A Summons to the Revolution

by Donna Faulkner

Everywhere humanity is living on its knees. A summons rings out for a universal conversation. Ordinary people, tired of their tiredness, are invited to sit around a campfire on a beach.

They come from everywhere.

There's one rule: You can only talk whilst in possession of the
staff. It passed in turn to everybody. No subject is taboo. This hui only concludes when everyone present has nothing left to say.

The day may stretch out into the night. The night might become a week.

Along the beach a couple are gathering up driftwood, someone else is feeding fuel to the flames. I sit embracing my knees, a blanket around my shoulders.

One man reflected that when he first began to speak, it was his fathers turn of phrase that left his mouth. Subtle the infiltration. This revelation made everyone consider which ideas were authentically our own and which we merely parroted out of habit.

In the *hui* by the campfire, generations cleared their throat.

Clutching the staff, some speakers evaluate the cost of capitalism. Others espouse the dangers of socialism. The conversation feels like a tug of war. An impasse. Would it be better to annex ideology from identity? Our division feeds upon the idea of either/or.

An old lady takes the staff and weeps. The hum of the campfire dies down. The woman sitting next to her puts an arm around her shoulders.

Long before the last embers of the fire disappear, there will be many more tears from

numerous quarters.

The conversation flows where it wants to go. It stagnates, stalls and ruminates.

No uncomfortable discourse would be complete without a deep dive into religion and morality. No one talks without the staff. It's inevitable the impatience of waiting. Formulating a response.

Someone speaks about their concern for the environment but the repetition of buzzwords has ceased. Instead they refer to earth as Mother.

Someone adds that they would love to see a return to local. Self reliant economies feeding their own community. I witness the cohort around the campfire look at each other and mostly nod.

There's passion in ordinary people. They keep it real, they raise their voices. Ordinary people never watch their tone.

A mob of hungry seabirds gather overhead. The raucous breaks the tension around the campfire.

The conversation turns to education and its purpose. I imagine Socrates lecturing his students. Handing them the blueprint for enquiry. I stare into the fire, watch stories play out in the flames. The fire adds to the conversation. Spitting sparks and billowing smoke.

I think about what a waste it would be if a latent Picasso never lifted a brush but languished instead in a factory. If a potential Steinbeck worked as a laborer in a field.

Through the flicker of flames I watch a silhouette of a man sitting on a log. He picks up his guitar and begins to strum. A few chords in, and a lady sitting beside him begins to sing.

I see the staff approach and get a little nervous. Aware that words spoken here carry weight. We are always casting spells or uttering prayers.

My voice is shaky but the purpose of my words find their way.
“We need to ask hard questions about our current systems.
What is their purpose and whose interests do they really serve ?
We should decide what we want our lives to mean”

I throw all my preconceived ideas into the fire and watch them burn.
The fire’s flames flicker.
I feel heard.

The staff takes a break and rests upon the sand in *no one's* hand.

The conversation is paused for a moment. People stand up and shake the sand from off their backside. Others wander down to the shoreline.

You can’t have a hui without a feast. The aroma of food cooking is inviting. The guitar and the singer make beautiful music.

The irony of the scene is not lost on me.

Ordinary people around a campfire. The merging of cooking and conversation. Gathered back at the very origins of our evolution.What better place to gather fresh insights into old problems.
It’s a start

Donna Faulkner is a Poet, Writer, and Artist with a lot of unique merch at: https://linktr.ee/donnafaulkner