

NOT YOURS, EYES
by: Kyoung H. Park

Not Yours, Eyes received a staged reading at the Royal Court Theater, Jerwood Theater Upstairs, on January 23rd, 2008. The reading was performed by Gunnar Cauthery and directed by Lyndsey Turner.

CAST:

The Lover	A gay man in his mid-30's.
The Blind	A blind man in his mid-30's.

The Lover and The Blind are performed by the same actor.

SETTING:

A hospital room.

TIME:

Now.

THE LOVER:

Yes...

Yes...

No. That's not what he said.

He used to say:

"It is beautiful to dream.

To dream costs nothing but time."

That's what he'd say. In bed.

When he'd roll over and look at me in the dark.

...

Time meant nothing then.

We would lay next to each other,

conversing with our fingers,

feeling each other's heartbeats,

the pulse on our necks.

To love was simple...

Instant.

...

We dated,

we kissed,

and we'd fight.

We'd fight

because he dreamed more often than he showered;

because I smoked more often than I cleaned;

because he wanted to go places where it was sunny;

because I was wrong more often than right.

And when we'd fight, we'd hurt each other. Like when:

I smashed his favorite toy

He broke my mother's lamp.

I said he was selfish

He refused to kiss me good-night.

...

The tumor was always there,

wandering around his mind,

finding for its place to nest,

like a snake ready to lay its eggs.

We knew he would die.

We knew it was just a matter of time.

But the dream he dreamt

with the time he had

was to love.

...

I am aware of the instructions.

He made sure everything was well prepared.

But he didn't tell me how to forget him.

The way he slept,

holding me in his arms,
curling his left leg over my hips,
burying his face in my hair,
and drooled on my neck.

....

The machines started beeping last night.
He was half-awake and in deep pain.
His hands were calm though,
he squeezed me closer,
and he smiled.
He didn't scream or ask for help.
He looked at me, the way he always did.
And when the noises went flat,
his heart at rest,
he exhaled one last time
and his breath felt like a thousand kisses good-night.
He let go of me but I couldn't.
Space became a void,
the heart just a muscle.

....

THE BLIND:

Let me touch your face.
You're crying.
Your breath is cold.
Your body shakes.
Let me hold you.

...

Before he died,
he said he'd give me his eyes.
He said I could have them.
He said I could use them.
He said they were mine.

...

Tomorrow, I want to light a candle and see its flame.
I could burn my finger and it wouldn't hurt.
Because tonight, is the last time that
day and night will be the same.

...

They say his eyes are blue.
The color of ice,
a shade of snow,
a drop of water.
Are they? Are they?

End of Play