

The Moving Tribe

To My Star,

Sitting where the land meets the sea, tips of fingers a gracious hover away from the foam. Legs fully submerged in the fickle waves - as transparent and wholly as their perception of life.

She gestured for a towel, and he brought her one that was a gorgeous peach colour, with a similar texture. He spread it behind her and lowered it onto her shoulders, and she rose. Like the flower, I'd named her Camille. So, she grew and picked up the two glasses, as big as finger bowls, withholding sunsets and seasons of colours. Juices of mango and lime, strawberry too, interlacing, blending beautifully. Thin, thin glass harbouring full-flavoured semicircles of lemon fluttering on the surface. And he turned her so that she was facing him, their feet close and only separated by an opaque ray of sunshine drawing a line on the sand. He dragged his thumb delicately and meaningfully across first her right and then her left temple - meaning "how are you?" or "are you okay?" - to which she responded with a solemn nod and smile. He traced her mouth with his index, and she answered with a sweet, hot kiss on the cheek. His cheeks hot, also. Sweetly flushed skin with my footprints scattered across his nose, like watermelon seeds. I watched her as her lips linked with his. One single, lonely grain of sand moving from the tip of her nose to his, falling down his golden, blazing face. Trickling down her legs like forgotten constellations on an ebony sky.

Despite the reminiscing ambience awning the people at the beach, no one held a book or a handed-down poem. Instead, they held hands and allowed strangers on their laps.

Camille and people played cards on this beautiful arrangement of towels – fabulous towels, beaded with red and jade bijoux at the edge - and every time she put down an Ace, they watched her with stupefaction and laughed whole-heartedly in awe. They were really in love with her, and so was I. Really, Camille and I wouldn't understand each other. She didn't speak my language; she didn't speak at all.

Her skin ran down with water, and she looked like a dollop of chocolate ice cream melting under my heat. I wish she knew that I whispered to myself about her beauty and just how much I did so. Her curls were vibrant in the light, and her umber complexion glowed vigorously; often, I shone brighter so I could pride myself in her charm. You could also find small specks of gold, pure gold, among the plethora of colours that came and went from her eyes; every fraction of movement bringing another iridescence to life.

However, she and her friends seem to have a much deeper understanding of life. You see, they communicate with a telling silence, and they understand. Deeply, sincerely and majestically. With their own words or lack thereof, they have achieved a fuller way of living by which they cannot rely on the sad superficiality of lexis. With sounds and lyric-less melodies and untroubled motions, they have reached and fulfilled what has become a lifelong dream of mine. That of knowing to let be and not being at all. They live peacefully in their ever-changing world, adapting with time not with force, nor with poetry or worry.

I watch them, with envy, I wonder what it would be like to surpass neurosis and grow unbothered at the unremitting and total nature of life.

Once a very long time ago, I watched people who spoke just like I did and thought of life just like I did. And it was not so frustrating to misunderstand with others because we became misunderstood together. Now, I watch this new tribe, sedately, and I wonder how one could be so careless and simultaneously so

profound. So much, that life's relevance or irrelevance remains unfathomable, and that quality is enriching, now at the core of their existence.

I have tried for much too long now, to understand or let go of my habits, and frankly, I'm burning out. I am afraid I will give up soon. I feel insipid and hollow, and rather old.

They gathered in a circle, sedated to the pains. They saluted each other with a squeeze of the shoulder, which was acknowledgement enough. I've noticed over the years that they don't look for appraisal. Passively avoiding triviality and recognising each other just by shifts of the body with no meaning to those who yearn verbal validation. Large gatherings like this one were so intimate. Camille does not belong among this inexhaustible variety of people; she is aware of things. And some days come where I can see through her unquiet darkness, masking and pretending to be oblivious to the same realisations I am writing down on paper now. Dismal truths incrementally growing on her like they are on me, only she feels alone and unwatched; I will ease her pain soon.

Foolishness became power, and the neglect of deeper meaning led to the more in-depth mastery of human nature. The children moved lyrically mirroring and honouring the water and fire, moving in sync. Three entities and everyone around them, connecting over a common intention that was and remains unknown to me. Their objective only to communicate not to be approved. The children's dance provided an intensity of feeling that words could not write or speak. The crowd watched the full performance to reach the intended meaning rather than aiming for immediate gratification. It was fantastic. And calm, like a note, played on the piano, left balancing - between excitement and melancholy - in a sage, pink summer sky.

I am fixed on Camille because she was the most relatable. I felt she and I had certain proximity. She didn't know me, and I could not talk to her, but I could read her more in-depth than I could the others, and that is why I decided to name her.

From writing this letter, I have found that my observations are in vain; she doesn't understand life's futility and doesn't look to, which discourages me. It has for much too long now.

Someone must have killed poetry, and I thought that might have been the case, but after becoming a fanatic voyeur of my people's descendants, I have realised that poetry did not simply vanish, it disappeared in my eyes. I can no longer understand it and can no longer be understood. The new shape it has morphed into is unreachable. It is much too sincere and far out of my intellectual capability. And I watch them as they become infinite together and alone whilst I grow more mortal every day.

I feel myself burning and growing hotter. I can't watch them for much longer. Long ago, I understood the joys that came with living. All that seems much too hard now. Perhaps it's because I was younger and blind to my irrelevance and it is feasible that this might be the key to becoming happy, forgetting. I don't speak their language. I am too old now, and I don't have much time left to learn it.

So, I write to you, honestly with my last hopes of expressing my deepest feelings to be understood before I go. I know we haven't met in an eternity, but soon that will become a forever. I hold our memories fondly; with the people, we know best. Life and I will be parting in due course; I will always remember the edging smell of sleep that wafts from a cup of coffee or the joy it brought me to bump into the title of a book in one of its pages - long ago. I hope to play a game of cards with her - and you, my fellow friend - and talk about white sand and flowers. But for now, I will let my spark subdue until my last breath for my

will has been surpassed. After all, people are what you put on them, and when I stop shining, they will too. My dearest friend I long for you and my glow to be rekindled in another life, perhaps with Camille by my side. Though selfish, this is for the best, Camille and I deserve to be understood, and that is why we will die together under the cold.

Your dearest admirer,

The Sun