

The adventures of Phoenix



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This story starts, as all stories should;
In a faraway land, in a
Time long forgotten,
With legend and lesson,
Hard won and begotten.
An unlikely hero,
A little red bird,
With eyes full of wonder and
Dreams full of hope,
Who would learn of life's troubles,
And slippery slope, but whose
Grit and endurance would
Help it to rise, would
Teach it that there is a glorious 'hello' that
Follows the saddest goodbyes.

Phoenix was last to emerge from his egg,
His siblings all squawking and seeking a meal,
A noisy affair and a
Hungry appeal,
His mother was jumping around with a worm,
Dangling and dancing, a desperate squirm,
The worm knew too well how his story would end,
This meal without invite, that he must attend.



Phoenix observed;
There were many to feed and
Only one tiny green worm!
From inside his shell, he
Computed, then jumped, to
Bite at his supper with
All of his might,
But alas,
Phoenix missed, and
Out of the nest and
Over the branch and
Out of the tree, he fell.
What felt like forever he rushed through the air,
To fall in a big heap of leaves that were there,
Swept up against the tree he called home,
No more.

“What now?” Phoenix thought,

“What do I do?

No mother to feed me, no

Breakfast to chew,

Perhaps, I must think just a

Little while longer

Before I just rush off and I do what I do.”

He looked at the nest and he

Searched through the sky, but

No-one was coming and

No-one was there and

Phoenix was all alone.

“Well,” he shrugged,

“I need a plan and

Anything's better than
Staying right here, so I'll
Do what I must and I'll
Do what I can."

Phoenix waddled into the woods,
In search of a juicy green worm.
Now and again, he found a bug,
A cricket here and
There, a slug,
And after forever he found a creek,
A fresh sip of water to nourish the meek.
"What use is a bird," he asked to himself,
"If all that I do is scurry around,
Searching for insects while glued to the ground.
Am I a bird at all?"



“Maybe,” suggested a voice nearby,

“Maybe you’re not meant to fly,

Maybe you’re meant for other things or better things...

Like swimming,” it said,

“Want to try?”

Phoenix had doubts,

Fish don’t have feathers or

Beaks or

Claws or

Thin little legs,

Oh, sure they lay eggs, but

That’s where all similarities ended,

And what you are cannot just be amended.

“Sometimes,” he thought,

“We must live the question and

Later,

Much later, we might live the answer as well,

And then we'll have good

Stories to tell."

But the fish persisted.

"Jump right in," said the rainbow trout,

"It's a dim affair that you're standing out there.

I can tell you so much about water,

But my words will not make it more real,

You need to jump in, if you hunger to feel."

"Let's go!" Phoenix said, and

Then he leapt forward,

Into the water that sparkled like stars,

He paddled and gasped and paddled some more,

Trying his best to become as the fish,

But his wings were tired and

Body was sore.

“Thank you, my friend” Phoenix said to the trout,

Waddling to dry land, without any doubt,

“I am no fish,

This I now know,

So forward and onward I go.”

Phoenix trudged on through the

Woods and the day, as the

Hours kept slipping too quickly away,

“I must find who I am”, he quietly said,

A number of voices at odds in his head.

“I know I can’t swim, and I cannot yet fly,

Then what kind of creature am I?”



“Perhaps”, said a rabbit, not too far away,
“Perhaps you can run like the wind. You’re
Not very heavy, your
Legs seem quite strong,
Perhaps you will find this is
Where you belong.”
Phoenix thought for a while,
It didn’t feel right, but he
Wasn’t afraid;
Not to try or to fail,
So he shook of a shiver and
Waggled his fiery, feathery tail.
“Let’s go!” shouted Phoenix, setting
Off with a dash.

His little legs hurried, his
Tail feathers flurried, his
Little head bobbed,
And then...
A wobble, a woozle, a tumble, a crash.
Feet in the air and
Light in the head, he
Dimly heard what the grey rabbit said,
“No, little bird, your
Journey continues,
Being a rabbit is not quite your thing,
Perhaps your answers are further from here,
Perhaps the future will make things more clear.”
He sighed and breathed,
Then breathed some more, because
Sometimes breathing is

All we can do.

“So onward I go,” young Phoenix said,

Collecting himself and his thoughts,

“to learn who I am and to

Find where a bird would belong.”

“Good luck,” said the rabbit,

“most never know.

They do what they think that they must, of course, but they

never consider that

maybe - just maybe - there's more:

A life fully lived; untamed, unashamed,

A life one can cherish and love and adore.”



Phoenix paused at the cliff.

Swallows danced across the sky,

With great finesse and flair,

They swooped down low then swirled about and

Hurried off again

Until they were just tiny specks,

Spots against the midday glare.

“Come join us!” yelled the swallow,

“It’s glorious up here,

The world looks very different,

From above the clouds, my dear!”

“I don’t know how,” yelled Phoenix,

A blush upon his cheeks,

“I fell out of my nest, you see, and

Never learnt to fly,

I've tried to swim,

I've tried to run,

I've tried to be like everyone,

I've tried my best at getting by, but

All my dreams are in the sky.



I want to fly,
I want to try,
The truth is: I'm afraid.
What if I try and I fail?
What if I fly and I fall?"

Phoenix bowed his head,
Unsure of what to say or do,
Afraid of having said too much,
A red little bird feeling terribly blue.

"Imagine," the swallow said,
Imagine you tried and succeeded,
What a sight it would be:
Gliding and sliding and
Swooping and soaring,
The sound of sheer freedom, of
Yawping and roaring."

The swallow gave Phoenix a moment to think.

“Well, my boy,” said the swallow,

“Let me have a look at you”.

“Hmm,” she said,

“Strong legs from all the running, and

Strong wings from all the swimming,

You have what it takes, I would say,

To run and flap, and

Take it away!”



Phoenix was bursting,
Excited to fly,
No more waiting as life passed him by,
“Let’s go!” he shouted,
Then took to the sky!
All that swimming and running about,
And thinking and dreaming and
Pushing and trying,
Had made him strong and
Made him wise.
Once, a tiny fallen bird was
Now a phoenix on the rise.
“Whoo-hoo” he shouted,
A sound of sheer joy,
As he dashed his way through the clouds.
“You’re right,” he said as he turned to the swallow,

“The world is a different place from up here.”

Then they dove back down with a whoop and a cheer.

That night, young Phoenix flew back to his nest, to

Find his siblings still fast asleep,

Still sheltered by Mother,

Still rolled in a heap.

Few as young had had the chance,

To find out who they are,

To search the world both

Near and far,

And know without a doubt,

A bird is a bird and

Nothing else,

And the thing that a bird does best?

Is to leave the safety of the nest and to

Fly across an endless sky,

To dream, to live, to love.

So, what do you say?

Why not today?

Why let the hours and all of our dreams,

Slip slowly and further away?

I know what Phoenix would say.

Let's go!

