

2012

Homage To Maps; Still; To The Occupation

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Recommended Citation

Gould, Kenneth A. & Jeremy". Dehart. 2012. "Homage To Maps; Still; To The Occupation." *Societies Without Borders* 7 (4): 488-498.
Available at: <https://scholarlycommons.law.case.edu/swb/vol7/iss4/11>

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Photography
Homage To Maps; Still; To The Occupation

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Received December 2012; Accepted December 2012



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We are gathered here this evening to pay homage to the maps.

These maps are marked by free, forthright, and sincere expression.

These maps have also bled and cried.

These fading maps were drawn up by the determined starving,
and traveled centuries to rest on these tired bookshelves and cracked
walls.

These maps have harbored injustices
but have also lead the discontented and downtrodden
to horizons distant.

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These maps all point to true north
but don't disregard true east,
true west,
and true south.

These directions long for your hand as much as I.

Whether by land,
by sea,
or by air,
peer out of your portholes
and erase the fences and gates.

This mighty Earth is for all to enjoy
for it knows not race,
knows not gender,
and nations are as unknown to it as we are to each other.

So travel true my thirsty comrades.

Make Uncle Walt proud.

....

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The smell of vinegar
still lingers on bandannas and shirt sleeves.

Arms are still locked in solidarity.

Images of boots still crushing doves in mourning.

Shouts of revolt still ring in ears unnerving.

Tastes of freedom still inches away.

WE STILL STAND

Strong!

Never faltering!

WE STILL MARCH

In streets, over hills, through valleys, pushing onward.

WE STILL GROW

Like flowers in the cracks of your sidewalks.

WE STILL OCCUPY!!!

You cannot beat us.....
so join us!

THAT ONE LOVE

I've always been that awkward guy.

The one that couldn't say the right words,
the one that tripped over his own feet,
the one that mumbled and could never talk straight,
the one that always wanted to find love.

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That one love.

That type of love where two eyes lock like puzzle pieces.

That one love where two hands get sweaty from holding each other too long.

That one love where we can have nothing yet own the world.

Well now I've risen.

Now I've found it.

I've found Zuccotti Park.

I've found the Occupation,
and I'll never let go.

So sleep soundly tonight love.

When we wake, we'll fall in love again.

Tomorrow we'll embrace once more...just like the first time
and when the sun rises again to kiss us with it's warmth,
we'll be there to kiss it back.

When the rain falls down on us,
we'll be here to fall back onto it with our own liquid ecstasy.

So sleep soundly tonight love
and when you wake, I'll still be here
ready to take you into my heart...
into my eyes...
into my arms...

And together we'll cradle the new dawn.

....

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Hello!

I see you standing there
with arms outstretched, screaming for justice.

Red and black bandanna draped over your strangled neck.

Black hood cloaking a brilliant mind.

Hello there!

I hear you as well Crowd,
all you listeners and echoers,
chanting the day's news for all.

Hello there!

I see you too Signbearer,
creatively parading your opinions to skeptical onlookers while you cry
inside.

I hear those cries and I take them in!

Ah, the Musicians.

The saxophones, trombones, and drums.

Ah, those drums,
the thunder to our lightening.

How they move our spirits and beckon us to battle as in the days of
Jericho.

How I love you all!

How cherished I feel to walk among you
in thunderous lockstep towards the bright horizon!

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