*From having such a tough time, a little bridge.*

*A little bridge and then a Rubik’s cube.*

*I made myself, holding flowers.*

*And the gable end of a house.*

*Special things in the midst of the horrible.*

*What’s it called? Stonehenge.*

*Yeah, that’s it.*

*Something that will last forever.*

*I made a tree.*

*You could put the names of people on it.*

*Like those who didn’t get clapped for.*

*I made my story.*

*I did the world in my hands.*

*Let’s imagine it’s taller than this building!*

*You might find it when walking through the forest.*

*It’s so wide, and it’s also so small.*

*It will shelter you from the rain.*

*I made a satellite, and these are solar panels.*

*Because we all became connected.*

*And***this***is the Covid virus.*

*I put it in a bubble and put a mask on it.*

*I made nothing.*

*I couldn’t visualise anything.*

*I suppose that’s a symbol of hope.*

*I put it on something that’s arched that you can go inside.*

*And from there I made something with a hole in.*

*The light shines through, in the midst of it all.*

*So from having such a tough time, I decided to create a little bridge.*

Someone said they used to live here a long time ago, but never came in this hall.

Someone said it used to be a covid testing centre.

a big white cube, but now its warm, as warm as the fiery gates of hell.

Someone said ‘covid adventure’. Just give us a call. And then they got a call from someone in Canada. A man hadn’t seen someone for 3 weeks. They had a conversation through a window.

A door in the hall closes.

Someone said ‘we’re thinking of running a food bank’ and then they handed out food to 21 families.

They said they lost their job. And could have just stayed inside with the curtains closed.

And they said ‘but… we fed 21 and a half thousand people, in a place that doesn’t need a food bank.’

They said they saw the hardest visions in their life when people were standing out in the rain.

Someone else said thank you, the best thing about this is hearing peoples stories.

And the foodbanks story started in covid. Crisis upon crisis.

Someone said privilege, resilience, commitment, disappointment and stress.

Someone said how can you memorialise when everything and everyone is so diverse?

Someone read a quote: ‘the baby saw the wonder through the trees and the leaves.’

They said the world stopped, and that was a gift.

The hall falls silent.

Someone says, ‘will you turn the lights off?’

Someone else said ‘hhmmmm professionals’

Someone said, ‘I’m still not well’ I need to get back.

Two hands have made something about touch, because in some way covid is all about touching or not touching.

A body has made bodies. An exploded house, the words ‘lonely-experience’.

This can only happen for a short while.

Someone said we have a whole load of positive experiences to say. Because they are the people who were willing to speak.

Who hasn’t spoken?

Someone said is this a spillage? What else would spill if it was allowed to?

Is this a lost opportunity? No, but it would be good to chat more.

Someone said it’s nice that you care.

Someone said im very grateful. Its generous and beautiful.

Someone said I can’t see any of you. Its all encompassing.

They said there is real joy, and there is great pain. We sculpted our stories.

We went through the same thing in different ways. Cargo precious, reverberating in beautiful fragile shells.

They said ‘how are you’ and they meant it.

Grief of lost loved ones in barren funeral parlours. Machines, tubes and wires. Scared faces. Steel bars, cupped in shared hands of tantrum stained children in battened down hatches.

I wish I could clasp my hands behind your back, forgive me almighty Andrex.

A body moves in short bursts and gestures. The face looks at the floor,fixed on a spot. Is there something through the stage I can’t see? What else is in this room? What can we not see?

A body moves on its own in this room, on a stage. How brave. And how generous. Again. They look at the floor again. Where are you looking?

A body moves in harsh white light. Like the harsh light of a covid testing centre.

Many eyes on a single body.

A sharp focus. A small tattoo on a leg, another small memorial.

The body makes small gestures, like they are trying to gather the air. To bring the air in close. How generous.

In silence, the body looks up past the people watching, towards the back door, but I know what’s out there.

Hands delicately move glasses onto podiums. Half full of water. A pressure on a glass rim sounds a delicate drone in the hall.

Then such a beautiful voice. And another.

Tiny ripples in a small glass, and the waving of a voice.

two bodies speak in ways unknown either side of a barrier of glass, like two oceans crashing into each other’s breakers.

A body sharply inhales, then peals out a flood of clear sound.

The bodies close their eyes. They are waving our sorrows back at us. How generous.

But we didn’t want to leave without having time to reflect.

A memorial is what we make when we don’t want to forget.

Vessels vessels bodies vessels.

Inspiring people open and vulnerable, open and vulnerable as a community, open like a vessel.

Covid as a vessel.

A fermentation vessel. It’s a shifting form.

Like the village. The village is a vessel.

If you would like to speak, id love that.

Somebody says an archive for covid. An archive as a vessel.

And somebody mentioned liveness. Liveness of remembering, liveness of eating.

Liveness of stories and stories shared.

Somebody shared that the artists gave us space, space in time, space to be together in time.

And about memorials being something to go into, as opposed to looking on to.

A vessel to be in, to lament over loss.

Somebody mentioned the holocaust, and HIV AIDS. It reminds it reminds it reminds.

And then Somebody said we came here together, and that is the legacy, and the legacy is in the story, and the story is in the heart, and that’s live, and the heart is a vessel, a vessel constantly memorialising.

My heart is an archive. And so is yours.

Sensation, touch. Delicate-ness, cautiousness. Finding your feet when you can’t find your feet.

Somebody reminded us of a vast open sea and we were all grateful for that.

Somebody said they used to live here a long time ago, but never came in the hall. But I’m glad we were here tonight. Go well.