



Message to the Youth

Gabriele Castagnoli

This is the time--we are the ones--and have to act as one--bringing our individual skills together to co-create a New World.

The World Bird

For countless years the World Bird roamed the cosmos.
With a powerful flap of his wings, he passed through eternity.

But with the passage of time,
one of his wings flagged.

Thenceforth the World Bird flew
strangely, staggering and weakened.

Shorter and shorter his flight became,
smaller and smaller the distances.

And so one day he landed
on a tree – exhausted.

The World Bird was tired;
his wing was aching.

All the days and years ticked away,
and he became the Earth Bird.

Forgotten were the vastness of the cosmos,
the gift of the flight.

There came the fall of time and
many Earth Birds soared.

They left and flew to seek
a warmer country.

Astonished and yearning,
he was watching them.

Small, big and colourful birds –
one and all flew away.

From times long ago,
memory welled up in him.

He felt the vigour
in his wings and

suddenly was among them –
the pain forgotten.

The wind was fortunate as never before and
the Earth Birds were at one with each other.

They would fly together and
re-member with him,

since they were the World Bird,
all of them - but only together.

—*Gabriele Castagnoli*



Artist: Marcus Kneip, Germany