

I the first of my kind, I'm going to tell you about the last of your kind.

My words and visions will find you through the retentive water,

Cycling from ends to beginnings intertwined.

Listen.

I will tell you about devotion, a lubricating solution.

Listen.

This is the story of the ones who became the ocean.

Water moves, water leaks and drips

Through soil and rains from roots to leaves, lungs to veins.

Stories flow in time and space.

Take a deep breath and let the water into your body.

And exhale knowing that your message is ready.

Hear my voice. Follow my words. Let them take you away.

You're grounding on the land which was underwater,

Which is underwater,

Which will be underwater.

The last of your kind have lived through the millennia of low tide

Without realising

The land was only a debt that the ocean is going to collect.

When the giant waves came to claim the Earth once again, they got scared.

They've never seen waves so dark, heavy and light,

Full of guilt and empty of life.

Aeons of evolution had been lost in centuries of destruction.

The womb became the tomb.

Your kind, built cities with more layers and layers

To survive the waves getting higher and higher.

Ocean was seen from everywhere, ocean was heard from everywhere.

The calmest waves, the darkest night.

A blue death was there at every side.

Ocean breathed of the down.

Both wail and bliss

In the perpetual sound of the waves.

Susurrus.

Only then, some started to listen,

The song of the coast, the whisper of the ocean

In the caves of surrender,

They waited for the tides to go low as the other creatures of the shore.

The ones who chose to listen gathered under the cliffs

In serendipity, a confluence of bodies, minds and souls

The myth of Rejoin

from "the ones who became the ocean"

Telepathy and an aqueous empathy.

The listeners left the sovereign behind.

Before their pilgrimage, as though a wave,

They practised the Ritual of Rejoin in this cave.

The ends began when my mother arrived at The Caves of surrender

Amniotic oceans in her reached out to the oceans further.

Like memories are living streams,

My presence was an emanating ruin.

A breath, a wave, and a flowing stream.

She connected to the water within and realise the oceans she could carry in.

Ocean was singing is enchanting songs,

For the ones who listen.

Waves crashing to its shores

For the ones who listen.

The heartbeat. The high tide.

Water within to the water beyond.

Breathe in vast and boundless.

Breathe out with infinite emptiness

Listening to the oceanic whispers.

Thoughts coming up

And going away.

Acknowledged and neglected.

Ocean allows awareness to find its way back to the source

Aquatic.

Breathe with me, breathe in the moist air

Wateriness instead of humanness.

Breathe out the internalised fear.

Acceptance instead of resistance.

The lingering motion of the water.

Waves and ripples, an eternal recurrence.

Losing something to find another

Selves dissolved into the water.

They listened until they heard not for a tone

Until they heard not for a word, but a call to direct their own.

The calm before the thunder and until it possesses the first one to surrender.

There is no self, there is no need for fear.

They took the last walk to be back to land

Never.

Walkers were cured of humanity,

Oceanic love beat the terrestrial anxiety.

On the coastline encountered the bodies of water.

Respect and awe to the vast, mighty mother.

To the nurturer to the torturer.

A wet welcome, a hello

And a kiss goodbye.

Water finds motion through the bodies.

Touch guides the soul.

Transient and porous.

Hands and heads, fingers and knees

Pouring, touching, mixing.

Liquids flow through you and me,

Us and them.

This flux of fluids in between bodies

Distinguish no more you and me, us and them.

What was separated was united.

They started a chosen path in human evolution.

Ocean was the mother as the mother was the ocean

That gestates bodies of water,

That gestates life beyond terrestrial,

That gestates change,

That gestates futures.

A generation to be born in the ocean,

A re-immigration.

Womb to tomb, the tidal return of the human stream.

My kind lives in harmony with the tidal melancholy.

Watery bodies with watery beings as it's supposed to be.

Floating is a state of becoming.

The sound of the waves mixes with the sound of the breaths.

Movements of the ocean becomes the movements of the body, in ambiguity.