

The lyre bird

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

When silence makes his way next to me on the narrow path, I let his arm brush mine, and I stop singing with the birds. So, in the vast forest filled with songs and rustling, silence and I follow our path to the edge. Two tranquil strollers, meditating on the ancient voices around us. A sudden breeze caresses my cheeks as we progress towards the clearing, blue with fine yellow rays. On the moss, curled by the heat, we sit. The lyre bird comes near. Standing in front of us on its long legs, it rests on us its inquisitive eye. This skilled singer, realising perhaps that it is disturbing a solemn moment, displays its decorated train and mimics our silence.

