

The Dirran's Prequel

The eagle was on his tale. The black cockatoo ducked and weaved on the spiralling hot air pockets- turning this way and that to escape. It would not be long before the eagle's beak pierced his feathers and into his skin. The eagle turned its head- a juvenile kangaroo had caught its eye. An easier prey to snatch if taken by surprise. The black cockatoo sensed his moment and plunged into the tree line. Hidden amongst the leaves of an old ghost gum it watched as the eagle dropped and tightened its sharp talons around the kangaroo's neck and back. The kangaroo struggled, blood and fat dropping from the sky as the eagle flew east over the hills. The black cockatoo's breathing evened out but thirst parched his thin grey tongue and forced him from the shade and cover.

The black cockatoo followed the thin sandy bank that snaked its way across the landscape. Soon he reached a small murky pool and joined the flocks of birds that splashed in the warm water. His thirst quenched he retreated to the shade of the thick, lush trees that bordered the billabong. He dreamed....

The spirit song blew on the breeze drawing him over the shiny boxes that lined straight black marks dividing the landscape. It called him. In his dream body he answered- a loud call connecting his journey to all those that had flown before. He saw the creatures moving stuck in their patterns, their cycles, their lines and their boxes. Then he saw her. She sat back against a tree- eyes closed peacefully. The spirit song moved through her body and out through her hand that rested on the grass- connecting the dreaming, the girl and her land. And yet the girl didn't move in response. The song caught the wind again and blew.... The cockatoo woke.

The sun was setting bathing the hills in rich red and subtle blues. The cockatoo shook out its feathers and flew. It flew over red lined domes, over winding and swollen rivers, over a large barren crater; circling, looking. Days passed. Nights were full of dreaming and whispered songs.

He flew high. His tail burnt. A flash caught its eye. And again. He dropped lower. The sun reflected on something not of the landscape. Not of nature. The black cockatoo squawked in recognition. The boxes came into view, then the black lines. He flew low searching. Young ones averted their eyes in respect of the brilliant red on his undertail. Then he saw her, was drawn to her and in his excitement landed on a bow in a tall tree- ignoring everything but the girl.

Stay tuned for **Black Cockatoo** due for release in 2018!