

# *A Play*

*Juhan Puhm*

**Scene 1** ~ A single **person** sitting cross-legged on the floor, meditating, eyes closed.

**Scene 2 or 4** ~ A **man** (neither old nor young)

**Scene 3a or 3b** ~ A younger version of the same **man** and **woman**?  
Or a different man and woman slightly younger?

**Intermission**

**Scene 3b or 3a** ~ A younger version of the same **man** and **woman**?  
Or a different man and woman slightly younger?

**Scene 4 or 2** ~ A **woman** (neither old nor young)

**Scene 5** ~ A single **person** sitting cross-legged on the floor, meditating, eyes closed.

**Throughout** ~ The **audience**

# *A Play*

*Juhan Puhm*

## **Scene 1**

### **Opening Meditation**

**A single person sitting cross-legged on the floor, meditating, eyes closed.**

Make yourself comfortable.

Put your trays in the upright position.

Sit still and stop rustling about.

We would like some quiet please.

Really still, and quiet.

Okay, let's just take a moment.

Breathe, chill.

It's been a long day.

Relax.

Watch your breath, breathe.

Let it calm down.

You made it here.

You're here now.

You don't have to do anything.

Your cellphone isn't going to ring.

We are going to sit in the dark now.

We are going to sit in the dark, in silence, for ten minutes, maybe even fifteen minutes.

Think of anything you like.

Unwind, listen to your breath, close your eyes.

Fall asleep if you like.

The lights are slowly dimming.

Let silence take you.

Let the stillness take you.

Float away, float away, float away.

There is no tomorrow, there is no yesterday.

There is only the now, the eternal now.

There is no such thing as time.

Every moment is the now.

Every moment has always been the now.

Every moment will always be the now.

Time is an illusion.

There is only displacement and maybe transformation.

Breathe in the moment, breathe in the now.

Enter the womb.

Let it all fade away.

Let it all fade away.....

Let it all fade away.....

Let it all fade away.....

## Scene 2 or 4

**A Man** (neither old nor young)

I am exactly where I am supposed to be.

It is not where I thought I would be,

or even where I want to be, at this point in my life.

But it is what it is. And with that, I will have to make do.



Have you had dreams?

Did they turn out the way you planned?

Did they even turn out at all?

Or are you still pursuing them?

Have you fulfilled your dreams?

Did you make dreams, and pursue them, and realize them?

And when you followed your dreams and realized them,

and happily, lived and fulfilled them one by one,

did you find that you no longer had any dreams left?



And when you followed all your dreams and realized them,

did you one day think to yourself,

“I no longer have any dreams left.

I need to think up some new dreams.

I need dream up a whole need set of dreams.”



Do you think you can live your life without dreams, hopes, fears?

And what if the dreams you dream to dream,  
are dreams that will destroy, the very life you are living?

Do you dare dream those dreams?

Can your dreams fit into the fabric of your life as it is now,  
into your comfortable life?

Or are your dreams dangerous dreams?

Look around you?

Stop for a moment.

Look around you?

Are you happy with everything, with the way it has all turned out,  
where you are in life, where you hope to be going?

Is contentment another word for stagnation, paralysis?



I followed my dreams, and made new dreams, and followed them.

And a lot of things got destroyed in the process.

And those new dreams I made up and followed,  
burnt to the ground and blew away like so much ash.



This spring has been so cold and windy, but not any more rainy than usual.

It is almost summer, and I am still wearing layers and fleece,  
and almost every day I wear my jacket, my beautiful royal blue jacket,  
when I head out on my bicycle, into the endless wind, and endless cold.

It is like the endless wind and endless cold,  
is keeping my soul from being released into the warmth of summer.  
But I push on, I pedal on, in the wind and sun and rain and cold.  
Why? Because generally I am a positive person,  
and one day in the warmth of summer, there will be new love and life!



Where did you go wrong?  
Where did I go wrong?  
I tried to follow the universe and the plan it had set out for me. Or did I?  
I thought I was, following the universe that is.  
And I waited and waited, and waited for a sign.  
A sign to move forward,  
to move forward with new dreams, that so clearly presented themselves.  
And after waiting for a long, long time, replete with quite a lot of suffering,  
waiting for some sign, for something to break open, to shift, to change,  
one day was the day, to change everything.



Maybe you do, or maybe you don't believe that, believe in following the universe,  
believe that things happen at the time, and for the reason they happen.  
You might say that is complete nonsense, life is what you make it,  
completely and totally what you make it.  
And when things go according to your plan, you can take all the credit,

because you are so smart and accomplished,  
and when they don't, it is someone else's fault.

I will let you believe that for now.

It's not like you can say anything, and argue that with me, sitting in your seat!



So, you think you got away with it?

Of course, you'd rather not talk about it, or even think about it.

And you certainly don't want me, talking about it, do you?

So, you are just going to sit there, and pretend you aren't uncomfortable.

You are just going to sit there, and think what I am going to say, has nothing at all to do with you.

That you are perfectly innocent, that nobody knows what you did.

That you escaped being punished, for your thoughtless and deliberate actions.

That you escaped bringing down pain and destruction, on everyone you say you loved.

What were you even thinking!?

Was it worth it? Did you have a good time?

And then did you go home, like nothing had happened?

And laugh and smile on the outside, while inside yourself, another person was roiling, just beneath the surface.

It was hard to believe, that they just couldn't see right through you, like you were a transparent window.

And they would say, "Oh dear, what is that I see?"

And you would say. "Oh, that is nothing, nothing at all, my dear."

"Oh no!" they would say, and they can see right through you, and they start to cry,

and get angry, and yell and say, “How could you just throw everything away? You aren’t even human. You don’t love us and care for us. How could you do what you did? For what?”

But no, that didn’t happen. Time faded everything away inside of you, and days of confession passed.

But your betrayal burns, inside of you.

And I can tell you that it never, ever goes away, and you will never have the purity of being with your love and your partner, in the clear way you used to have.

It’s gone my friend. You made your choice, so you can just live with it.

And don’t be a fool either. Don’t think that by some heartfelt confession of your transgression,

or was it transgressions, more than once, many, many times,

that you will ever be able to have again that pure, clear, honest, and open sweetness.

There will always be a part of you now, that is lying.

Yup, you burned that part of your heart, their heart.

But life goes on.

You got away with it. You had your cake, and you can eat it too!



Sorry, so sorry for bringing it up.

I know you had pretty much forgotten it, and it was such a long time ago.

Sorry, for bringing it back into your mind again.

Try not to squirm, sitting there pretending you don’t know, what I am talking about.

I know all your secrets, every single one.

And maybe it’s time, you were freed from them.

Because, if everyone knows them, they wouldn’t be secrets anymore, would they?

Would they?

And ladies, don't think that I am only talking to the gentlemen.

I am talking to you all.

You are all guilty.

Such a damning word: "guilt".

No, let us not use it. Let's forget I even said that word.

You are all...

You are all....humans.

HUMANS!!



There is always an innocent party, but nobody here is innocent.

So, when you go home tonight, and your partner, she or he, asks you,

"Dear, were you ever unfaithful to me, 'with so and so' or 'when you, etc'?"

and your soul is burning,

you are simply going to say, simply going to lie,

"No, of course not dear",

because she or he, as well doesn't want to hear the truth,

and while you think this might be the time to confess,

with the hope of forgiveness, that everything will be alright,

and your soul will be released and cleansed,

don't be an idiot!

Of course, nothing will ever be alright, ever again, if you want to go that route.

So, repeat with me,

I will never confess,

I will never confess.

Say it in your head then.

I will never confess,

I will never confess,

I will never confess.

Good.

Don't forget and don't be a fool.



Let's forget it then.

Sorry I even brought it up.

Let's just put it all behind us.

Come on, me and you, let's sing a song.

You won't know this one, because I just wrote it, but we can sing the chorus together.

I will teach it to you.

Okay, I will let you off the hook. I will teach it to everyone. You can sink back into anonymity.

I am not looking at you anymore. It's all cool, you're fine.

Sorry for isolating you out, from everyone else.

I know how uncomfortable it is, when everyone is looking at you, judging you, wondering what kind of heartless, depraved, unkind, immoral person you are.



Really? You think that about yourself?

She, or he, as may be the case, was beautiful! Stunning!

It was like winning the lottery on Sunday!

You all can say,

I chose beauty, I chose passion, I chose love, I chose to explore the bounty of this world!

I regret nothing. I would do it again, a million times over!

I would die to live that moment in time, over and over, and over and over again.

I abandoned everything. It was complete abandon.

It was a momentary transcendence of my soul, that made my life worth living.

And my only regret, was that it didn't last longer, last forever.

That I can't ever feel and hold that moment and person, and who I was again.

No, that is tragedy.

There is no such thing as time, and it is gone, gone forever.

And really, just a memory of it won't do. It is not enough.

I need to relive again, I need to experience that again.

That was the moment of the total completion of my soul,

of my mind,

and of my spirit,

and definitely of my body!

You have some nerve!



Okay, I hear you, I've been there my friend.

I have drank from the cup, every last drop of blood,

I have dined at the altar, and drank the nectar of the gods,

and there is nothing like it!

and no taste and feeling like it, as I pull it into my mouth!

And I will drink so more, and when I am not drinking, I will think of such sweet flesh that ever was, ever to be loved.

Hmmmm, my loins.



Okay, where were we?

We were going to sing a song, and you were going to all sing along.

“Oh great,” you think, “That’s all I want to do, is sing a stupid song!”

Well, you are going to sing a song, and you are going to sing it well.

*(the man clears his throat and sings a pitch)*

*In the deep dark forest of my mind  
Past the foggy ruins of time  
Through thick and thin  
And all that I have longed for  
There is always you*

Okay, this is the part you sing.

*There is always you  
Like the morning dew  
And nothing else will ever do*

Okay, let’s try that again.

*There is always you  
Like the morning dew  
And nothing else will ever do*

What’s it going to take? Okay again!

*There is always you  
Like the morning dew  
And nothing else will ever do*

Seriously!?

*And if I may I regret to say  
I am human as the dawning day  
And mistakes I've made a few  
And all that I have loved for*

Okay sing!

*There is always you  
Like the morning dew  
And nothing else will ever do*

*There is always you  
Like the morning dew  
And nothing else will ever do*

Better,

*And when it all comes to an end  
My very, very dearest friend  
Behind me I'll the survey the road  
And all that I have lived for*

Sing!

*There was always you  
Like the morning dew  
And no one else would ever do*

Louder!

*There was always you  
Like the morning dew  
And no one else would ever do*

LOUDER!

*There was always you  
Like the morning dew  
And no one else would ever do*

*There was always you  
Like the morning dew  
And no one else would ever do*

*There was always you  
Like the morning dew  
And no one else would.....*

Okay, stop, no more singing!

What do you think this is, summer camp?



I dreamed a dream, like an unripe bruised cantaloupe.

And when I thought I was going to be on top of the cart, looking at all the world,

the cart pulled away under my feet,

and a million cantaloupes in the next cart, squashed me to a pulp.

Owwwwwwwwwwww!

Ya gotta take it man!

No matter how much it hurts.

You thought you were following the universe, what the universe had planned for you,

but the universe dropped you flat.

That's what the universe planned for you.

It dropped you flat and ripped your world apart.

You lost it all.

There was no cake, and eating it too.

There was no hiding, and living a lie and smiling.

It all came out in the wash.

Everyone knows everything that happened, what you did, what happened to you.

Yup, you take full responsibility. You were a fool.

Were you really a fool?

You followed your heart.

You gave the rest of your life to another,

and they burned you and threw you away.

You loved deeply, and had your soul ripped out through your eyes.

But you are free, more free than you have ever been.

Is it a good feeling?

Does it feel good to be free?

You can do anything you want now.

Or can you?

Is it really freedom, if there is nothing to push against?

And the pain rips apart your soul,

and you walk miles and miles, in the middle of the night,

in minus 30-degree temperatures, in the middle of February,

to kick in some endorphins, to survive the pain.

But you are free,

but you hurt all the people around you, who cared for you.

Yup thanks universe, thanks a whole lot.

Never thought that was going to happen.

And in the end you turn it all, burn it all, into some short stories, and poetry, and a play.

Was it worth it my friend?

You dodged a bullet, I can tell you that.

You are free,

and you aren't going to find yourself, your mind twisted beyond all healing,

being screamed at every day for the rest of your life,

because you didn't make the potatoes, the right way on the barbecue.



Excuse me. I have to go to the bathroom. I will be right back.

*(leaves the stage, abandons the audience, for however long it takes and then returns)*

Seriously, I only needed to pee. I needed to drain the vein.

It's not like I went off to masturbate or anything like that!

You guys have such dirty minds.



Tonight, I saw a kite in a tree.

It wasn't that high up, but it was high enough that no one could reach it.

And I saw a weasel, carrying its baby across the dock,

while a seagull screamed overhead for its dinner.



Life is an open book right now.

## Scene 3a or 3b

**A younger version of the same man and woman?  
Or a different man and woman slightly younger?**

**Woman:** There's people looking at us.

**Man:** What do you mean?

**W:** Out there.

**M:** Where?

**W:** Out there, look.

**M:** Okay yeah. I'll deal with it.

Okay everyone, this has nothing to do with you, so maybe kindly, if you could all get up and leave, please.

**W:** Are they going?

**M:** I don't think so. Maybe one or two. I can't see. The lights are pretty bright.

**W:** Guys and gals, seriously this is a private moment!

**M:** Are they going?

**W:** I don't think so. Maybe....I can't see. Maybe a few left.

**M:** Probably, because they think this play is stupid.

**W:** Or had to go the bathroom.

**M:** Not anyone I know!

**W:** Right!

**M:** Okay...

**W:** Forget it! Let's just pretend they aren't there. They aren't there.

**M:** They aren't there.

**W:** It's just me and you.

**M:** Okay, I am being mindful here. New mind, beginner's mind, it's all an illusion.  
I mean they are all an illusion.

You guys and gals are all an illusion.

**W:** Shhh, don't talk to them, they aren't there.  
Let it go man, let it go.

It's only you and me, that's all that matters.  
Me and you, you and me.

**M:** Okay, me and you, you and me, it doesn't matter that they are watching.

**W:** They aren't watching, there is no they.  
Stop thinking, don't look that way.

Close your eyes. Close your eyes.  
Shhhh, listen.

There is only you and me.  
Say it gently.  
There is only you and me.

**M:** There is only you and me

**W:** There is only me and you.

**M:** There is only me and you.

**W:** There is only us.

**M:** There is only us.

**W:** And no one else.

**M:** And no one else.

**W:** Just breathe, don't open your eyes.

**M:** I won't....

**W:** Shhhh, quietly.

**M:** I won't open my eyes.

**W:** Take my hand, feel my hand.

**M:** Okay

**W:** Feel the warmth of my hand holding yours.

Do you feel it?!

**M:** I feel your hand.

**W:** Do you feel it?

**M:** I feel your hand, your hand feels beautiful.

**W:** Shhhh, keep your eyes closed.

Do you feel it?

**M:** Feel what?

**W:** Do you feel it,

my energy flowing into yours.

**M:** I think so.

**W:** And with this energy,

our heart's will entwine,

our minds will unite,

our souls will become one,

and our bodies will flame, and burn bright as the sun!

**M:** It's my lucky day!

**W:** Seriously you! Be quiet.

## **Intermission**

**Or just a short pause and straight through?**

## Scene 3b or 3a

**A younger version of the same man and woman?  
Or a different man and woman slightly younger?**

**Man:** You were awesome!

**Woman:** Seriously, you were pretty awesome yourself. I mean, I think I came like twelve times or more, I lost count!

**M:** Well, I don't think I have ever come three times before either, ever! Twice lots of times.

**W:** Seriously, our bodies are made for each other.

**M:** And our minds,

**W:** Yeah, and our minds too.

**M:** And our spirits,

**W:** Yup everything, bodies, minds, spirits, souls.

**M:** Hmmmm

**W:** Hmmmm

## Scene 4 or 2

**A Woman** (neither young nor old)

Look, I know, it's a guy putting words into my mouth.

I know.

I know he has a strong feminine side, and is very intuitive,  
and thinks he is an intuitive lover, and come to think of it he really is,  
and these are the words he wrote in this play, so I have to say it!

But actually, take it from me, it is actually pretty true.

Let's see if he can really capture what it means to be a woman,  
or how a woman thinks!

Good luck, man!



So now, only a guy would get up in the middle of a play, and go to the bathroom!

Seriously!

Okay, what the hell!

My existence doesn't depend and revolve always in opposition, to the male principle.

What the hell is that? The male principle, give me a break.

Stupid writer!

Okay, how the hell am I suppose to do this?

Give me a moment. I got this.



I will beat him at his own game, you watch, you wait and watch.

It doesn't even matter if I say exactly, what I am written to say or do.

So, you want me to sing a song?

Okay.

*Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer your true  
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you  
It won't be a stylish wedding  
I can't afford the stuffing  
But you'll look sweet  
Upon the seat  
Of a motorcycle built for two*

Did you like that?! I will wear my leather britches.

I can do anything I want, and I am pretty sure it doesn't matter, as long as I look pretty and sexy up here.

But really, do you see anything else?

And, I don't just mean all the guys, because we all just know, they are only thinking of just one thing!

And guys, seriously, if your date knew, what you were thinking right now, you'd be sleeping on the sofa tonight!



Oh my god! Such dribble!

Of course, like always, it all starts and ends with sex.

And of course, you write that, and I have to say it.

We aren't going to talk about this anymore.

You think you pull the strings? Uh-uh.

When we are done here,

I think you will find, that you are actually writing, what *I* want you, to have *me* say.

So do your best, but you can't win!



And how do I know that!?

Because everything you do,

including writing this play,

is so you can get into my pants!

So do your best!

Have me say anything you want.

I'll sing another song if you like.

Would you like me to dance a sexy, sultry, slutty dance?

If it doesn't intimidate and threaten you,

threaten your masculinity!



I am already in your mind.

Every word you write, is because of me, for me,

in lust of me, in desire of me.

Every word, because only I can complete you.

Every word, because I am your muse.

(Ladies, seriously, don't roll your eyes, a muse is a very powerful and wonderful being to be.)

And without your muse you are dead,

dead as a dry leaf rattling in the wind,

as dry bones blown by the desert sands,

as dust in the wind.

I give you words to write, it is I that inspires you.

I am the embodiment of inspiration.

I am the mother of all that is and will be.

I bring forth the birth of every living creature.

I travail, and create, and bear forth in time, everything that exists.

And some of you, in your impotence, loath me,

loath that it is given to me, to be the great creator, of all that is.

And so, what do you do?

You drive me down, chain me to your laws and religions.

You can't gestate, and bring forth life yourself, so you try to control me instead.



Oh look, who is writing this play?

Or who thinks, that they are writing this play?

It is laughable.

Without me, you are a shell and impotent.



Go ahead and say it.

I know exactly, what you are thinking.

I am not bound to your seed, though sometimes, I loathe it, that I can't go it alone.

I don't need you.

What curse is this, that there is no Mother, without there also being a Father?

Damn you!



But if I damn you, I damn myself.

So, let's chill out.

You come from me, though I have to admit,

in the end it takes two.

But it annoys me to no end, that you guys are all so obtuse.



Okay, so now we have that sorted out, who is in charge here, and who is writing what....

Fish paste on a bagel...

Hey, watch it!

...maybe we can get some work done.



I have my own mind and I have my own thoughts.

I can think for myself, nobody is going to tell me, what to think and say.

Nobody is in my brain, telling me what to do or say.



My shoes, they are lovely aren't they?

But I don't want them.

I'm going to take them off and kick them away.

Whew! There they go.

I'm going to sit down.

Look, here are my bare feet.



Language communicates ideas.

There is no point messing with it and making it obscure.

A word means what it means.

Otherwise, I would just write phonetically, and enjoy the sounds of the words only.

That is why I like opera in a foreign language.

It is because I only hear, the beauty of the sound of the words.

Operas in English usually sound so stupid and lame.

It is also why we can listen to a bad singer with good diction.

Our minds only process the meaning of the words, and we don't hear how bad the singing is.

And don't get me started on opera singers singing in English.

Opera singers have the worst diction on the planet.

Obviously they, their coaches, and teachers, couldn't care less about intelligibility.

A smattering, scattering, of ugly English words, that the mind can make absolutely no sense of.

The worst of both worlds!



I don't know about fish paste. What is that really?

Is that like caviar or fish roe?

Or is it like salty, salty anchovy paste, that you can put on pizza,

or use to make a caesar salad dressing?

Maybe it would be good on a bagel? I don't know.

I wonder what other kind of pastes there are?

I had one other kind in my mind, but I forgot it right away.



Do you know when you go for a walk?

You hear snippets of other people's conversations.

## Scene 5

### **Closing Contemplation**

**A single person sitting cross-legged on the floor, meditating, eyes closed.**

It's not over yet.

Nobody is leaving.

Close your eyes.

If you don't want to close your eyes, I really don't care.

Close your eyes.

Quiet.

Shhhh, quiet, stop rustling.

Are you finished?

Shhh, close your eyes.

Let go.

Let it all go.

Next time you come to the theatre, don't wear perfume, cologne, or use strong scented soaps.

Breathe.

Breathe.

Watch your breath.

There is nothing wrong with thinking your thoughts.

You are already enlightened.

We are all enlightened.

We've all tasted the star dust.

Don't waste your time trying to seek Nirvana, there is no such thing.

Slowly the lights are going to dim.

And we are going to sit in the stillness, in the darkness, for five, maybe ten minutes.

Let's see how long that will feel, how long that will seem.

The now of that time, will feel like an eternity.

It will be the end of time, till the end of time.

There is only the now.

It is getting darker.

Relax, there is nothing to rush off to.

Breathe.

Stop waiting for the time to pass, so you can rush off home.

Breathe.

Close your eyes.

Breathe.

Close your eyes.

The light is fading away.

You are cocooned, wrapped up in the warm darkness.

In the eternity of the now,

the eternal now.

There is only this moment.

Breathe.

Let go.

Think whatever thoughts you like.

There is only the now.

There is only the now.....

There is only the now.....

There is only the now.....



Juhan Puhm  
June 26, 2022