

Narrative for Sound Composition

*They learned to live with the sea
as an extension of themselves,
moving in resonance with tides
through a practice of deep listening and sensing.*

*But the ocean is changing.
Global fishing industry, digging for oil, digging for gas,
war at the shore,
a rising level—
the sea is becoming a stranger.*

*Rosa Napau remembers when xokolo was abundant.
When low tide meant more than just survival.
When each shell put back on the sand carried the promise of another day.*

*Today, the harvest is thin.
The buckets rarely fill.
Yet she continues to chant—
of joy,
of hunger,
chants that hold the memory of a living ocean.*

*Maimuna is the third generation to do xokolo.
Her mother does it.
Her grandmother did it.*

*This is the language of the tides—
a sea resonance carried in body, breath, and rhythm;
a way of listening to the water,
listening with the water,
listening as water itself;*

*But the rising sea is a threat.
Cyclones arrive more often,
saltwater creeps further in,
and the xokolo grow fewer.*

*No one knows how long this will last.
How long the chants
will move across the tidal flats.*

*How long Rosa and Maimuna will continue to interpret the ocean's shifting mood
and listen for what remains*