

Lisa Codella  
[Lisa@CoastalMojo.com](mailto:Lisa@CoastalMojo.com)  
(242) 727-1434

# A Song For None And All

A New Bahamian Folk Tale by Lisa Codella

In the time *before* time, the earth was abundant with life. Trees grew. Fruit ripened. Seeds began anew. The animals roamed freely. Hunted what they needed. Frolicked when young. The days and nights were as long as they needed to be and everyone knew their place in each. Amidst all this balance, lived one lonely bird who, try as she might, could not teach any of the other animals to sing her song. In fact, nobody even cared to listen. After SO many tries, Bird resolved that if she had to sing alone, she would rather BE alone, so she decided to fly to the end of all nature and sing one final song.

She flew past deserts and streams, over mountains and plains. She flew until her wings could take her no further, and came to rest on an island. Resting on a rocky shore, though exhausted, she sang her one last song. Her song of love and loneliness and life and dreams and disappointment. It all poured out. A wail. A ballad. A kiss. A plea. Every emotion held together by love and longing and loss. All for an audience of one. Or so bird thought. For with every note, Mother Ocean drew nearer, inching higher and higher on the rocky stage where Bird sang solo. She felt bird's pain and devotion from the shallows to her darkest depths.

So immersed in her song was Bird, that she didn't even notice that her rocky stage had become an island in Ocean's rising embrace. Finally, Bird surrendered the last of herself in one long sweet and sorrowful note. There was no more to be said. The note lingered on the salty air as she lowered her body into the rocky nest listening only to the gentle duet of her own laboured breaths and the lapping of the waves.

Ocean sat in sacred silence for a few moments and then spoke.

“I have heard the desperate pleas for mercy at the watering hole and the terror of those swift enough to drink another day. I have seen the joy of families born in my depths and held the tears of mothers grieving for children lost and longed for. But until today, Bird, never have I heard a song so pure and raw that it speaks for all of creation. You have given yourself completely, and for that, I will use the power of your song to form a new creature infused with every emotion you have poured out on this day. All you have to do is say so and it will be done.”

Bird did not know until that moment that she had more to give. More caring. More hope. More love. She said yes and, though weaker now, began her song again as she allowed Ocean to take from her the things that were needed.

Her tears, a feather, a sliver of bark from her talon, a few grains of sand from her wing. Slowly, all the elements combined in a tiny whirlpool that spun first gently, and then with increasing intensity until all one could see was a growing circle of foam and waves.

After what seemed like an eternity in Bird's frail state, the waters calmed and out of the foamy epicentre floated a hairless creature. Neither bird nor beast, but beautiful in its own way. Then, Ocean answered all of Bird's unspoken questions.

“This is the first human child. It and all of its kind will be the vessels for all of the emotions you poured out today, Bird. Your ability to soar above and view things in ways others cannot. Your great gift for communication and need for connection. Your sense of adventure, but above all else, your deep knowing that anything is possible. Your heartsong of hope will be the power that guides these creatures out of their darkest

despair and benefit all of creation... if they so wish. It is a song that each will have to choose to hear, but for the ones who do, you will soar with them and all they uplift.”

And with that, Bird shed her last tears. This time, tears of joy and gratitude. She lay on the rock for the last time, satisfied in the knowledge that she was heard and did her part to make a difference.