

Dara of Deeds

There once was a land
That lay empty and green
Under blue sky and warm summer breeze.
It was patiently lying there,
(Land often does),
Whisp'ring riddles and singing to bees.

Then one morning, a rumble
Was felt on the land.
It came from a wandering crowd.
And heading them up
Was a tall man in robes
Who was also exceedingly loud.

"How 'bout here?" he cried out.
Then he answered himself,
"What a brilliant idea! My word!"
And he called out to people
To follow behind
Very close so his thoughts could be heard.

This baron, Sir Worthington,
Grabbed his valise
And way up on the top of one peak,
He settled and sat.
Then he opened his mouth,
And from then on did nothing but speak.

"O noodles and poodles,
O fruit flies and fleas,
Stretch up with your minds unto me.
For green cheese is gumptious
And fairies are fluttering
Flutes on the shores of the sea."

Many folks gathered near
And were soon stuck like glue
By the words that rolled by down the hill.
But others decided
To try out the east
Where a hillside lay empty and still.

Far down at the bottom
Of hill number two,
Young Dara of Deeds made her camp.
Smiling and waving,
She welcomed the folks
To make friends and make plans round her lamp.

“What is needed,” she asked
Women, children, and men
“To help us all prosper and grow?”
“We need houses and schools.
We need farms, orchards, pools,”
Came the answers she’d wanted to know.

“Now, tell me the names
Of the work you all love.”
And people signed up, two by two,
To take on the jobs,
All the science and arts.
Each one knew what they needed to do.

That night, folks on hillsides
Slept under the moon,
Dreaming dreams. But as weeks flew ahead,
One hillside sat spellbound.
The other worked wonders
‘Til one day, an East Hill child said,

“Look, Mama. Look Dad.
Over on the West Hill.
Are those clouds or balloons or large birds?”
Sir Worthington’s lectures
Had filled West Hill heads
With the Gas of Continuous Words.

For days, weeks, and months,
All the folks in the west
Had done nothing but listen and eat.
One by one, the whole hillside
Was floating aloft,
Ribbons tied to the earth and folks’ feet.

What a sight! Dara rushed
To the hill, calling out,
“Are you happy? Content? Need a hand?”
“Bring us ba-a-a-ck. We’re so seasick,”
They called from the sky.
So she pulled each by foot to the land.

Then, bold as you please,
She took Worthington’s hand
And led him to work that he loves:
Spouting words that make gas
So all festivals have
Floating rubber inflatable gloves.

Now the land ‘neath the sun,
Once so empty and still,
Is exploding with bustle and laughter.
Dara’s life of good deeds
Had infected them all
And the hills rang with joy ever after.

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