

YUNGBALI, *the song of Creation*

In the beginning,
(before anything)
Yawahr, the Great Corroboree was.

And in the beginning there was only Yawahr, and a dream,
 A dream of light, and life, and sharing ...
 all the fullness of moving, and dancing, and living – a dream of
corroboree shared.

So in the beginning
Yawahr opened his mouth
and from it
emerged Yungbali,
 the sound of the dream voiced in Song.

Yungbaliis Language,
 the Song of Corroboree and Yawahr's expansive dream.

But Yungbali cannot sing in a void.

So, waiting for this moment, was Wigguraminya,
 the very wind and breath of Yawahr.

Wigguraminya carried Yungbali upon her wing and together they flew and
pushed back empty space and filled it. As she did, the dust gathered in her trail,
forming stars and sun and earth and moon,
 mountains, and rivers and oceans.

And it was good. Very good.

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

 Yawahr moulded,
 Wigguraminya breathes
 and Yungbali sings
 and that's how the creatures were made.
 Their letters are sung into order, and life dances within them all.

And it is good. Very good.

But Yawahr's dream is incomplete ...

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

So taking some dust of the earth,
 Yawahr moulded,
 Wigguraminya breathes
 and Yungbalisings

and that's how men and women were made;
humans from the humus, earthlings from the earth,
and life dances within them all.

Woman and man took up their place within Yawahr's dream, and together
everything
everything,
everything
was good – very good!

Yawahr is pleased, very pleased.

* * *

And then it was that Yawahr took Yungbali and wrote traces of the Song of Creation across the land for Woman and Man to follow. The Song can be found in the land, along the rivers and threaded across the sky, in the young, and written in the faces of the poor, the orphan, and the stranger.

And when you are very quiet, and you listen very carefully, you can hear the music, and a new and fresh imagination abounds.

Shsh.

Listen. You can hear the Song whispering:
'Choose life. Choose life'.

* * *

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 and hears within it the Song of Creation. But not all are so wise. Deafness spreads like a plague.

Women and men have **all** they need –
but it is not enough...
and their demands persist, without rest.

It is the freedom to create that ushers yet another:
the freedom to un-create, the freedom to destroy and deform.

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, lots 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.

When the time is right, Yawahr sends Yungbali who combs the earth, searching for the right place to pitch his tent. 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.

When the wicked hatch their shameful deeds, their nest is the woods, these woods, the very woods Yungbali has now become. Yungbali confronted them, standing before them, face to face, eye to eye, jowl to jowl. And the wicked saw their shame and fled into the light of day.

But not all. Some saw this as a chance to remove their shame, to cut it off. 'This is our chance', they whisper. 'We could not wish for a better time.' They raise their shining blades of steel which flash like lightning and one by one, the trees are cut and fall dead to the ground.

The forest is felled, the woods lay strewn and the Song is lifeless, dead to the world around it. 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 ripped in two like a canvas. Pain tears the wound wide and despair hovers ready to make a nest there.

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 into a mighty vessel. The violence surrounds them and is brutal, but the vessel is completed. 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 earth process to the Vessel. Every creature that crawls or runs or flies gather in silent procession. One by one they lay the seed of their young in the Vessel – two eggs, two young. And when the last of the creatures has come ...

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

Immediately, Yawahr cries out in consuming sadness and tears of pain flood the earth. The thunders roar and the waters release their brutal dispassion – and as they rise, all is washed away, all trace of land is lost and chaos covers the earth.

The waters flood down from above
and up from below
and for forty days
chaos covers the earth in one unending night.

The rains then cease, but dawn withholds its light and a new time for waiting has come. Then when the brooding light of day breaks across a clearing sky
there,
 hanging up for all to see
 the woven colours of treaty,
 the bow of Yawahr's anger,
 is hung upon the sky.

Through the rainbow colours, Yawahr speaks:

'Never again will I use violence to end violence.
'My power and strong arm is the Song of Creation
which I pour out again o'er all the earth.'

*Listen.
Everything. Everything. Everything.
Entangled. Connected. Corroboree.*

*I have laid out before you life and death,
a blessing and a curse:
Choose life.*

Wingaraminya rushes forth and raises up Yungbali from the dead. The Vessel shakes and the timbers creak as Yungbali leaps up high. Yungbali draws all the waters to himself and returns them to their place and the earth is made ready once more.

The time has come. Yungbali sings and the doors of the Vessel spread wide as every creature spills forth, uncontrollable, leaping and crawling and flying to go and replenish the earth. Sophia and her family watch as they go, and then she speaks to her kind, saying:

'Let us go to cover the earth again. It 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. This is our burden and our gift. Listen. Listen for the Song. Choose well. Choose life.'

And as they went and everywhere they listened and chose life, an aroma rose up from among the people, the fragrance of the Song whose home is among them. One day, it will be everywhere, everywhere, yes, everywhere!