

WeAreGriotManifesto

Us; We; Together have been born into a new norm. We have faced the threat of a common enemy, we have learned to expedite our fears till we touch something close to communal faith, one body. When collective freedom is poked in the nose, we find that systems and structures are only as rigid as our minds.

Contentment cowered; kneeling to our needs for food, friend, family, all tokens of energy to somehow keep us in motion. There's no longer a taste for competition, the trophies become no more than cups we hope to serve a base living, while we sip on pints of peace. The irony is in how complex trials have further simplified our lives, leaving only things that matter.

And though braced mostly with blood, bone and breath uninsured, this is how we have juggled our fragility with a stubborn resilience, responding only when we are inches away from falling, when the pedal breaks down to help us see the ones in rear mirror, a reactive love at best sparked only at the burst of extremes. Taking the right turn begins from finding the road we've been on.....

Now, here at the crossroads, a sudden and firm standstill, we find ourselves at the centre of one another, we rotate to see that we have been encompassed, each by the other, one body. We must acknowledge a conversation that must follow and flow inward; into this global community.

The beginning is the resistance to singular comfort, the push back against the joys of the treasured few, the accountability for our complicity, as if family doesn't come in all shades.

Progression continues, by burying our options of ignorance. We no longer get the luxury of rest.

The responsibility of freedom lies in the trembling hand, holding placards in the rain, shouting compassions into the sky that didn't grey for them.
The weighted cloud that plagues the vulnerable, that haunts the needy, that shadows the helpless. Welcoming the unrest.
Welcome it. Welcome them.

In hymn and honor, we dare raise a celebration due
Hold a service of poems
Fill the air with praise and worship,
Of the art and the artist

When the sky was falling, this is for those that showed us the holes in heaven to see God
When winter comes, this is for those that carry Christmas in their palms; a blanket made of fallen leaves. This is for the trees that stayed shedding leaves.

For those that built mirrors with a pen that served as both distraction and reflection.
For all the art that we consumed when the world was on fire, for those that learnt to make clay out of the warm ash; building blocks for a new norm.

And even when the last weighted cloud of white smoke leaves our lungs, let us remember what kept us breathing, nonetheless.

