

Inger Wold Lund

**LEG
SLEEPS
DROP
DEEP**

New York. 1980.

A young woman sits with her feet on the window sill, staring out.

A young man enters the room.

Where have you been. I have not seen you since Thursday.

Walking. Just walking around. I can't seem to sleep at night. Not in this city.

Doesn't seem like you sleep at all.

Well, I have my dreams when I'm awake.

Helsinki. March 7th.

Last night I dreamt about a large space with a low ceiling. It could have been underground. A car park. Empty of cars. I do not remember it as being a threatening space. It was dim. That is all I remember.

Oslo. March 7th.

Last night I dreamt of 4 children. They were extraordinarily beautiful. The oldest one, a boy, had a different father than the rest, and was more serious than the others, all girls. Even the baby could talk.

Beijing. February 30th.

Last night I didn't sleep until sunrise. I was lying in bed, imagining what i might do if i was a city councillor.

I would hire a body workers. People who are sensual and warm and caring. I would provide citizens with access to things like massage, contemplation and bathing together. People would touch each other. And look into each others eyes.

Oslo. March 9th.

Last night I dreamt I got over something I have been struggling with for a long time. It was clear to me, in the dream, but now I do not remember how I did it.

Helsinki. March 9th.

Last night I dreamt that I was reading a book. I felt I truly understood some things for the first time.

I also remember seeing a zebra.

Helsinki. March 10th.

Last night I dreamt about that large space again. I was making an exhibition there. I was trying to build something.

I woke up with a song in my head.

Oslo. March 10th.

Last night my neighbor played me two songs. The first one was an old tune. A man was seeing a caravan ride away.

The second song was about a modern caravan.

She was fifteen years old
And had never seen the ocean
She climbed into a van

Helsinki. March 13th.

I can't remember my dreams.

Helsinki. March 14th.

This morning I went to the doctor. I watched my heart pumping on a screen.

You have a good heart.

The doctor said, with a reassuring voice.

New York. 1980.

The young man puts on a record.

He snaps his fingers, and starts to dance.