

## The Bowerbird and the Lady

The Bowerbird's color was a smooth satin blue.  
It shimmered so brightly and sang while it flew.  
It came to my window and sang a strange song.  
I knew in my heart I must follow along.

The Bowerbird flew while I walked a brisk pace.  
Across a green field toward a faraway place.  
To a lone single mountain whose peak was so high,  
Majestic and tall it reached up to the sky.

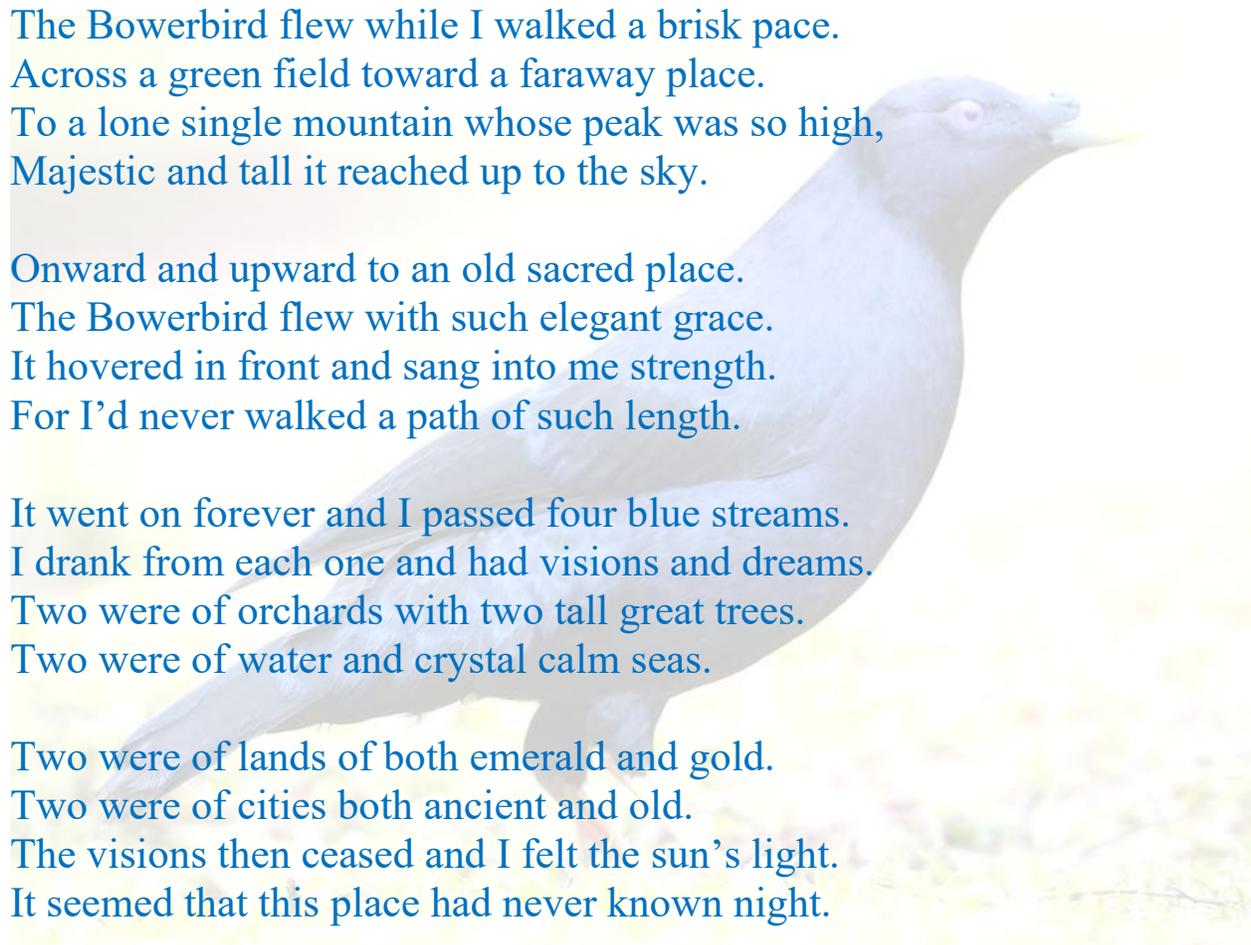
Onward and upward to an old sacred place.  
The Bowerbird flew with such elegant grace.  
It hovered in front and sang into me strength.  
For I'd never walked a path of such length.

It went on forever and I passed four blue streams.  
I drank from each one and had visions and dreams.  
Two were of orchards with two tall great trees.  
Two were of water and crystal calm seas.

Two were of lands of both emerald and gold.  
Two were of cities both ancient and old.  
The visions then ceased and I felt the sun's light.  
It seemed that this place had never known night.

The sun's yellow light sank into my skin.  
It burned without pain and renewed from within.  
It reached a deep place that I couldn't define.  
Perfect and pure without need to refine.

The Bowerbird changed to a fresh and new tune.  
A song of such beauty that I wanted to swoon.



But I heard in the song a slight urgency.  
To get to the place that it brought me to see.

We went to the top and it was a plateau.  
A garden of trees that all grew in a row.  
Hemmed in by a wall made of white stone.  
With an east gate, and beyond the unknown.

The gate then swung open, not making a sound.  
The Bowerbird landed and walked on the ground.  
Head down and eyes shut, it walked through the gate.  
The path that it walked was narrow and straight.

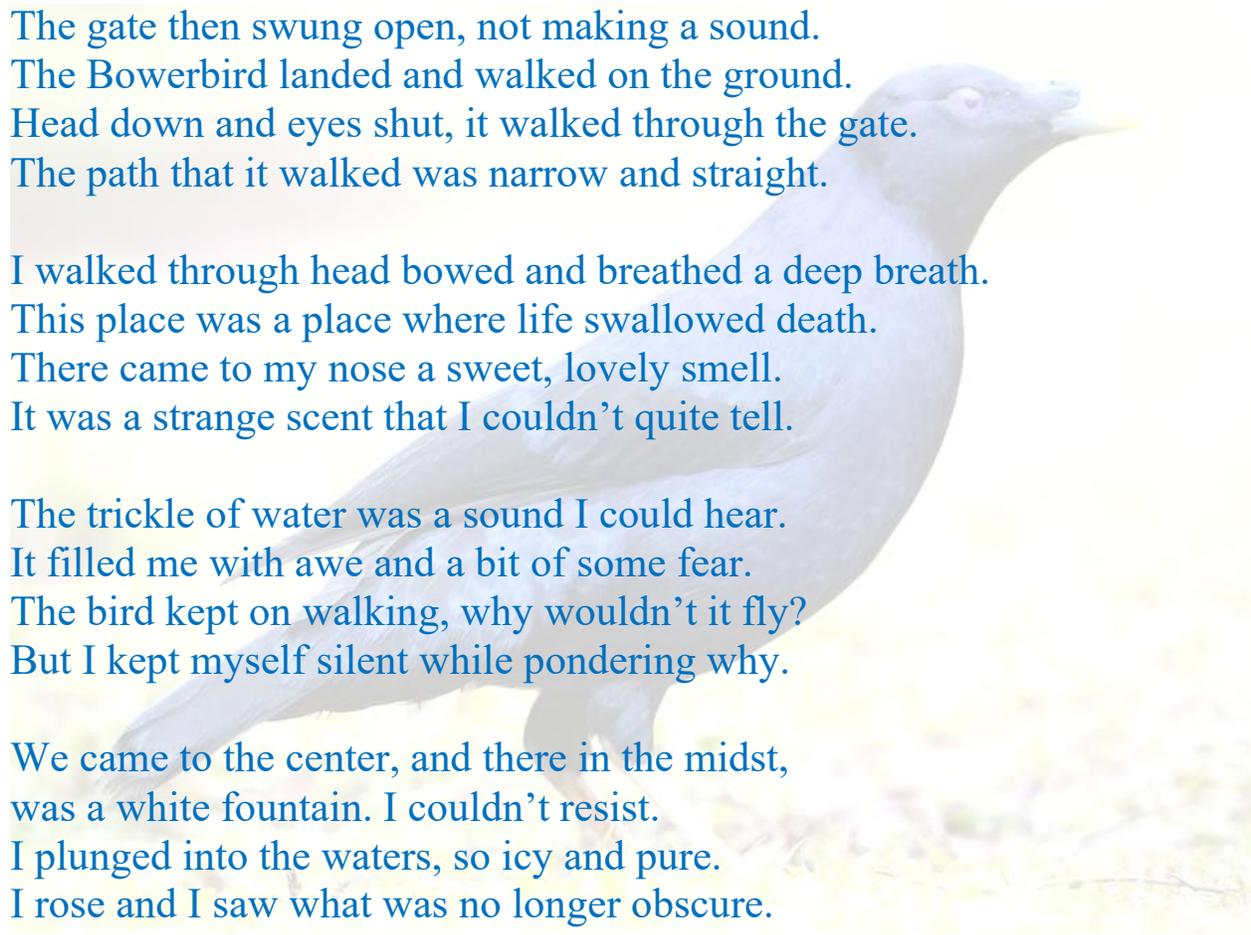
I walked through head bowed and breathed a deep breath.  
This place was a place where life swallowed death.  
There came to my nose a sweet, lovely smell.  
It was a strange scent that I couldn't quite tell.

The trickle of water was a sound I could hear.  
It filled me with awe and a bit of some fear.  
The bird kept on walking, why wouldn't it fly?  
But I kept myself silent while pondering why.

We came to the center, and there in the midst,  
was a white fountain. I couldn't resist.  
I plunged into the waters, so icy and pure.  
I rose and I saw what was no longer obscure.

A lady in white stood by a white tree;  
From it hung fruit that was pale silvery.  
The Bowerbird flew and perched on a branch.  
The look from the lady caused me to blanch.

Filled with a beauty both terrible and fair.  
Long limbs of white and raven dark hair.



She offered a smile and with it came choice.  
In words from her heart, she spoke without voice.

A great silver fruit hung beneath the bird's feet.  
It smelled so delicious and ready to eat.  
I plucked it so gently and with tender care.  
I raised it to bite and then was aware.

A glance at the Lady, both our eyes met.  
I heard in my heart, the time was not yet.  
The Bowerbird uttered a lone single note.  
One of great power but also remote.

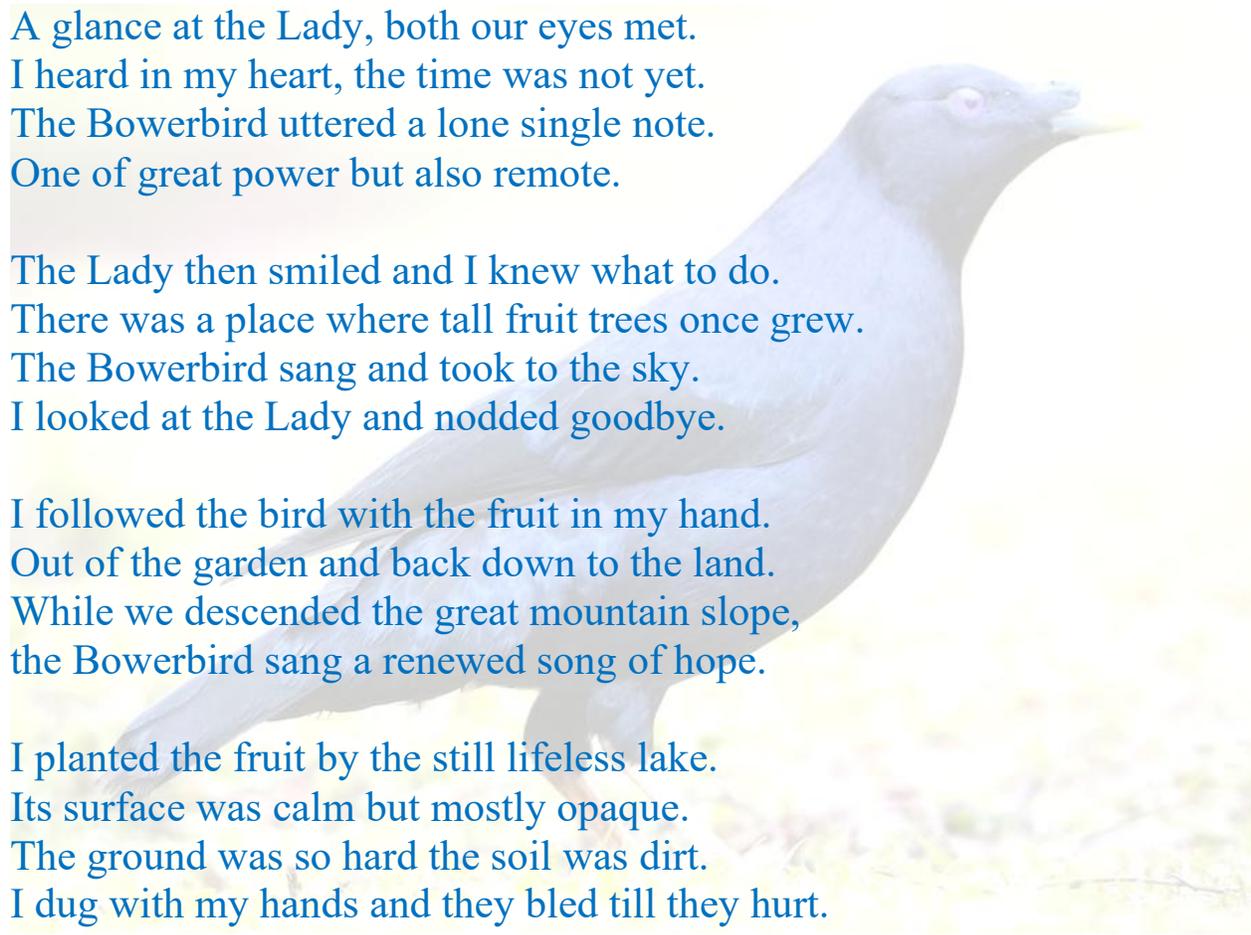
The Lady then smiled and I knew what to do.  
There was a place where tall fruit trees once grew.  
The Bowerbird sang and took to the sky.  
I looked at the Lady and nodded goodbye.

I followed the bird with the fruit in my hand.  
Out of the garden and back down to the land.  
While we descended the great mountain slope,  
the Bowerbird sang a renewed song of hope.

I planted the fruit by the still lifeless lake.  
Its surface was calm but mostly opaque.  
The ground was so hard the soil was dirt.  
I dug with my hands and they bled till they hurt.

Nearby to the lake was a pasture of sheep.  
I lay down with them and went into a sleep.  
The Bowerbird hovered then laid down with me.  
His song was subdued and a little off key.

I awoke to the sun and a sweet smelling smell;  
of ripe silver fruits and a land that was well.



The fruit had become a great towering tree.  
Its leaves shone with light and I bowed reverently.

The fruits on the tree peeped out like young stars.  
The dirt became soil now cured of its scars.  
The lake turned to blue and the land became green.  
A breeze blew about that was pure, fresh, and clean.

People then came and they bowed and they kneeled.  
They ate of the tree and they all became healed.  
The tree became taller and planted deep roots.  
It was its delight to give of its fruits.

At last it was time for me to eat too.  
The Bowerbird tweeted a song that was new.  
The Lady appeared and said to partake.  
For the land had been healed of its great mistake.

Then a voice spoke that only we heard.  
Just the lady and me and the blue Bowerbird.  
Suddenly surrounded by a wild bright light.  
We all entered into its final delight.

