



Dear Goneril,

When I first read your story, I heard my name called again.
Whispers.

I was frightened to take on the project. My fear was the indicator to delve into you.

Your mind felt like a labyrinth.
Your imagination, vast.
A dreamer.
A visionary.

I resonated with your need to play the game.

To play to survive.

The pleasure and the cost.

The exhaustion of knowing that it costs every time you betray yourself.

I too, know what it's like to slide into shapes that harden.

I too, know what it's like to open your eyes to your reflection for the first time.

I too, know what it's like to examine and reexamine identities.

Attempting to embrace the fullness that is you.

I see my mother, my grandmother and my sisters.

I have felt the force in which you walk.

The expanse of your bravery.

At nineteen I picked up your cry through the notes of Shakespeare and felt a buzz within. Whispers in the wind.

And now, we meet again. Rejoicing in your depth, right by your side.

VIRGILIA GRIFFITH

Goneril in *Queen Goneril*