

# WE, THE STARS

*DRAFT*

*(TEMP FRAGMENT)*

*BY NICOLE BONOMI 2022*

Until we make our way back to the stars, we consult the sea. Even perilously so, we throw our flesh to the waves and submerge ourselves in the minerals found in our bones. As though moving through our own quintessence, wrapping ourselves in a blanket of iodine brilliance, hoping that for even just a millisecond, it may carry us to the infinite space we came from - weightless. We close our eyes. Suspended. Susceptible and yet dauntless in a moment we play with our own gravitational disposition and curiosity.

And although floating, thinking, but still floating, intently floating, our iris' tilt to the skies, bowing to the heavens. Yearning to consult the lights that laugh at us, as we begin kicking against the tide. As though we remain tethered to the curse of gods. As though our dues are yet to be paid. Now kicking and kicking, until the stars finally relent and urge us to "just float".

*"Suspend yourself" say the stars, "but never let another. Float in unison, but be not bound by the ideology of unison. That which is bound cannot float but only flounder. Ink to the soul-body, that 'freedom is a right **and** a gift'. Use it wisely. Explore it graciously. Never take freedom for granted.*

*Dance beneath us, say We The Stars when you find love, or a member from your Constellation. It is in your blood to dance under the stars, Poet. You will Know who is from your Constellation - they remain forever in your system like unfinished symphonies. Every physical meeting, one more notation. Respect all Constellations.*

*Cherish your mind. Cherish “the other’s mind”. Relinquish any desire to change a mind that shows no similarity to your own. Your desire to change a mind only suggests that it is yours that needs changing. Be not so shallow to believe your mind ‘the wiser’, or endowed with greater faculty. The Universal Mind is The Heart. Play your part, and purify your heart. Know that pride is an illness.*

*Keep your humanity. Preserve it like a marmalade panacea. Your humanity will carry you home to the Constellations You Know. The expansion of humanity is the “how”. It is the transcendence up through The Ages - the one you went seeking. Be not so shallow to think the time you do there is all you ever did. You **Know** you’ve been there before. You **Know** it when you smell the pages, or visit the cathedral like Divo Jacobo Majori Apostolo, where you left May time flowers on that first Sunday. Be not so shallow to think one life is All.*

*Honour the meek. And when you visit the fields and you see her, truly, say We The Stars, **see** her. Allow your eyes to fill with the water you float in and feel your humanity expand. Remember your grandparents. Remember the musicians. Like the Angels in the Aether, those in the fields are Pachamama’s musicians - their song a silent glory that make the stars flicker alacritously. We who shoot, do so for Pachamama’s musicians. Raphael says, a feather grows in that moment.*

*Be not so shallow to think Karma is not recording every thought, intention, word and deed. Be not so shallow to think that your value according to The Stars is vested in your wallets or reflections in a mirror. You leave all that behind when you return to the Constellations and even Pachamama has no use for your embers. Be not so shallow to think yourselves so important that you believe it is you who is saving Pachamama - she has been saving you the whole time. Respect Pachamama, not for her fragility, but for her power.*

*And now just suspend yourself in the essence of the sea, as we do, the essence of the sky and laugh back at us, laughing at you. Find the humour in it. What is some 90 years compared to eternity? See yourself reflecting back in the mystery of the scintillation. See your own light and feel your own suspension as you float in a night sea, just as we do in the night sky."*

And so it is the sea who carries us as close as we can be, until we make our way back to the stars. And we are reminded of this as we make our way back to the shore. Carried by a chance wave and ejected from the blanket of our Self. Spat onto the shore, on our hands and knees, gritting the particles of sand between our finger tips. The salt of Pachamama in our palms. Cold, wet and grateful we draw oxygen in and feel our diaphragm rise and fall, like sunrise and sunset. Our heart regulates as we ground ourselves back. Gravity, sand and goosebumps. Smiling, we've come to Know, indeed, we are just passing through.

*Nicole Bonomi*

## *BACKDROP:*

*This monologue (or draft), was written post-swim and was originally intended for a Movement Psychology class where I'm a student of Yat Malmgren and Rudolph von Laban, taught by James Kemp. Additionally, it's the product of observation for the development of an ontological framework. One I hope will eventually serve as a tool for the expedition of 'being'.*

*Cognitively, I was exploring the interplay of sensation and movement. The former being an expression of the SOUL and the latter an expression of the BODY. I entered the water with intentions of 'gliding' and 'floating' (as per Laban). I soon identified the interference of MIND, particularly within the transition of movement. More importantly, for the development of the framework, I was able to gauge the interplay with SPIRIT.*

*I am yet to edit this so for now it will sit in Frammento. It's less a monologue at this stage and more a 'stream of consciousness', garnered where I sat simultaneously hoping I wouldn't end up with hypothermia (dramatic - of course). It draws from other pieces of my poetry, especially those relating to the Mediterranean Sea. Technically it does not follow a monologue template and could in fact be read as a duologue between the stars and the protagonist.*