

Creation

Spring
another cloudy and overcast morning
the air is thick a storm approaches
a warblers nest sits in a gnarled beech tree
housed inside layers of dead leaves, twigs and shed horse hair are seven eggs.
The storm arrives
The flutter of unseen wings
The seed of destruction falls from the sky in the form of an eighth egg.
The female returns to her nest, she had chased a much larger bird away.
Her mate appears with several large crickets they eat well blissfully unaware of the extra egg.

The creature that emerged from the confines three days later was nothing more then a parasite:

N: an organism that lives on or in another organism, deriving benefit from living on in or with that other organism, while not contributing towards that other organism sufficiently to cover the cost to that other organism.

(From the Greek parasitos: one who eats at the table of another)

Destruction

The first egg fell to the ground and was smashed to pieces on a large rock below:

**The
ancients
believed that the
universe(s) hatched
from an egg. Such as the
Orphic egg of the Ancient
Greek Orphic tradition. Or
the great egg that the Taoist god
Pangu hatched forth from. The
halves of the cracked shell
became the earth and
sky respectively**

Elsewhere in the void, a universe fertile with the potential for life vaporizes.
The other eggs quickly fall prey to similar fates, Their inhabitants never meant to be.

The seventh and final egg fell to the forest floor.

Hours later it supplied a hungry fox with a meal.

The fox returned to its den to care for its kits: Its potential not wasted the cycle continues once more.

Birth

The male returns to the nest for the thousandth time and fed the begging hatchling a mouthful of regurgitated worms. He then twitters at his mate, to a common passerby it would sound like simple birdsong. The series of twitters and chirps are much more. Tone and pitch differences that are far above and below the range of human hearing form a complex language. Each vocalization has more than one meaning, when combined with different tones or pitches each word has an infinite number of meanings. Our primitive language can not accurately convey the full meaning. If we listen hard enough we can get the gist of what is being said

Male Warbler: Hello

Female Warbler: It is a sorrow (shame?) that most of our eggs (have flown into the ether?)

Male: my heart flutters that (I am happy?) this one chirps on (Screams for food?/lives on?)

Female: As am I.

Male: They flew off (died) for a reason (greater good?) they had a higher calling (it was their time)

Female: we will see them again in due time

Male : My heart (flies in?/ flies with?) You

Female: You are my (sunrise?/twilight?)

The male flies away in search of more food as his mate guards their chick.

They both are unaware of the fact that their chick is an imposter and a murderer that

“Eats at a table that is not his own”

* * *

Death

Weeks pass and the warbler chick has overgrown the nest and is twice as big as both of his caregivers and yet still begs to be fed

the male warbler returns with three crickets and stuffs them into the hatchling's mouth and twitters to his mate

female: “Our son is going to be/have (falcon sized/ have an eagles grip?)”

male: “he has already eaten three whole (worms?) and five crickets.”

Female: *Sighs*

Male: “What is wrong?”

Female: “This isn't our hatchling, his feathers are dirty (brown?) and ours are not”

Male: “I love/endear/fight for you and we will survive this “winter” (endure this pain?)”

Female: *sobs mournfully* :“He also killed/cracked our other eggs.”

The fully grown cuckoo that had been residing in their nest spread its wings and flew into the twilight. His caregivers watched with heavy hearts, knowing that they had helped complete the cycle of death and destruction once more.

That winter the pair froze to death in a cold snap and joined their brood that never hatched on the other side of the aether