This New Ruin: The Past of The Future of Strath

Timespan in 4000 years time

The Ruins

And Mine.
And Mine.

My family did not know it - we were from inland.

Then you cannot truly understand. One says this with bitterness, but the Oldest One says: Quiet! Everyone knows what it means to see disaster. To lose families. It does not behoove history to parcel and petition it into ownership!

The Gatherers are quiet, contemplative. The all think about their most recent historical loss, as if it were the only one. As if it were the best one. And the most important. They quietly begin to speak about The Greatest Flood, and what it means.

The Youngest One moves from group to group, but has no reference, no meaning. To him, all the stories of history are the same. He stands in the middle of the circle and demands attention. The whispers fade to a hush. He says:

Why do we come here? Why do we remember the long history of this small bit of Earth?

One says: So that we can learn the past?

The Youngest One says: But what use are these facts?

Why should we remember?

Another One says: So that we know we are special?

No! Not at all, the Oldest One screeches. Our misery is...
This New Ruin

Sing:

We remember those we breathed before us -
their atoms are gathered, nuclear, into our bones.
Lift your feet off the floor to remember their
weightlessness - ash and air and smoke and all
undone into the rhythms of the river.

We praise the water - it has been many things,
but it has always been our backbone, even when
it was broken.

We hold the stones of The Stra, pass them
around like wheat, and cover them with whiskey.
Hold them in your mouths and they will dissolve
on our tongues and teach us the old words so that we
can understand where we came from.

We have new stories, but we also have old sto-
ries, given from the ruins, preserved by the hero-
ine Chahi-Ayen. She, in her bear-skin coat, col-
llected the words of our ancestors into safe and
delicate stories. She kept much of our truth very
much alive. Kept a link alive from then until now.

The group gathers. Its not the whole community; only those
interested in the past.

They come from different paths, loping across in the cold
morning light; different sized dark shapes on a

The Ode to the River

The sound of water is the sound of our bones,
our bones are the sound of the river.
You and I are the sound of the river's
sound, the river's sound is our sound.

My bones are a mirror, a mirror we are.
My bones are a mirror of your bones,
your bones are a mirror of my bones.

This is the sound of water, this is the sound of the river.
This is the sound of water, this is the sound of the river.
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