glacier liquid down their put-together clothes