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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.