

The sun's wave
 broke upon the earth.
 Upon its crest
 rode Falling Star.
 He was the first of his people.

He walked the land.
 The soil was rich
 the water sweet and plentiful.
 He heard the singing
 of a light threaded stream.
 It lifted him
 and he flew to its source.
 There he beheld Shining Dove.
 She became his wife
 the mother of the Quiet Tribe.

The tribe grew
 taking whatever they saw and desired.
 But others were also cast upon the earth
 and they too became many.
 What was once free
 could only be had by taking from another.

At the beginning
 only the living and life giving were named.
 Now the people knew the words of killing.
 Fights became battles
 battles wars
 each given names
 as once only babies were christened.
 Songs rejoicing in new life
 yielded to those glorying in a foe's death.

The Quiet Tribe
 became the Babbling Destroyer.
 Things became valued
 over lives.

The Mother and Father wept
 washed away by the river of tears
 to the flowered land beyond sorrow.

Words became meaningless and many
 filling the skies with empty air.
 Their polluted clouds hid the sun
 and suffocated the living.

Yet the poisons could not kill all.
 A few endured
 to learn of deeper things.
 The brave sacrifice
 so another might live.
 The starlight of mercy
 amidst the dreadful night.
 The forgiving of grievous wounds.
 And so, the seed awakes
 to become as it should be.

A new word emerges
 that is above all others
 but few know its true meaning.
 Those who do
 bear the shining fruit
 walking the forever path
 ascending beyond the stars.

This is the time of adventure
 the striving of life to live.
 Cowards, heroes, villains, saints,
 the sad now, the hopeful then.
 Countless stories with endings
 that have yet to come to an end.