

# The Bird of Morning

IDF Andrew



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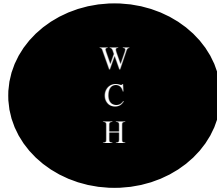
**Second Chance**

**Supporting Mental Health in Performing Arts**

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**Second Chance**

**You may need it next**

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*Because*

Because so many are torn away too soon  
too young, unsung,  
I'll make a sacrament of every day  
a hymn to every tree, to every cloud  
a song.

And when  
the dusk and twilight fall I will remember  
I will recall that each new day's  
a gift.

Because so many are torn away  
too soon, unsung,  
I will remember and remember well,  
one night, one day,  
I too shall be undone, my time will come.

And I'll be free to grow into the lineaments  
of a tree; a breath of cloud, a wave that  
rises and falls

and *sighs*  
and *sighs*

and *sighs*

an amaranthine sea.....

## *Awaken*

Spring *deepening*,  
the trees green haze grows dense,  
and every morning heralds change.  
The morning skies *immense*.

This is a *whispering* time,  
from bud to bird to bud; life celebrates it self  
and grows, and sings, and *opens up*.

With every hour that passes, I hear  
the rustling hedges, trees and grasses.

I feel the urgency of life, the pull of heart's desire,  
I wake and step into the world, with all my veins *on fire*.

Hills, woods, and fields, the budding, blossoming trees  
are beckoning me from easy sleep.

O come out side and sip the wild warm air, while Spring  
grows ever deep.

While Spring reminds us now through bud, branch, bird  
of all we have forsaken,  
and calls us, calls us tenderly,  
The time is come!

*'Awaken, souls, awaken!'*

## *At the Quaker meeting (1)*

Ivory walls and an oval of wooden chairs, muted colours of the matt, flat cushions, high benches and this handsome, slatted wooden floor.

On the central table just a thick, glass, rectangular vase of startlingly white chrysanthemums.

Again, in this quiet company of souls.

*We drift in one by one.*

It's just past six; outside the sky is lightening, spring stirs; We feel it in our chromosomes, our blood, our bones, awakening.

I hear muted conversations outside, my ringing ears, the creak of feet, small changes of position.

While second by second, the silence grows and blooms and deepens.

Here, it doesn't matter who you are, what you've achieved, what you believe, or what you own.

Age, sex, where you were born, are all immaterial in this eternal moment; this silence steals away concepts and words.

First, foremost and always you are a fellow, breathing human being.

*Just let the silence grow, blossom and deepen.*

Here, nothing is required of us, no will and no resolve.

Just let the self *dissolve* ...

*At the Quaker Meeting (2)*

Here, I have bought my manifold and hidden selves.  
My suffering inner child,  
my wanting self, self-centred, inward turning self.

*To ask my selves to see themselves.*

Let the child speak to the judging adult.  
Let the self absorbed one see what it is she tries to protect.  
Let the wanting self see what it is she needs.  
Let those wounds that are so resistant to being healed;  
*in time, be healed.*

Here with seated other selves,  
in this quiet room are all my diverse selves.

Waiting for something to happen.

And blessedly,

*Nothing* happens.



*FIRSTLY*

Firstly, *bow to the day.*

Then thank the night for her deep embrace.

Then turn your face to the light.

And make a space for yourself,  
that all day long you'll be self kind,  
release your babbling mind.

And ask  
that you can hold yourself with tenderness, and welcome  
whatever the day will bring with an open heart.

And claim both light and shade;  
whatever comes.

*And not to hold so tight.*

But to forgive everything in yourself you can't forgive.

So that today you are opening your life on a new page,  
a beckoning, an empty space,  
and even this ~

*uncommon grace.*

*Grief holds its own*

Grief holds its own rhythm and timing,  
cannot be hurried, lectured to,  
told to 'get over it', scolded, or scurried.

Will not be convenient, eats up your day,  
disrupts your 'to do' tasks,  
gets in the way.

Grief has its own timing and ways,  
cannot be fought against, takes up your days.

Infects your evening, riddles your nights,  
and whatever you turn to, nothing feels right.

This is a long and dark winter of discontent,  
your hands are empty, your mind is longing,  
your heart is rent.

Nothing sustains you, everything maims you;  
shadows abound.

*But then, you turn round.*

In lengthening evening light,  
swathes of bright daffodils are burning bright;

Suddenly veins run with a fierce delight.

And you are wondering, where your grief went.

*(And underneath are the everlasting arms')*

## **Product Details**

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