

# THIRTEEN OCEANS AND ONE DREAM

WE ARE ALL ORDINARY YET TALENTED  
HUMAN BEINGS  
WE HAVE SIMPLE TOOLS TO MAKE COMPLEX THINGS  
WE ARE MADE TO SURVIVE, TO FALL AND TO RISE AGAIN  
WE CAN BE WEAK AND VULNERABLE  
BUT WITH TIME WE BECOME STRONG, RESILIENT AND  
CLAIRVOYANT  
WE FEEL WHAT CANNOT BE SEEN  
AND HEAR WHAT IS NOT YET SAID  
WE CAN HEAR THE SAME THING FROM DIFFERENT  
ANGLES  
OUR COMPREHENSION IS MADE FOR DIFFERENT LEVELS  
OUR ABILITIES ARE IMPROVED BY CHALLENGE  
OUR LIMITS ARE PUSHED THROUGH FAITH AND SUFFERING,  
WE ARE PUT HERE ON PURPOSE,  
AND THE ONE WHO MADE US KNOWS US BY HEART.

I HAVE SEARCHED FOR WORDS TO DESCRIBE WHAT IS WHAT  
AND I HAVE SEARCHED FOR EXPLANATIONS OF  
"HOW AND WHY"  
I HAVE PONDERED REASONS WHY WE FIGHT  
AND WHY WE NEED TO WIN TO PROVE A POINT  
FOUND MANY NAMES FOR VICTORY LIKE CONQUEST,  
SUPREMACY, UPPER HAND, TRIUMPH,  
ALL OF WHICH SOUNDS PRETTY MOTIVATING,  
BUT HOW COME WHEN ONE WINS SOMEONE ELSE HAS TO  
LOSE,  
AND WITH THE PAIN IT BRINGS COMES YET ANOTHER LITTLE  
BAGGAGE  
FULL OF BIG THINGS LIKE EMBARRASSMENT, DESTRUCTION,  
COLLAPSE BREAKDOWN, TRIMMING AND LOSS  
HOW COME ONE'S HOPE IS ANOTHER'S DESPAIR,  
ONE'S JOY IS ANOTHER'S TRAGEDY  
AND ONE'S COMPLETION IS SOMEONE ELSE'S HUMILIATION?

I SUDDENLY FIND MYSELF WITH A NEW SET OF SYNONYMS  
FOR VICTORY,  
A PARALLEL ONE WHICH SCIENTIFICALLY AS WELL AS  
EMOTIONALLY  
WOULD ALWAYS WALK ALONG BUT NEVER MEET,  
IT IS DEFEAT,  
THAT IS; FOR THE OTHER SIDE  
THE ONLY PLACE THEY WILL EVER MEET IS IN THIS WORLD  
AND ITS' PERFECT IMBALANCE,  
WHICH BRINGS ME TO AN ALL-NEW SET OF SYNONYMS;  
INEQUALITY, ASYMMETRY, DISPROPORTION, AND  
UNEVENNESS.

**HONEST FACES SCARED AND LONELY,  
LONGING FOR ONE WORD OF HOPE FOR ALL.  
HEAR THEM OUT TODAY,  
HEAR THEM OUT WITH HEART.**

FROM MY POINT OF VIEW, AND YOU MIGHT ALSO AGREE  
WE HAVE TO TRY TO BE ON ONE SIDE TO MAKE PARALLELS  
MEET,  
TO DEFEAT THE ORDINARY AND FAIRLY AIM FOR THE  
EXTRAORDINARY,  
WHICH WOULD RESULT IN SOMETHING LIKE AN IMPERFECT  
BALANCE OF ALL  
WHERE ALL HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS,  
WHERE ALL COME FROM DIFFERENT BACKGROUNDS,  
WHERE ALL HAVE DIFFERENT TALENTS,  
WHERE ALL SPEAK DIFFERENT LANGUAGES,  
AND THEIR COUNTRIES HAVE NO CLEAR BORDERS,  
AND OUR MOTHER EARTH HAS ONLY ONE CONTINENT,  
55 RIVERS, 77 MOUNTAINS, THIRTEEN OCEANS,  
YET ONLY ONE DREAM.  
...THIRTEEN OCEANS YET ONE DREAM...