

The Burping Birds and The Synchronistic Ducks

Long before our culture
Before the tick of time
And well before the mask of life
Occupied the mind

We were a bunch of nomads
Roaming territory
We were a bunch of chicks and lads
Bathed in morning glory

Of simply being bunches
Of Beings living well
From the gifts of Mother Earth
And skies of weather's swell

We didn't need a letterbox
A phone or you.com
We didn't need timekeepers
In society's Gravitron

Instead we had the stars and moon
Planetary flux
In fact, we lived in total groove
Like synchronistic ducks

We knew we had each other
And that was all that mattered
That was certain comfort
When we felt all worn and battered

For there was always someone
A didge, a pipe or skin
To sing through all the riddles
Smoke our prayers or wrap us in

Funny that, it wasn't like
We ever made big plans
To conquer someone's family
Or claim our name on lands

Instead we were concerned
With our realities of magic
Born from co-creating
With intentions pure as tantric

And all our worries of today
Back then had not the words
Complain, conflict and struggle
Were as foreign as burping birds

And so I question, What has changed?
We're still the same old bunches
These days burdened with the riddles
Worn from fearful hunches

As though we're humans different to
The ones who first were born
Before our lands could be described
As pillaged and war-torn

I say, 'Hell no!' whoever thought
We'd undergo such change?
Forgetting we are something else
Than all but in the range

Of elemental construct
Embraced by cosmic calm
Honouring the chaos
Of universal charm

One thing that sticks and has remained
Despite the masks we wear
One thing that hasn't changed a bit
Throughout our wear and tear

Is bundled in a single term
For Operation Pro
One Word, embracing what it means
To be sister and bro

And if you have an inkling
Of what that word may be,

I dare you now to stretch your lungs
And shout: Community!

The one and only creature
Of humanity combined
That reaches for the highest truth
Breathes through being kind

Sharing, caring, help preparing
Life's old mundane days
Transforming them with unconditional
Love and rainbow rays

Its medicine, communal doses
Of the golden rule
That you are never on your own
But swimming in the pool

Of constant connectivity
Friendships forging faith
Trusting in the mystery
That something else is great

And we are all reflections
Of the great thing that we honour
We are conduits
Who accidently make it greater

Especially when here, together,
Present in the Now
Rolling with the rock 'n roll
Forgetting as to how

Merging with the force of love
Addicted to the hug
Community, it's like the plague
A bold infectious bug