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Perched Upon A Mossy Rock, The Minstrel Sang His Song To The Sea

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Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"There is an ancient man who resided on top of an ancient stone. Both had foreseen and survived that terrible day and the months of night that had followed. And together, they towered over the vast ocean. He used the damp black moss as his pillow and he let starlight be his night lamp as he fed on the ocean mist."

Cover Page Footnote
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This old man was the keeper of an olden fife given to him by the father of Time on the morning of the rising tide. After that day he played his song to the hazy horizon. Continuously, he repeated and created measures of soothing music which held the attention of the cosmos.

With his melodies he led and reshaped the order of nature. From rubble and dust he grew flowers and grass. In dead waters he placed fish and mammals to live together. He created birds in the skies and deer in the forests. From his mossy throne this old man commanded the earth with his faithful melodies.

After a number of years this creation caused him to grow tired and weak. It was then that he found me, another survivor of the wasted land, and chose me to take his place. And so, I would be taught the tunes of time, and learn to command the water and the sand.

As he taught me to use the flute, I learned much of what he knew, and grew to love him. I can raise a flower from a seed and a hurricane from a gentle breeze. While commanding the turn of the heavens, I made lilacs in the spring and roses in the summer. With the flute I can tear down a mountain and put a meadow in its place. I can make a lion swim and a fish drown. I know how to let some live for centuries and some only a few weeks. I learned that I must bring in the young and turn out the old.

I thought I was the master of the fife. But eventually, he let himself fall very sick. He gave me the flute and told me I must now lead the order of nature. It was only then that I saw that to be the master I must let the master pass to Time where he belonged. I tried to keep him for a little longer but I had to let him go. But before I did, he left me with these final words:

Take stock in the rising tide.
Wait for no shooting stars, shoot them yourself.
Play your flute well and gently govern nature as I have taught you.
Do not play that which endures time.
And finally my son, let what I have taught you about living and dying govern your feelings, and those of the one you make to follow you.

On the night I let him go, I played my fife with such feeling. I sang to the fish and they wept, I sang to the stars and they applauded.