

SALT

Ensemble. Led by V.

ENSEMBLE

I have lived in it but do not know
it: between the likes of like and
hate.

I have loved love. I have been
loved. By him. By his children.
Loved with callused words bathed in
holy spirits. Love has cut me open
and salted my wounds, cleansed me.
Birthed me. I have received love in
the most peculiar abundance. From
strangers. From prayer. From people
I will never meet and those I know
too well. The body of Christ fills
my pantry and blood my cellar. Love
has been thrown at me, thrust on
me, etched into my skin. I am
drowning in love. I am loved. I
have given up on myself but he has
not. I am going to hell. He has
warned me and I am going to hell.
But he loves me. He has tried to
save me. I have failed. But I am
loved. I am so loved.

THE BOMB

Elizabeth starts to speak. Others join her in chorus, respond, or occasionally take over. A rally, a debate, an argument, an incantation, a warcry.

ENSEMBLE

Can something be won without having begun? The race won by the one jumping the gun?
 If we've already started to run can we reach the end before we become one or one becomes none?
 Or what if we win and there's none left to sit in the sun?
 Are we done?
 I guess all that matters is 'did we have fun?'
 Or do we shun the sun?
 Leave them their prize, their victory cries, leave them to burn while they lie with their eyes to the skies?
 This is peace as we know, not equity no, but better than being forgot.
 Or not.
 Regardless, this is our lot.
 And if that brings you content then that's what you've got.
 But the sun is a beast in need of a feast, the price of our lease has increased and we won't be released.
 The body the bread, the wine that we've bled, the path to be tread is drenched deep blood red. This ichor the liquor the price that we pay to keep the beast fed.
 But the chalice is full, the beast wants for more, so who's willing to settle the score?
 Blood is the price to be paid.

V

Nothing less.

ELIZABETH

Nothing more.