Soñar es luchar
By Virginia Grise

A Conversation. Between The Woman Who Dreams and The Girl Who Sleeps All Day. This writing, a commission by The Sol Project, originally began as a conversation with Pauli Murray’s *Dark Testament*. Words in italics are hers.

I wrote this performance as a lucid dream. Cyclical like a seed flowering. Lines should be delivered at the speed of handpicked cotton in South Texas, slow as the moon rising and setting.

Can be performed by 1 actor, 2 actors, or many actors of any race, age and/or gender. But Note (Just FYI): You need at least 3 people to form a revolutionary cell.

The text can be sung, repeated, and/or translated. Those working with the text can choose how to assign lines. Stage directions performed live should have a cinematic feel.

I sent this text to two collaborators Marlene Beltran and Lydia Li. Note (Just FYI): We could be a revolutionary cell but unfortunately we are not (yet).

I asked Marlene to respond to the text with a song and to record the play in Spanish. I asked Lydia to respond to the text with movement and to record the play in Mandarin. Links to all of this work (7 videos & 3 audio files) can be found here: [https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/19CppDHlSxuexcDI106p1JQymfAuNgl0w?usp=sharing](https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/19CppDHlSxuexcDI106p1JQymfAuNgl0w?usp=sharing) Feel free to use this as inspiration or to actually incorporate it into your own reading.
Born from this land, fists full of dirt, in soil kept fertile with the crushed skulls and bone fragments of the dreamers. A seed as native and pure as unblemished cotton.

Lights up on a little girl in a white dress.
Standing in a cotton field in Texas.
She is bent at the waist, dragging
A burlap sack behind her.

Separate the lint from the seed.
Separate the stalks and the bolls.

The boll is the fruit, see.
The boll bursts open, see.

Sometimes, our heart bursts open too.
So wide it hurts.

Sometimes, our heart breaks.
This hurts too.

Sometimes, I collapse under the weight of it all.
And all I can do is sleep.

Girl drops the 70lb. sack of cotton.
Begins slowly spinning in circles.
Tries to catch the wind between her fingers.

She sleeps most of the day.
Sometimes, sometimes you can not wake her.

My eyelids fall heavy with grief.
My heart is sad and tired.

Wrap it in cotton.
Protect it from the sharp edges of a cruel world.
Not all love is safe.

Lights flicker on and off.
A stream cuts through The Ramble.
The sound of 230 birds in the distance.
Te amo.
I love you.

There is a danger to our loving.
Ourselves and each other.

I love you.
Te amo.

There is a danger to our living.
Then and now.

Lights flicker on and off.
Like a rebellion in Minneapolis.
You can almost hear it in the distance.

Crushed skulls and bone fragments.
Broken egg shells made into a powder, see.
It’s the dreamers that get crushed, see.

My shoulders are not broad enough to carry the weight of the world.

The sound of the rebellion gets louder.
Little girl in a white dress spinning faster and faster.

The North Star never changes position.
Thrust your shoulders to the sky.

Arms extended in the air.
As if in flight. 30 fires overnight.

Her dress catches fire.
The world stops spinning.

_Sprout beautiful feathers and grow magnificent wings._
Make them with broken egg shells and white pearls.
Bird feathers, buckeye seeds, and seashells.

Lights flicker on and off.
Like fire flies in the summer.
Like the Marfa Lights.
100,000 stars fill the sky.
Sometimes, they crush the dreamers.
But never the dream, see.

Lights up on a woman in a suit blindfolded.
Standing in a cotton field in Texas.
She begins slowly spinning in circles.

Are you hungry?
I am hungry.
Tengo hambre.

She is hungry.
Tiene hambre.

They are hungry.
Tienen hambre.

We are hungry.
Tenemos hambre.

Swings a wooden piñata stick
Wrapped in colorful tissue paper
Wildly in the air.

I will remember my dreams.
I will remember my dreams tonight.
I will remember I am dreaming.

Blackout.

Thrust your shoulders to the sky.
Sprout beautiful feathers.
Grow magnificent wings.

Lights rise slowly.
An empty cotton field in Texas.

Come.
Dream.
Dream with me.

100,000 seconds of silence.
The world starts spinning again.