

Revelation,

The Bird came to me and asked me with its song: ‘How do you know what is true? And what sings a melody of virtuous virtue in the world? How do you know the *Au* – the Gold – *Dio*, is coming from *Dieu*, God?’

‘Are you clair, the bird said, there is so much *Caco* - *Phony* in the human realm. You broadcast and *Broadly* - *Cast* your players on a stage of continuous drama. How do you hear yourself with a *Clair* - *Audience* if those around you say that you ought to live like this? If what is broadly casted is but one creek? One hammering worldview pretending to be a giant river that could swallow you?’

I fell silent. As I did not know the answer.
The bird turned into a boy. His skin was dark
and his eyes shone blue. And I said:
‘Sometimes I fear to be seen as crazy or to
be shunned, because there is *Dis - Chord*
between what I feel and sense as a knowing
that wells up from the inside and what we are
being told and mandated to do.’

The boy looked at me and said: ‘In the
language of the Birds, knowing is in *Sigh –*
Lence. So breathe. Take a deep breath amidst
the crackling noise that hurts your tender
ears and is out to make your mind repetitive.’

‘Cherish your own *Au - Dio*. You are the Gold
and the God. No outside source, lyrics
nor print that is main(lie) streamed will lead you to
your *Au - Dio*.

Revel in *Elation*, because your inviolable essence is
the coming of Revelation.

And this is how we as Birds sing.

The Song of the Sovereign is *So - Ver - Reign*.
So Truth (veritas) *Reigns* or *So I See* (ver) *Truth*
(veritas) *Reigns*.’

The boy turned into a bird again and he sang his song. And I choose to spread my wings and all the free birds sang along.

For all Free Birds, Birth Free