

# Flood By Chris Johnson

'What a dream was dreamt...then looked out to see,  
Black water stretching to eternity.

Yeah, then I wept long, for love and the lost,  
Even pure children...Why is this their cost?

A touching hand touched, in silence nestled,  
Just as two gazelles...goats, a viper coiled,  
Sheep, uri, wolves, mice, bats, birds, a bee brood...  
Kin, kith and crafters to build and make good.

A dove was sent west, to search out land, when...  
A swallow, sent north, also returned then...  
A raven, sent east, was not seen again;  
We thus learnt the way to our new Eden.'

Seven day sunsets to wind worlds to gone,  
Seven day dawns to rise with the sun.