

The Sea
a poem for two voices

This should be read as two monologues. The characters interact, but they are in their own worlds and thoughts.

A

Can you see anything?

B

The sea.

A

Is it blue?

B

Black. Night.

A

Can you hear it?

B

Like seashells. Smell it?
That's the salt.

A

An ocean. I've never seen
an ocean.

B

Like an avalanche. You can't
smell it? It's overwhelming.

A

I remember the stories. They
told. They told me about the
ocean.

B

You breathe it, become it, it
you. The salt, the sea.

A

I can't see anything. Black.

B

Black. Sparkling, glittering,
sheer.

A

Sheer, solid. When did the
colors leave?

B

Color, all-encompassing,
swallowing light in dark.

A

Darkness takes you over. I
hear -

B

Becoming one - have you felt
it? -

A

- I hear the shells. Like a
pounding, a washing.

B

Cold rushing over you, under
you, like ice, liquid ice.

A

A cleansing, that's how I
imagine it. Washes through
you, under you.

B

I remember ocean.

A

I wish I could remember -

B

If I can see it -

A

- What it was, to be -

B

- I can be it. If I can hear

it -

A
- complete, to be full. The
ocean.

B
- It must be.

A
It must be. If I can only
remember -

B
If I can see, remembering -

A
If I can, I'll be done. I'll
see the ocean, then.

B
Black. It was here, it left, it
will return.

A
I can swallow it, absorb it,
it me.

B
To know it, to see it, to be -

A
I'll be one again.

B
- To remember.

A
One. Can you still see it?

B
A faint glimmering, a
recollection.

A
That's how I imagined it.

Maybe one day -

B

A wisp, but it will return.

A

We shall see all then.

B

It always does. Unchanging -

A

Inside, the outside too.
All.

B

The inevitable, the
unavoidable.

A

Complete, the inside too.

B

The void.

A

The center.

B

The eye of the storm.

A

It's clearing up. Light.

B

What do you see?

A

Waves.