

## *Legend*

*There was a desert.*

*For a vast distance  
nothing grew until, quite suddenly,  
a great and very large bird  
appeared.*

*The bird spat out a seed  
which fell to sand, aching for life.*

*As it sunk below the surface  
where we cannot see what happens,  
a cry echoed from sand  
to stone, from crevasse to karst,  
from cave to fossil, a vibrant cry  
of thirst resounded, underground,  
where we can't see what happens.*

*The cry criss-crossed its own  
thirsty rhythm, intersected itself,  
grew stronger, more urgent,  
more perfectly beautiful —  
a dark, brilliant necessity.*

*The seed stretched and broke,  
sang and again sang, and again  
sang its cry of thirst —*

*until deep below the surface  
a flowing, jubilant,  
cool, emerald answer  
emerged.*

*It is said the thirst of Earth's  
great trees calls water  
from depths which are invisible  
causing springs to flow.*

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*There are legends that it is the thirst of Earth's great trees that draws water  
from underground, making springs flow.  
We know trees pull water from the sky down to the aquifer.*