Loving to be/Struggling to be free
Story by Elder Veronza Bowers

Note: some language from original transcript modified for inclusivity

Part one: struggling and still loving

*Flute plays*

A strong virtuous and industrious young man stay concentrated and absorbed at the side of the lake, stronger body, humble in spirit with the stillness of the water, reflecting the serenity of stuff, both of the harvest soon to be gathered, also a gratefulness for communicating and sharing.

Those of our Children are dedicated and nurturing spouses, thoughts of our loving parents instructing and giving advice. Both of our people are beautiful, beautiful, beautiful people, lovely to understand and lovely to be understood, lovely to help others and loving those who helped them. Loving to love and loving to be loved, loving the Freedom siblings and longing to be free themselves.

*Drums start up*

Then suddenly and imperceptibly dreams transmitted to nightmares, tranquility to havoc, a communal serenity to chaos and freedom to an inhumane forced servitude and lives of which were never known before or after.

*clattering of trumpets and saxophones, you can hear the elephants in the jungle and you hear that invasion. You hear moaning and groaning as they head for the ships.*

That's really where we snatched from the place of our birth by a man with the plan calculating on labor, work, capture, shackled, bought, sold and traded by an aberration in compassion, inhuman, untenable and hated. We've been denied grated, debilitated, depreciated and invigorated. We've been decried, denied, deprived as well separated. We've been brutalized, terrorized, dehumanized and victimized and utilized, vilified and irrevocably criminalized.

We struggled, fought, been ridiculed, massacres and died in new rebellions and protests and even Peter Riot despises thieves. Yet we continue to be stolen from, demeaned as murderers. Yet we continue to be slaughtered, incarcerated as insurgents. We must continue to struggle. We must still love to understand and love to be understood. We must still love to help others and love those who help us. We must still love to love and to be loved in return. We must still love the freedom of siblings and struggle to be free ourselves. Right? That's that's the first piece. Right?

Part two: a soliloquy, the true love

It could be between any humans, you know us, or any humans. Watch, watch what it does. It takes us on a journey back in time. All the way up to the present. Witness what happened.

They said “Twin siblings you met was in the days of kings and queens before you were sold, bought, captured and taken to the ship bound for land you knew not where or was it in the field for heat labor for not. While you slaved in the kitchen of the house that Jack had built upon the bones of parents you knew not. Children, you could not have built upon the tears you dare not shed, blood. you do not own.

Just when was it you met when you met? Whether in the back of the bus where even the words spoken between, you must be in whispered tones or whether the Thrones and endless procession as you march blindly, arm and arm, head held high between two dead people’s feet, hoping in vain that your rights as human beings would be recognized by people. Not quite civil. Just when whether you met those two dead men, speak to the Lincoln, Lincoln and Washington monument. They want to continue.

When, when did you met? Was it on the slick city street for the last life? The nightlife? The hip life, the no life, takes its toll upon the undead. Where there's 1000 deaths as black grains of the bird Cadillacs or some such hog and the person skins of animals or tokens for admittance into a world. Not quite enough for it to sit there.
Just when was it you met? When was it you met? Was it when you were growing apart? Key to the new masters houses for the wretched of the earth. You left free to suffer alone and the claws of premature death and protecting the wealth of care. Nothing about your love or you.

Or did you meet in the grips of insanity as you bravely fought the cooler? You could not find them while they wait patiently with love at your side.

Just when was that you met whether you met, was it when you needed them most? And they were always there or was it when they needed you most? And you were always there just when was it you say you met? But when all is done and all this fast doesn't really matter. You have met and you love. Beautiful. Right?*

*have the audience close their eyes so they can feel what's going on. People in the scene make a lot of sounds and silences and silences punctuates the sounds and the silence becomes very loud and the audience with your eyes closed, feel that journey from the Motherland over here all the way to feel the blues, gospel blues got born and jazz and reggae. Bob Marley's "Exodus" Movements of Jah's people plays toward the end.*

**Afterword: one story-telling turns into another, collaborative love**
[closing conversation between Elder, Story Archivist, and child]

“And uh just very moving and you'll see people feeling it and jumping when it's like captured, bought, sold. You know what I mean? Drag to the ship. It's a lot of things can be done with it with the imagination. The creative juices flowing and everything will be everything, you got it?"

“Yes, I got all of that.”

“Alright, thank you very kindly, my dear, thank you for bearing with me.”

“How could I not?"

“I know.

“All right, catch you later.”


“God bless you, Pharoah! I'm done.”

“In your reflection. Let me see your belly.”

“Look at me mommy, Look I have a fat old belly.”

“Oh, it's great to see my friend that I haven't seen it. You want to stay with me and I'll do it here and I'll do um visible bench between doing your hair?”

“Yes. It took so long because I was listening to the raindrops. It was like bumbambum.”

“Was it outside?”

“Yeah. The water. Yeah, it was like bambambambam.”

“Really?!""

“You're going to record it so you don't forget it ever.”

“I'm gonna do audio record.”

“Okay. You gotta start from the beginning.”

“I was just in the bathroom and I had the best experience of my life out of the water because I just went into the shower and after I was done it was not completely turned off yet. And the water drops was in the floor and sound was like bambambambambam.”

“Awesome, isn't that so weird?”

“Yeah, it's still going on.”