

Transcript of *3 Letters to the Land*

Part of *What Can You Learn From the Land You Are On?*

[This transcript is of the audio piece *3 Letters to the Land*. There is a version with open captions.]

(The sound of birds chirping)

YOUSEF: This is *3 Letters to the Land* by Yousef Kadoura, Erik Berg, Silvae Mercedes and Parya Heravi

YOUSEF:

Dirt, stone, herbs and sea foam, are fortunes found beneath our feet.

Whether it's carried across the sea, rooted in concrete, or nurtured in the early daylight hours - the wealth of this land is not ours

We belong to it's "Id". So turning to the Others of this Astral heart I open my mind and get to know their plights.

From the City Dweller, scaler of rooftops, thief of assorted cheese and friend to rodents.

I ask, What do you create? They say...

ERIK:

We are following a fragrance

The blueprints are made last

We evaporate towards origins

We lean toward a plan that extends beyond the end of calendars

And speak at length with those we haven't met

Civilizations separated from us by millennia sidle along

Conducting espionagees

Sequestered

We move with noble simplicity through an imagined city

With anyone else who can pluck microscopic singularities from the weft

Resume to scales and see the era's inhale and exhale

The arc of a species beginning and ending

We tend what wounds we can

We treat our neighbours cordially

We are not afraid to die but we cherish and celebrate life

Contributing our irreplaceable and unrepeatably ingredient to the impossible mixture

Gazing at the permanent incompleteness

Still all may be lost for the cold cry of an addict in the blizzard

Tarrying eternally we dismiss every fantasy

And never forget

History is a real place to play.

...

We are building a building but it is better not to say that

We are building a fragment, but it is better not to say that

We are fragmenting a building but it is better not to say that

We are fragmenting a fragment

YOUSEF:

From a Farmer, friend to goats, gilder of woolen coats, and comrade of the moon.

I ask, where do you begin? She says...

SILVAE:

Leave your phone

Leashed to the wall

Mumbling by the bed

'Later' is time

To scry the lives

Of those you've never met

The world is new
With morning dew
The birds are still abed
'Now' is here
Whispering low
Its secrets still unsaid
The sun can keep the minutes
The raven call the hours
The sheep will bleat the beat of weeks
Your own hands hold the years
The lambs will leap to flock
The seedlings spring to yield
The seasons weather through their spheres
To frost your fallow field
But 'now' will
never bloom again
So plant it still as a flower
Notice each petal
Unfold before you
Savour your own hour

YOUSEF:

From a Newcomer, lover of language, healer of herself, and seeker of her own space.

I ask, what do you carry with you? She says...

PARYA:

I carry with me my exiled body and soul,
filled with scars and joys of my past,
as I cross the absurd lines between lands,

searching for a place to call home.

I carry with me my homeland in my veins,
as I try to find the courage to take the next steps,
as I live and die on a theatre stage.

I carry with me a scarf I have ripped,
as I refused to yield to the chains forced upon me,
as a reminder of the price I pay for my freedom.

I carry in my suitcase a piece of paper,
With these words written on them from Quran:
“they will reply, “We were oppressed in the land.”
The angels will respond, “Was Allah’s earth not spacious enough for you to emigrate?”
It is they who will have Hell as their home—what an evil destination!”

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