

Birdroot

I am the root, she is the bird
I can hear a sound, from the underground,
a cry that woke me up, and called me up.

up up I went, crossing the underworld
finding a seed, buried deep within,
taking a ride, on the breath of life,
I blossomed and burst into the sunlight
that peeks me for the first time.

the sounds of the birds, toads, insects,
machines, and guns all around me,
the chaos of the hell I wake up into
worse than where I come through,

I see angels crying on the ground
their barks and roots shattering in the rain
breaking through a wall of concrete pain

I see the shell of what I will become
seeking to hear the sound of the bird
who once woke me up, and called me up.

A promise to my roots, to fly back home one day
back to the distant lands far away
I spread my wings into the cool breeze
pulling me away at the end of summer.



I fly with the winds
over the autumn sky
winter chasing me away
wearing me down
turning my flight
round and round about.

And up I go once more,
taking a flight
across the sacred blue seas
chasing down the setting sun
into a far away dawn.

Flying into the forests,
Hidden in the clouds,
I see the morning sun
that lifts my wings back up into the sky,
to take me back home one day
in every season of my birth,
I call it my birdroot.

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