

The Birds Will Not Change Their Tune

Emerald eyes pierced through the shattered windows. Chirping in delight at the morning sunlight rays, the small bird rustled its feathers to shake the cool dew from its wings. Then, with a sharp whistle, the bird shuffled its way to the edge of the nest and took off; joining an armada of squawking beaks. They leave behind the steel trees.

Soaring through a sea blue sky, this tiny collection of corresponding muscles navigated between ferns and creepers that scattered the broken ground, searching for a quick meal. Perhaps that little creature noticed the cracked and worn tarmac which trickled between the grasses that had, so weak and fragile, pushed its minuscule head through the solid ground. Gulping down a slimy grub, its tiny wings let loose a surge of energy and took off, joining the highway in the sky.

Snuggling back into its entwined nest, tucked inside the steel tree, the little beast gazed up into the darkened sky. The pale, cracked Moon gazed back down, its face split and uneven, contorted into an abnormal grin. In the gloomy corner, overgrown with vines and ivy, a skull of some forgotten biped inhabited a small perch. The small bird watched the browned skull, cocking its head in interest. Inside those tiny eyes perhaps a tiny electrical connection formed inside a humble synapse; staring back to the broken shards of the Moon, maybe it realised some forgotten truth. Raising its feathered head it released one final tune before surrendering to fatigue.

Out over the steel jungle, the nightlife began to wake up - the cycle continues. The shrieks and hollers penetrate the night sky. Beyond the dead city, past the crater and the irradiated graveyard, a green motorway, littered by the husks of dead machines, was silent - the distant rumbling of traffic inaudible unless you listened into the past. Following the road of corpses, now ironically teeming with life, was the long marching band of rusty pylons, many collapsed into the revived earth. Reaching tall, they hung their heads like mighty crucifixes bearing the hanging souls of a fallen civilisation. Their long wires were silent in the night as the nocturnal creatures incited a cacophony. Before, they had been unsleeping, those thin metal strings humming eternally - the veins of a society - the beast was dead now, no blood flowed through those veins anymore. The constructs of a dead people no longer sang with the harmonies of noise pollution.

As the night grew on and life continued, many sweet birds sang on. The chorus had changed; the ambience of the growling highways and throbbing lights and blinking beams spewed from now dormant satellites was missing - but the birds, their warbles a time capsule of ancient history, did not change their tune.

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Patrick, Year 10