Across the desert,
the hardest part of the journey.
Hungry and thirsty, Bird flew on
and at last reached an oasis.
A girl called Leila said, "Bird! Welcome to my home! Drink!"
"Thank you, child," said Bird.





Flying high through the jungle canopy
in a cloud of butterflies,
to the river
where the waters raced, explosions of spray,
and through it Bird came
shooting across the river and onwards.


She skirted the big ocean,
drunk up the spray
when...
An almighty storm blew up from nowhere.