

in the before time, dark switched on to become a canvas of tachyonic light

and then rested in its brightness

then dark marks began to dance on the screen of itself

and the canvas could hear the drawing of the marks

and then the canvas rested in silence, returning to pure brightness

then musical tones of color began to dance in the tachyonic light

and then rested again in the silent bright

in the before time, the wispy marks of music and light

began to hear in itself a voice, and the voice became voices,

and yet remained only itself

and then the canvas grew dark and silent and slept a thousand years

in the morning, birds began to sing but could not be seen in the dark

so the canvas returned to brightness and began to draw a sky

the birds flew down from the sky, but had nowhere to perch

so the dancing marks branched out to make a place for them

and the sky reflected itself to make the ground

to make a place for the branches

which huddled about each other to become the first tree

when the birds grew hungry, the tree offered them seeds

and they were satisfied, and the canvas and all that danced on it

grew dark and rested the second night

when morning came, the ground was covered with seeds all about

but the land was dry and the sky was dark, the birds were still asleep

the sky grew sad and began to cry, so the seeds soaked up its tears

and reached up to the sky to comfort it  
the canvas brightened and the birds woke up and nested in all the trees  
chirp followed chirp and broke into song and the trees began to wave  
and the sky teared up but not in sadness, joy was in the air  
then the canvas drifted off to peaceful sleep in the darkness from which it sprang  
when morning came, all was silent and dark  
and the canvas breathed a deep sigh  
so it breathed again and again and again and leaves began to toss and rattle  
and woke some sleeping birds, yet the darkness still remained  
then one by one the birds began to chirp and the sky could hear the sounds  
so the sky woke up and returned the light and the wind began to blow  
the birds took shelter, nesting deep in the boughs of the shaking trees  
who shed their seeds to the winding currents and their leaves to follow the seeds  
and the seeds fell down to the waiting ground  
and were covered by the drifting leaves  
then the canvas repented and began to cry and sank back into sleep  
when day returned, all was quiet, a mist was in the air  
a mist of sadness and yet of hope that all had not been lost