



And then, when the time was right, Yawahr gathered up some dust of the earth to mould the shapes of every creature.

Yawahr moulds,  
Yungbali sings  
Wingguraminya breathes

and that's how the creatures are made.

The letters of every creature is moulded and sung and breathed  
and life dances within them all.

And it is good. Very good.

Then, from Yawahr's dream:

'Let us make woman and man in our image,'  
'In our own image and likeness shall they be made.'

So taking some dust of the earth,

Yawahr moulds,  
Yungbali sings  
Winguraminya breathes

. . . and that's how earthlings are made:  
men and woman, humans from the humus  
and life dances within them all.

Woman and man took up their place in Yawahr's living dream, and together  
everything

everything,  
everything  
was good – very good!

Yawahr is pleased, very pleased.

## SONGLINES

And then Yawahr took Yungbali and wrote traces of the Song across the land,  
along the rivers and threaded across the sky.

And when you are very quiet, and you listen very carefully, you can hear the  
music, and it can live in you.

Shsh.

Listen. You can hear the Song whispering.

FALLING

Sophia is listening. Of women and men, Sophia is the one who listens more carefully than all before her. She walks humbly upon the earth. She listens.

But not all are so wise.

Listening becomes selective and narrow.

Then deafness grows, until it spreads like a plague.

Women and men have **all** they need –

but it is not enough...

and their demands persist, without rest.

In the freedom to create, there is another:

the freedom to un-create, the freedom to deform and destroy.

And deafness grants permission.

Some men and some women exploit their power and give themselves over to stealing and hoarding and lying and hurting. A mountain of pain is heaped upon another. The violence is terrifying, trust is abandoned and where joy and harmony should flow, now there was blood, rivers of blood. The hopes for corroboree fade.

Deafness approaches perfection,

darkness deepens

and violence climbs to senseless heights.

Sophia cries out: 'who will save us? Anyone?'

Yawahr, the Singer of the Song looks on . . . and weeps.

INCARNATION

Yawahr sends Yungbali who combs the land, searching for the place to pitch a dwelling. Eight trees stand out, and Yungbali finds in their timbers, the grain and courage to bear the Song.

And the timbers are these:

Acacia ... Banksia ... Boronia ... Huon ...

Jarrah ... Karri ... Kurrajong ... Wandoo.

And so Yungbali pours himself out, emptying himself of all movement and sound, and enters into the trees themselves. Yungbali BECOMES the trees. The Song of Creation exchanges the freedom and flight of the wind for the ground and timber of the forest. The Song is set in one place, bound to one time and stands in silent passion.

## SACRIFICE

When the earthlings hatch their bloody deeds, the woods is nest from which they spring – these woods, the very woods Yungbali has now indwelt. Yungbali confronted them, standing before them, face to face, eye to eye, jowl to jowl. The breeze blew gently through the leaves. An odour arose like a thickening fog, a rotting foulness previously unnoticed. Some flee in disgust at their own stench. But not all.

Not all.

With deaf ears and blocked senses, they move with terrible speed.

‘This is our chance.’

‘We could not wish for a better time.’

To the foot of the trees they hurry. They raise their shining blades of steel which flash as lightning, and one by one, the trees are cut and fall to the ground. The people’s shame is removed; the forest is felled. The timber and the Song lie dead like boards as the delighted dance upon their backs.

The Song lay as lifeless as the strewn timber. Dead and all was lost. Violence has flourished and the strongest arm has risen over all before it. Deafness has become complete and evil is full blown.

Sophia’s heart is rent in two like a canvas. Pain tears the wound wide and despair hovers, ready to roost.

But then, in that moment, when all seems hopeless, Sophia is given a vision, an idea; Sophia has a dream. It is the dream of a vessel to carry the hopes of the whole of creation across the chaos and flooding waters and on to the other side.

With her family, Sophia cuts and forms the eight felled timbers, and with it a vessel takes shape. Timber is wrought upon timber, plank upon plank and a mighty vessel is complete. Sophia’s vessel is sealed.

And then, just as the skies brew darkly, a remarkable thing takes place. One by one, on the four great winds, an ambassador for each of the creatures of the land processes to the Vessel. Every creature that crawls or runs or flies, gathers in silent procession, to the mocking stares of the men and women they pass. One by one the creatures lay the seed of their young in the Vessel – two eggs, two young, turning back silently to sit in circle, watching, waiting. As the clouds press in, there is an eerie calm.

And when the last of the creatures has come ...

Sophia and her family enter the Vessel  
and the doors of the Vessel are shut.



“The earth does not belong to us. We are the ones who know the difference between life and death. We have the power to make and create, to heal or to hurt, but we must choose.” The circle of the creatures lean inwards as Sophia spoke to her kind. “This is our burden and our gift. Listen. Listen for the Song and choose – choose life.”

Yungbali soars,  
Wingaraminya blows  
and Yawahr smiles.

The creatures roar with delight and surge up and out to fill the earth once more.

Shh.  
Listen.  
Shh.  
Can you hear it?  
Shsh.

***Choose life.***