

# *A Melody in Hushville*



**Johann Joubert**

**In a quiet place called Hushville town,  
No voices could be heard,  
You would not find a single sound,  
The silence was so eerie, even  
Bees walked on their tippy toes,  
Across the barren ground.**



**But on a sunny morning,  
Early in the spring,  
A beautiful songbird flew into town,  
A glorious sight to see,  
And with it a beautiful noise, for  
Songbirds live to sing,  
It is the gift of life they bring.**



**The skies were painted full of colours,  
A palette of orange and blue,  
And Melody sang as songbirds do,  
Sang beautiful songs for  
Them and me and you.**

**But the villagers closed their windows,  
And hid behind large doors,  
For in Hushville everything's quiet,  
Even sneezes or giggles or snores.**

"Wake up,

wake up!"

**the lyrics said,**

"Move your bones, get out  
of bed,

There's much to dream  
and much to do,

And so much joy to  
spread."

But all of Hushville  
Cringed and  
Prowled,

***"Such racket! Such  
noise!"***

they mumbled and growled,  
They could not see beauty, or  
Dance along to its sound,  
As they worried and hurried and  
Scurried around.



**There was a moment, a flicker in time,  
When the children seemed to hear,  
Seemed for a moment, to  
lend their ear,  
And walked a little closer,  
Not utterly caught in fear,  
When a couple of feet started moving,  
And a couple hips started shaking,  
*Was that a smile?* Melody thought,  
*If I sing some more, will it  
Linger a while?***



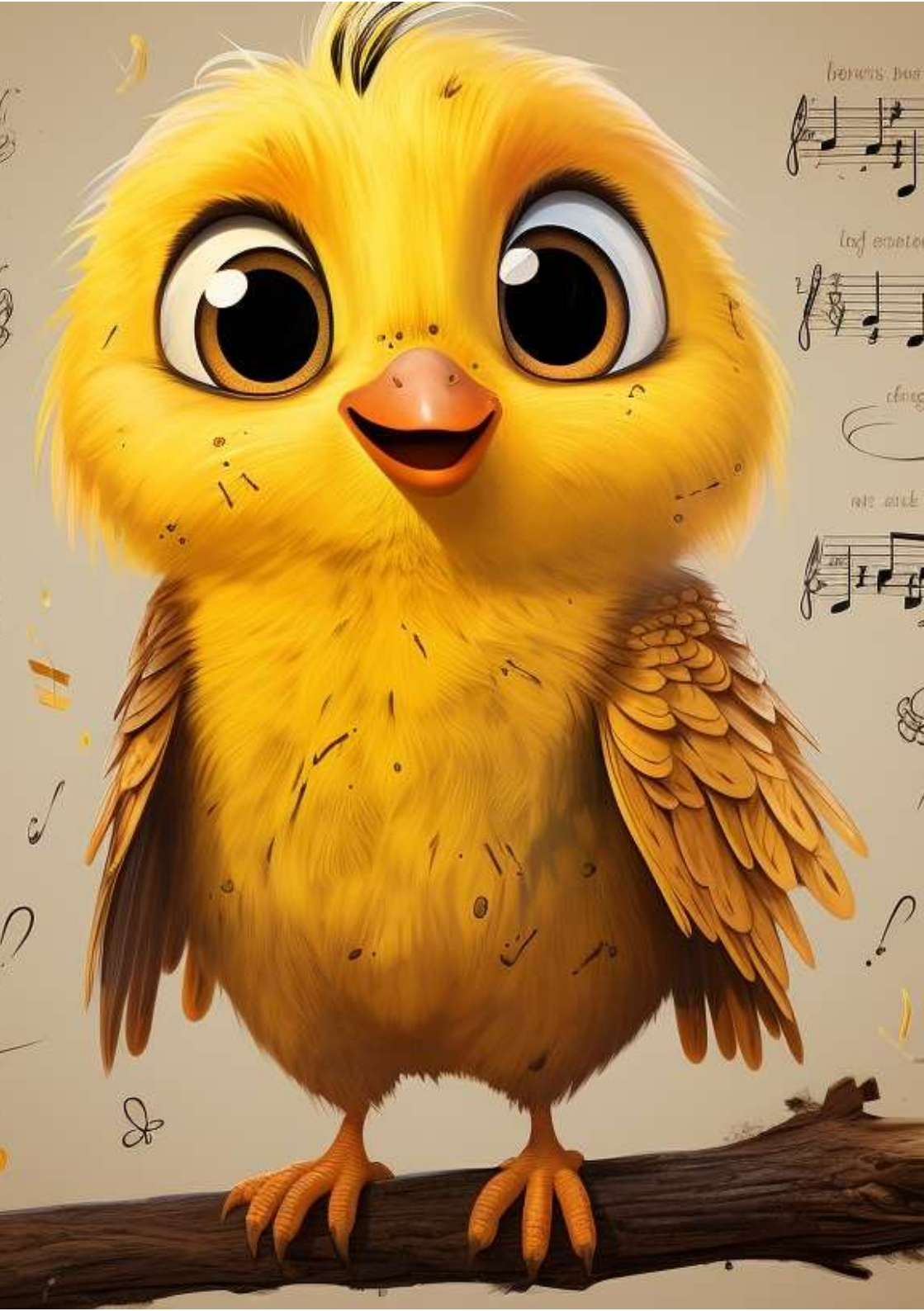
**But then the elders took to the street,  
And dragged the kids by their ears,  
Back to grey,  
Back to the silence,  
Gone was the dancing and  
Gone were the cheers.**



Hurt and confused, Melody sighed,  
*Was it her?* she thought,  
*Was her song not good?*  
She had tried to sing as best she could,  
But the more she tried, the  
More they cried,  
“Oh stop, please stop!”  
And then she did,  
And something inside of her died.



A few days more, she sang within,  
For Songbirds must, you see,  
It's what they do,  
They spread the joy that only they can  
bring,  
Sing the songs that only they can sing,  
But every song was softer,  
Until no song at all was heard,  
The song was gone and  
She was reduced,  
to just another,  
very  
ordinary  
bird...



**As Melody tiptoed one morning,  
She saw the longing face of a child,  
Peering with hope through the  
curtain.**

**She wasn't quite sure,  
She wasn't that certain, but  
Something inside of her stirred,**



If only one life,  
One precious life was willing to live,  
Willing to listen and willing to hear, then

*nothing should stop us  
from shining our light,*

Or singing our song,  
Or doing whatever we must,  
To be who we are,

**Fully alive,  
Sharing our gift with the world,  
Singing our song from the top of our  
voice.  
She stood there waiving and staring,  
*Only we can make that choice,*  
*To dance or sing or fade, she thought...***



And then she  
broke the  
silence.



**A moment later the streets were alive,  
Children danced as if breath itself was  
a song,**

**As if one single note could fix a world  
full of wrong,**

**And they danced and they sang,**

**And they laughed and they played.**

**Melody sang,**

**She sang, for that's what she does,**

**A songbird must sing,**

**That is the gift that they bring,**



**Parents shouted, but  
No-one listened,  
Life had come to Hushville,  
The silence would never return,  
Not like before,  
Nothing would ever be like before,  
Now that the children were dancing,  
And now that Melody sang.**

