The Impossible Play
By Diana Oh

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To participate in this play: please dress in an outfit you love, wearing the things you love.

A VOICE:
Well, here it is.

An impossible play.

Welcome.

You are in a room.

With many others.

In a circle.

With many others.

You are sitting all together.

You’ve dressed in an outfit you love, wearing things you love.

You put your left hand upon your heart.

If you’re reading this, try it: put your left hand upon your heart. Let the weight rest there.

You’re here.

To do the impossible.

You can let your left hand down from your heart now. Or keep it there. Because the weight of it feels good. The point is: you can sit however you like now.

And Now:

Locate your absolute most favorite thing you’re wearing right now.

Your absolute most favorite thing in the whole whole wide wide wide world that you. are. wearing. right. now.
Look at it.

And as you look at your most favorite thing that you are wearing right now -- Oh, and remember that you are in a room full of people. A circle. Just being.

Oh, and also remember: that you are here to do the impossible.

The ask is:

To remove your favorite thing that you are wearing right now, and give it to the person sitting next to you: yes: *GIVE* it to them. (if you are reading this, simply remove your favorite thing and place it out of your periphery) (If it’s a shirt, then it’s a shirt, and if it’s your pants then it’s your pants, and if it’s your ring then it’s your ring.) So, yes, you remove your favorite thing you are wearing right now and you give it to the person sitting to your left, knowing that the person sitting to the right of you is giving *you* their favorite thing that they are wearing right now. You let go. You receive.

Knowing you’ve received something of worth from another.

Knowing you’ve given something of worth to another.

You’ve done it.

The impossible thing.

To give away your favorite thing.

And trust with hands open: you’ll receive:

An inevitable gift.

And now a song I wrote for you.
That I actually wrote for me.
That I hope you’ll receive.
So, it actually is for you:

I don’t remember my mother
telling me how to load the dishwasher.
I’ve got my memories wrapped up in her
every time I hear a call from another.

Though we’re apart it’s taken me time to
remember who and what I am after.
Call it an end to the start of begin
It can’t go much slower or any more faster.

There’s a break of light through the glean of your smile
I’m taking on too much, won’t you dream with me for awhile
Dream with me for awhile.
Dream with me for awhile.

Well, that’s how goes it, nobody knows it:
We’re all the reckless ones.
Catch every touch that made you feel safe:
Try and have a little fun.

Wake up tomorrow to an embrace
of the pinkened version of you
Run from the place of a forgotten pace
There’s nothing and too much to do.

There’s a break of light through the glean of your eyes
I’m taking on too much, won’t you dream with me for awhile.
Dream with me for awhile.
Dream with me for a while.
Dream with me for a while.

END of play. Good Job.
Hot Regards,
Di <3