

Story for performance #153
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Source: 'Amman bomb apology', *New York Times* in *The Age online*, 20/11/05.

Tags: [child/parent](#), [death](#), [animals](#), [plants](#), [home](#), [water](#)
Writer/s: [Gregory Pryor](#)

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Beloved to us, the cloud and the rainwater tank. Beloved to us, the box thorn. Beloved to us, Divna Ljubojevic. Beloved to us, the waterless gauge. Beloved to us, the flightless bird. Beloved to us, our house painted blue. Beloved to us, the forgotten camera. Beloved to us, when he ran away. Beloved to us, when he scrunched clothes between his fingers. Beloved to us, the air filled with eucalyptus scent at twilight. Beloved to us, uncertainty and hesitation. Beloved to us, the long walk without destination. Beloved to us, the centre moving to the periphery and the periphery disappearing. Beloved to us, when he woke with the birds. Beloved to us, the direct line between our eyes. Beloved to us, when the birds woke with him. Beloved to us, the monkey dropping figs into the mouth of a happy turtle. Beloved to us, the song that was sung between the trees and the house. Beloved to us, earthen walls and laughing waters. Beloved to us, a bath on the verandah. Beloved to us, the yellow bucket near idle water. Beloved to us, the impossibility of sleep when you are growing. Beloved to us, the music between the bedroom and the lounge room. Beloved to us, the silence accompanying the first snow. Beloved to us, polenta frying in the kitchen. Beloved to us, a walk to the lake. Beloved to us, the feeling of being drawn. Beloved to us, gathering pine nuts along the promenade by the sea. Beloved to us, the irritating fibre. Beloved to us, the constant pressure of the family. Beloved to us, the large bell dragged across the ice. Beloved to us, making space for someone new on the earth. Beloved to us, the space left behind. Beloved to us, leaving the house and making peace with the natural world. Beloved to us, listening for murmurs. Beloved to us, standing on the frozen lake.

Beloved to us, standing on the scorched earth. Beloved to us, the hypnotic waves. Beloved to us, a small car driving past the You Yongs. Beloved to us, the man selling us rice paper rolls. Beloved to us, the anchor that balances our movement. Beloved to us, the tears of loss. Beloved to us, the man who repaired the music box. Beloved to us, the introduction of the rainbow. Beloved to us, the overgrown and the unworn. Beloved to us, the gigantic ferns. Beloved to us, sleeping on the highway. Beloved to us, unfettered recognition. Beloved to us, arms raised over the head and fingers moving like a sparkling constellation. Beloved to us, the moment of invisibility. Beloved to us, soft skin in clear water. Beloved to us, water over the face. Beloved to us, the water that dribbles from the mouth. Beloved to us, the snow melting in our hands. Beloved to us, the music between today and tomorrow. Beloved to us, a long story about digging up the moon from the forest floor. Beloved to us, the way he shouted. Beloved to us, the way he laughed. Beloved to us, barracking for our team. Beloved to us, collecting plants every year. Beloved to us, the space of remembrance. Beloved to us, the activity that allows us to live. Beloved to us, the slow emergence of people in front of us. Beloved to us, seeing a flower for the first time. Beloved to us, the blue elephant. Beloved to us, one hundred and eighty three days. Beloved to us, this brief chance. Beloved to us, the gigantic space left at Bamayin. Beloved to us, lapis lazuli and saffron. Beloved to us, images of the ark. Beloved to us, very large spaces to spill over into. Beloved by us, the moment when we were all together.

Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Gregory Pryor.