

Write here all feelings, ideas, images, actions that come to mind as you imagine your way into and out of this drama:

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L O  
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D

Copr. Melvin L Yosso 1976

Blind man sits humming in garden. Young man enters, searches garden)

YM: Excuse me, are there any roses nearby?  
BM: Roses?  
YM: (Muses) Yes, might I see some beautiful roses here?  
BM: (Sadly) I wouldn't know (Turns, reveals blindness)  
YM: Oh. I'm sorry. I...  
BM: That's alright. You couldn't have known  
YM: Do you come here often?  
BM: As often as I can. I love to hear the flowers  
YM: You can hear them?  
BM: Yes, can't you?  
YM: (Listens) No, and I don't think you can either. You're just saying that to impress me. Well, I'm not impressed  
BM: Suit yourself (Listens to flowermusic)  
YM: (Begins rosehunt. Finally, exasperated..) Maybe... you can hear roses for me?  
BM: (Smiles) Maybe  
YM: Well, can you?  
BM: I'm not sure. What do they sound like?  
YM: (Indignant) How would I know?  
BM: Oh. I'm sorry. I... you really can't hear them?  
YM: That's what I said  
BM: I'm sorry. Let me try to locate them for you (Walks a few steps)  
I think there are some by that melody..er, flowerbed  
YM: Why, you're right! There are!  
BM: I hope you enjoy them  
YM: Gee, thanks. I sure will enjoy them  
BM: Good. I know I will (YM admires the 3 roses. Plucks them)  
What are you doing?? They've stopped. What have you done??  
YM: I just wanted to take them home  
BM: (Sobs) They've stopped  
YM: (Proffers 3 roses) I... (Flees garden)  
BM: (Clutches roses) The melody's gone...