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Oceans

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One day, long ago, a little boy was killed.
He was used up, and discarded, and thrown away,
left for secret dumping,
the nameless dead, floating in a sea of sinking secrets.

But he did not die.
He mourned,
he saw his body from the shores somewhere,
he retreated into an island cove,
and wilderness place,
alone,
safe,
forgotten.

Then one day a whale came to his place, and said, I found a floating corpse and knew it was you. I knew your heart was pure, and your body was not dead.
So, I came and gave you this gift of a new body,
a friendship.
I must go now, the sea is my home. We are fish people after all.

So the boy looked at the body he was given
and he sang it a song, and they were both alive anew.

Something *did* crack open.

The sea, gave him new life.

They merged up and walked to the shore, and when they touched, they became the water.

Creatures, free and wild and free,

and, one day, being the ocean,
he met another ocean,

and their waters mingled, their currents danced,
caressed each other's curls, and he said.

Here, this thing,
this feeling of love,
this is what I would live for, and with happiness so.
I am whole and complete, and endless.
And so too here, an ocean friend,
a land friend of vast endless completeness,
here is an ocean, I could call friend.

And they dance a little and a lot,
no whores in sight.
No discards. No rape.
They were both quite beautiful to start,
and they were quite happy to share the beauty they shared with each other.
The two boys, holding hands, heads nudged and nuzzled together.

God bless these two queer boys, for the world is out to get them, and they are the new
worlds, exploring and bringing the future.
This mingling, this holding of hands, is what love is.

If there is no love from both at the start,
no space to be and see, and learn,
no freedom and kindness to nurture our new worlds,
no ability to hear, to listen, to speak, to respect, to embrace, difference,
then we are not equal.
Here, it begins with the delicate nutriments of love from the start,
and so,
appreciate, respect, recognize, know, care, wholeness.
When two oceans have become friends with each other.
when Vikram and Luthando meet,
when two friends are free to be Oceans with each other.
When Vikram and Luthando meet.

Performed on 14 April 2019 for "Critical Intimacy and Oceans in the Grave of a Tree"
at the Institute for Creative Arts ProHelvetia Live Art Performance Exhibit.
<https://youtu.be/ZHAYWUVabF8>