

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.

then a gardener appeared to care for the seeds,  
and talk to the birds, and they answered back,  
in beautiful songs so sweet and mild.

and a sun appeared up in the sky,  
and shown so bright until the night,  
when all could rest and the gardener sleep.

then morning came and the birds did sing,  
to greet the sun on its second day.