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The language of Birds

R. L. Boyer

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The language of Birds

The language of Birds
—*for Taliesen*
R. L. Boyer

Nam et ipse Verus Propheta ab initio mundi per saeculum
currens festinat ad requiem.—Anonymous

I.

I am not your contemporary.
My song is older than the mountains.
My song was written before Time began.
My song is a symphony of ten thousand voices.
My song cascades, a waterfall, into the bottomless chasm.
I sing in a language more ancient than blood.

II.

I watched as the Inca hid their treasures of gold.
I watched as Osiris was nailed in his tomb.
I watched as the angels fell down from the heavens.
I watched as the God-child was formed in the womb.
I have witnessed the endless transformation.
I have flown with the eagle of time.
I have dreamt the chaotic history of the world.
I have awakened in the darkness while all others slept.

III.

I dwell in repose in the very Ground of Being.
I worship the mystery of Myself.
I am the One who shall be as I Am.
I am the One who does not change.
I am the Axis and Soul of the World.

IV.

There is something Eternal in everything.
At times it is as silent as the stars;
At times it fills the air with music.
Listen, and you will hear the primal warbling of Nature.
Listen, and I will sing to you in the language of birds.