

“We are slowed down sound and light waves, a walking bundle of frequencies tuned into the cosmos. We are souls dressed up in sacred biochemical garments and our bodies are the instruments through which our souls play their music.”

-Albert Einstein

## OVERTURE

The First Song was *Change*.

The Song broke through the darkness of before with a deafening light that grabbed life in razor claws and began beating the world like a giant Timpani drum.

It sang to everything in piercing, screeching, all-reaching waves, blinding all visions of before, blocking out the cries of what was, drowning out the memories of whatever had been.

Oceans rose and fell. Continents were pulled apart, slammed together, pulled apart and then slammed together again and again and again.

Change sang the air into fiery, howling spinning furnace winds. Lightning danced joyously from sky to ground and ground to sky, planting itself everywhere.

When the First Song was over, a new Song rang out.

-The Song of *this* World.

-*The Sound Of Light*.

PART ONE:

**A GIRL AND HER DRAGONFLY**

I am Soniqa StarCloud -Daughter of Octave SharpWing and Stanza StarCloud of the Screaming Sky Tribe - Band of the Palm People, kin to the Bamboo Collective and the Cypress Symphonix in the Nation of the Frie.

My people are Dragonfly ranchers. We have been hunting, breeding, raising and riding dragonflies for thousands of spins. I was zipping before I could walk. They say zipping is in my family's blood. Zipping is what my people call dragonfly riding.

We Frie speak 'Glish. I'll translate best I can.