



The yellow

Tulip



By: David Cannegh

The Yellow Tulip

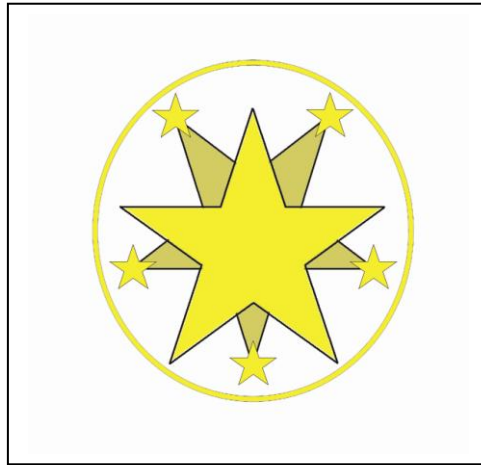
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David Cammegh

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Cover design David Cammegh

**Just lie back or sit back, with a Golden Horn
of Happiness and read this lovely and
beautiful tale about everything – it's all in
between the sheets and the lines, so take a
moment of thought, read it all
and have some patience...**

... and just consider...

Before the Beginning

I am under ground, just a bulb. But I don't know this.

I am surrounded by soil, wonderful black soil.

But I don't know this, not at this time.

I am growing too, but I don't know.

The Beginning

Ah! What a thing – a painful thing!

I am... what?

What's happening?

There's that and there's this! I am. I actually am!

All of a sudden – how terrifying is this!

And what is this? And what is that?

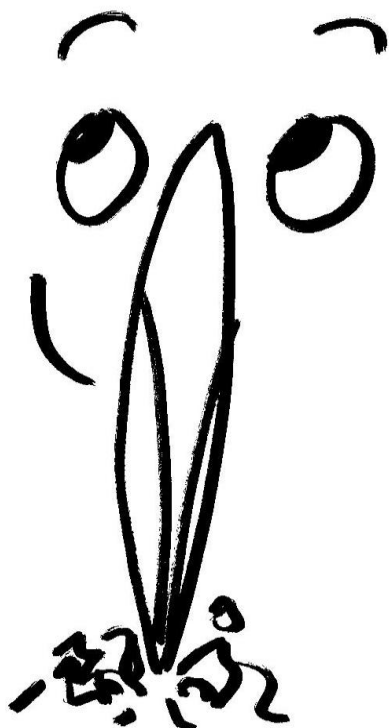
There's me and there's that. There's the stuff I'm coming from. It's the soil.

I am!

And I am coming from the soil! There's the soil and there's me. That's why I know there's soil.

And what is that? It's not soil. It's not me. It's the sky.

I am coming out of the soil. There is soil and there is the sky. The sky makes me know the soil and the soil makes me know the sky.



THE GREEN SHOOT

What am I?

I am no longer that bulb, growing beneath the ground.

I know I was, because there is now and there is before –
what was before? I don't know, nor am I meant to.

I am, so I was. I am, I was, so I will be.

But what am I? Why am I?

A panic and a fear!

A moment's pause.

Aha! I see what I am. I am a green shoot.

I know green and I know brown. And I know brown
because I know green and I know green because I know
brown – all at the same time.

And I know the breeze as it tickles my side.

It's so good

Feeling warm, feeling warm, but I have no idea what warm is, because I've never had cold.

And what makes me warm? Something does, but it's not me. It must be extraordinary and wonderful, whatever it is.

I know I am and the fear has gone.

I know I am kept warm by something that loves me – that's who I am and why I am. For why else would it keep me warm?

Ah, so wonderful now. Just being like this, so calm in the breeze that tickles, so cared for by something wonderful.

The Rise of the Dark

I let what I will be come to me and I do this in bliss. I am in bliss – the fear has gone.

And now something happens! Something, but I don't know what it is.

There is something now coming from the future.

It is too new to understand. I was happy knowing what would come because it was always the same as what was! How easy is that!

But this is too new and fills me with dread! It's something new that I don't want and it makes me uncomfortable.

Oh, no! I shudder now. The warm is changing and it is becoming cool.

I must talk to what has kept me warm, so I look up to my giver of warmth and it is sliding low, hiding away.

‘Why are you deserting me! Why, oh why! What is happening? Please help me!’

No longer warm. I feel fear and an agony of fear and now I am being shown cold. And I know cold it’s because I was warm.

The sky is vanishing and with it my benefactor.

It is new to me, but oh! How terrible!

It’s dark!

Time to Forget

Terror at the darkness now coming to me! Oh boy!
This is frightening! I am lost and I am ignored and
what keeps me warm has deserted me.

The cool is now and the darkness is too. I look about
but cannot see what else there is. I feel like there is
just me alone and isolated in nothing.

I wait. And slowly over there something is happening.

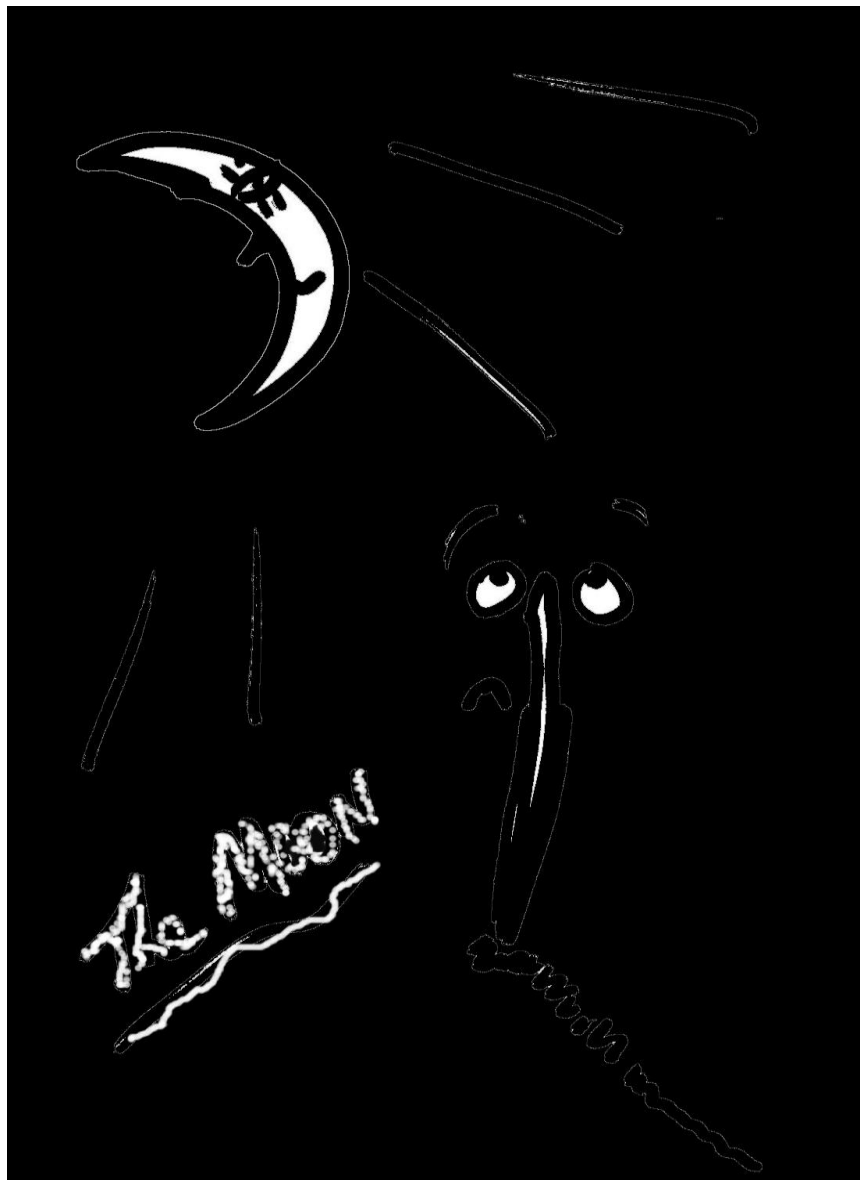
It's bright but not very bright. A strange shape too as it
rises. What does it rise in? Yes, the sky. That's the
sky, a dark sky.

How do I know dark?

Did I know light? Bright light and warmth are things I
seem to remember but now forgotten as I watch the
cool light brighten the sky.

It's good to see the bright thing, and its strange shape. 'Thank you, so many thanks, wonderful light. Thank you.'

It's best to stay with what you know, and I know the pale cool light and that is all.



The First Visitor

Then there's a noise. A terrible sound...

Arghhh! What's that! It's a thing beyond all horror!

I quickly call to the bright thing in the sky. 'Oh, help! Bright thing! Help!'

'No use doing that,' my horrible visitor says. 'No use at all. That's just the Moon. And I am a frog. Also no need to be scared. I'm not a *bad* frog.'

'Frog? What do you mean?' I ask, trembling now.

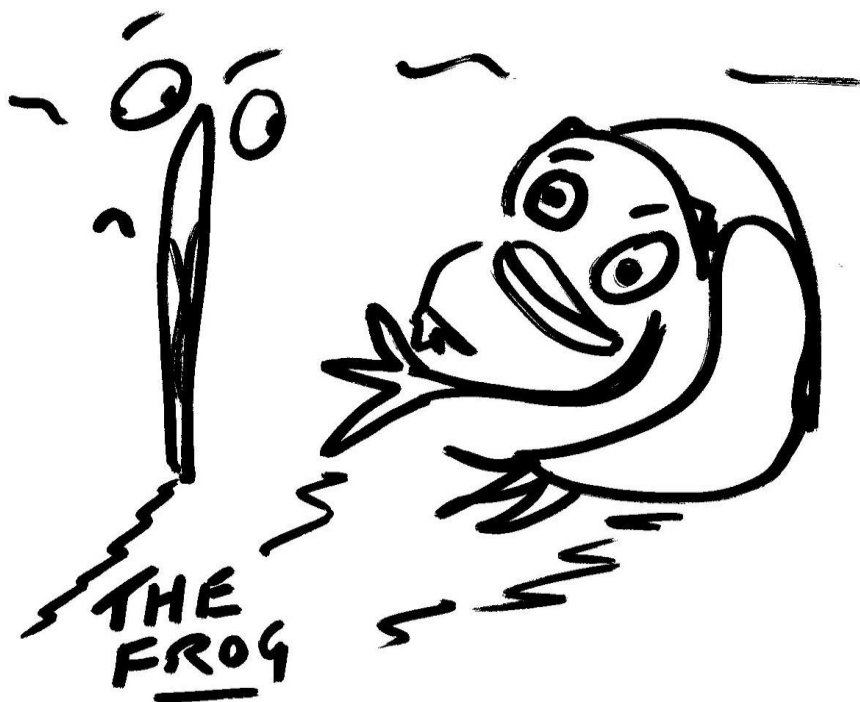
'Frog means something very unlike you. You are a shoot and I am a frog,' said the frog. 'We are separate and different.'

The frog becomes a little less scary.

‘So, I am a shoot? Wow! I know what I am!’ I say.

‘But what is a shoot?’

The frog paused for a moment. Then he says, ‘It is not a frog. That’s what it is.’



Good and Bad

‘Oh. You said you are a *good* frog. And what is a *good* frog?’

‘Well, Mr. Shoot, some frogs are bad and some are good. A bad one is one that does things that you don’t like and a good one is one that does things you do like.’

‘Well, I thought you were bad,’ I say. ‘Because I thought you would be bad.’

‘Yes, because you were scared and you thought ahead of yourself. But remember this: it is always good to be good and bad to be bad.’

I think about this for a moment. Then I continue.

‘What is the... what did you call it? What is the Moon?’
I ask.

‘That is the Moon,’ the frog points to the strange shaped pale light above. ‘It is in the sky. That is all. It does little more than be in the sky. So, if you think about it, it won’t help you when you talk to it.’

The Second Visitor

At this, the frog goes away and leaves me to think.

Now I know good and bad.

Bad is what I don't like and good is what I do like. Yes, that's it. And the Moon is just in the sky. That's where it is. And then there's me. And I'm a shoot. A shoot is not a frog. Nor is it the Moon. And I think it is good.

As I sit and think I hear a new noise, which again fills me with fear because I don't know what it is. And there in front of me something suddenly appears.

'Hello!' says the thing.

I'm too frightened to speak.

'Hello!' says the thing a bit louder. 'I am a moth.'

I am still too afraid to say anything, because he is so unlike the frog and the Moon and me, and he just suddenly appeared.

‘Listen!’ Shouts the moth. ‘I just said hello, and that I am a moth! And you just ignore me. You awful *bad* thing – you bad shoot! In fact, you have no right to be a shoot or anything for that matter! Because you are so rude!’

‘I...I... I am *bad?*’ is all I can say.

‘Exactly that! A very bad shoot is what you are! Now I’m off! And before I go I shall say I am a *good* moth!’



THE MOTH



I am Bad

At this, the moth just vanishes! And he leaves me all alone. Just the Moon and me – the *bad* me – the *bad* shoot!

Oh, my! I have met the *good* frog and the *good* moth! But I am the *bad* shoot! Oh, no! How terrible! I am terrible! Bad and terrible in this dark, dark place with the Moon! I know I am a bad shoot. That is what I am. Oh, I hate being. Oh, if only I were good!

And so I am in desolation and despair when slowly the Moon slips down and there is no light, no Moon, no frog and no moth. Just me – bad me – I certainly know I am here. But where is this - this darkness and my badness? Where oh, where? I am eternally bad, for there is just no change, and just me.

Eternal bad.

But then what is that! There is something! Is it the Moon again?

No, it's far too wide as it spreads and is not a shape, just an expanse and not white, like the Moon, but light blue and white. It splits the whole darkness in half and gets brighter! And I remember brightness! Oh, how easy to forget it in eternal dark! And I fill with excitement. I want to reach it and touch it... until... until I remember!

I remember that I am *bad!*

The Butterfly

I am filled in an instant with dread. What if the brightness knows I am bad! It will surely say I cheated it! It will turn on me! Everything will! Go back! Go back brightness! Don't find me out! Please don't find me out!

But it keeps coming and coming. Brighter and brighter. Brighter and brighter. And there is a huge yellow ball that would be the same as the Moon if it were the same shape. It has warmth too! Oh no! It's getting hotter! It is here to burn me up! When it finds out I am bad it will burn me up. Burn. Burn. Burn. Oh! I wish I weren't bad!

And I shout, 'I wish I weren't bad! Please don't burn me!'

'We're all bad,' says a voice, so gentle, so friendly.

I turn to see what is speaking. And I see something which I have never seen before, except perhaps in the moth. But this is far more beautiful.

‘We are all bad?’ I ask.

‘Yes, indeed we are, just as we are all good. Just as I am a butterfly and you are a shoot.’

A butterfly – wow that’s another thing! And oh boy! This butterfly is so beautiful! Look at his wings and they move so slowly up and down, up and down, gently fanning himself in the heat. And he just sits there.



THE BUTTERFLY

‘But the moth told me I was bad,’ I say, hoping that this does not condemn me again and frighten the butterfly away.

‘Oh, did he now?’ says the butterfly with a laugh. ‘Well, let me tell you he was very *bad* to do that. And you were *bad* to think you were bad. But very *good* to think *about* it. See, good and bad all depends on who’s doing the deciding on what’s good and bad.’

‘So, I won’t get burned by that?’ I ask.

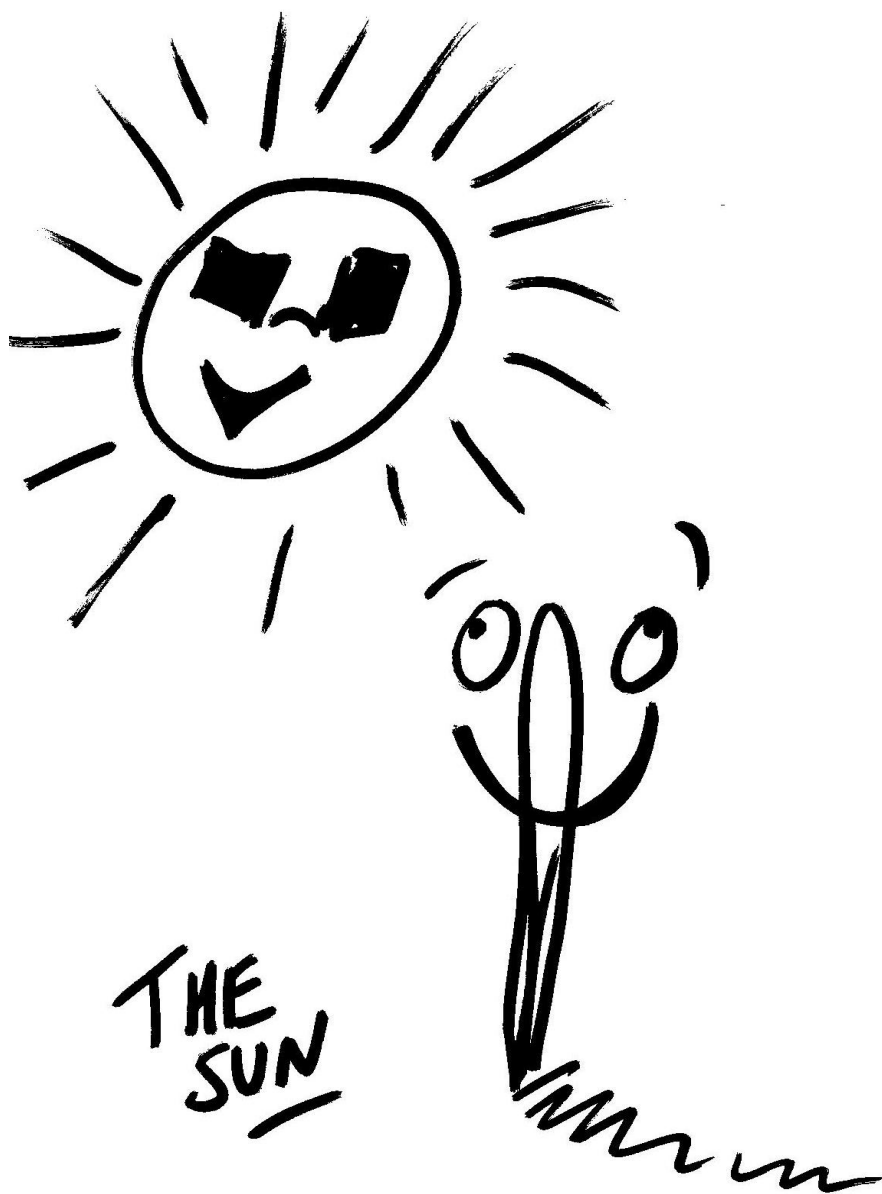
‘That’s the Sun. And it won’t burn you, no. It will keep you warm though. And just look. It also helps you grow.’

I look at myself and I see that I am different. I am higher than I was. And my leaves have grown more.

‘You are now a tall shoot,’ says the butterfly with an admiring look. ‘A very tall shoot.’

I am about to speak, but he leaves me with a quiet flap of his wonderful wings. ‘Enjoy the day!’ he calls.

'I shall!' I call back. 'And thank you!'



The Bee

I now relax in the warm breeze and feel so good, so happy.

Oh, it's so wonderful being a tall shoot. And I follow the huge Sun as it warms the sky. I love the warm Sun. I so love it as it brings brightness and warmth.

And it all seems so much like forever that I am here in the Sun, with the butterfly's words in my mind. And I think of all the many things – the moth, the frog, the butterfly, the Moon and the Sun. The more there is the more I am, because, when I know something else, I know even more that I am here, and so ***I know me*** even more.

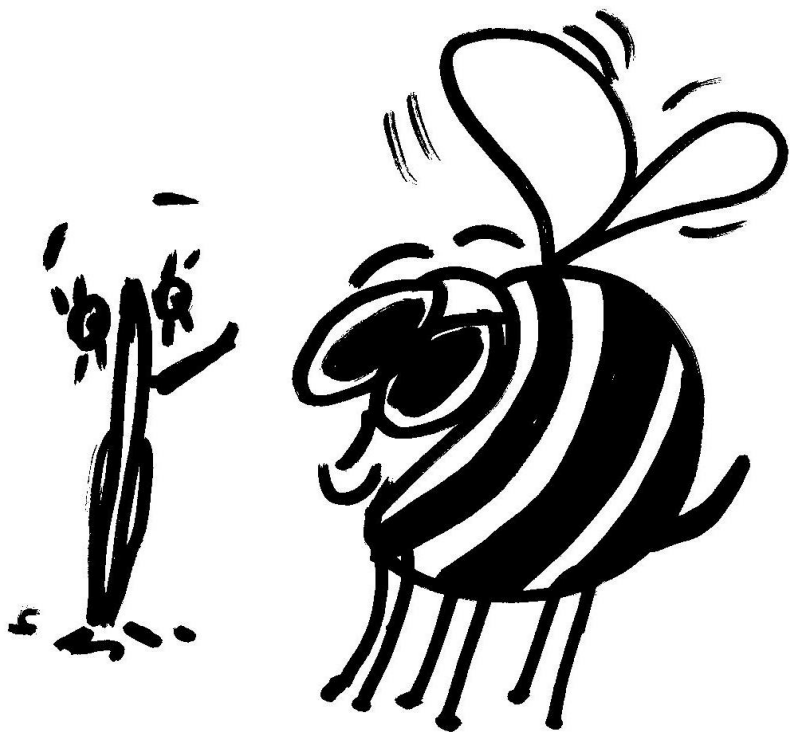
I have probably always been a tall shoot, and just couldn't know it. Yes, I think I could be a tall shoot forever.

the last time you change you will eventually provide for everything, including me.'

Provide for everything? What an extraordinary thought! But I keep things to myself and I say, 'Well, thank you. But I'm quite happy like this, Mr. Bee.'

The bee then nods towards the Sun. 'See, the Sun is falling in the sky. Soon it will be dark. And you will then be in the dark again, for there is more to do.'

I look in the distance and sure enough the Sun is falling. I notice it is also getting colder. I look at the bee aghast. 'No, please this can't happen. Can't we stop the Sun from falling.'



THE BEE



‘Oh, no my friend. Whatever happens to us is really quite out of our hands. Neither of us can do anything about it.’

‘But there must be something!’ I protest.

‘No, sorry. We can only change as change happens with us. There’s nothing more than that. And you have more changing to do.’

‘But I don’t want to change.’

‘You have no choice. You must grow and change and that is all you can do.’

‘Then what am I? I thought I was a tall shoot?’

‘At the moment you are. You are one that is changing and will change. Enjoy the night as best as you can.’

At this, the bee buzzzzzzed away in a flash.

Sun, Come back!

And sure enough the Sun slipped down and it became cold, very cold and very dark. There were noises all around. A rustling here and a scuffle there. Oh, my, oh my.

Slowly I become swathed in the fear of the darkness. But I keep thinking of the Sun. That helps. I try to recall it. But it is so hard, it just becomes a vague memory. My mind plays tricks. Was it really wonderful and warm? Surely it's always been cold and dark.

'Dear Sun, are you warm and wonderful?' I say this not to myself, but to the Sun in my mind. 'Please, I beg you, return now!'

I look around and see far away a brightness come. I think the Sun has heard me! There is a light. And slowly it ascends the black sky! But no! Oh, how sad I am. It is not the Sun, because it is cool in colour – not so warm – in fact not warm at all. But at least it's bright enough for me to see.

But, oh, what a drudge it is. But what can I do? What can I do? I remember the Sun too well, to like that cool light in the sky.

So, to help me feel better, I shall talk to the Sun.

Knowing Me

As I talk to my imaginary Sun I hear a voice.

‘Don’t worry about the Sun,’ says the voice. ‘Don’t worry at all.’

I look about and there, not so very far away is something that looks rather like me, but taller.

‘Hello,’ I say.

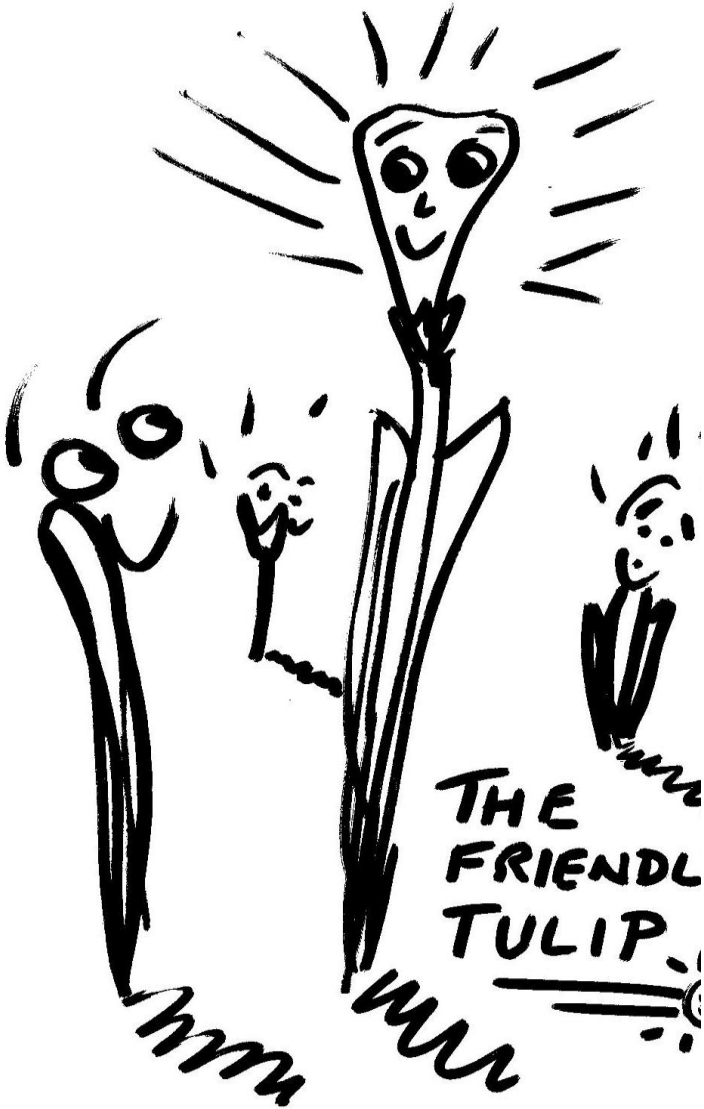
‘Hello. I am what you are.’

‘And that is?’ I ask, amazed, but hoping not be disappointed by a bad reply.

‘A Tulip. A Yellow Tulip,’ says The Yellow Tulip. ‘We are both Yellow Tulips. That’s what we are. And that is the Moon, don’t you remember the Moon?’

I look up at the light in the sky. ‘The Moon? The Moon?’ I pause and then I remember! Yes, I remember

the Moon! It passes away and... and is... hmmm, something.'



‘It is replaced by the Sun – the Sun you were talking to,’ said The Yellow Tulip.

‘Yes! I remember! The Sun follows the Moon. And the Moon follows the Sun!’

‘Yes! That’s right!’ said The Yellow Tulip. ‘And good follows bad and bad follows good and all separate things follow each other, keeping them separate.’

‘Well, that’s good to know,’ I laugh. ‘Is what I know followed by what I don’t know.’

‘Oh, yes, indeed,’ replies The Yellow Tulip. ‘And what you don’t know is followed by what you do know.’

‘Does this ever stop?’

‘Yes, I believe it does. It stops when what you know is only followed by what you know. Then there’s no separation.’

I think: ‘Wow! Who is this Yellow Tulip?’ And so I ask him who he is.

‘Well, I’m just like you,’ he replies. ‘No different. I’m just a bit farther ahead with changing and growing. You see, where you have a small bud, I have a little plume, which I know will soon completely open – just as your bud will soon do just the same. And then I will completely know that I am a Yellow Tulip.’

Yes, and if I look hard enough, with the help of the Moon I see in the Moonlight a yellow thing around The Yellow Tulip’s head. So, beautiful too.

‘Why have we not met before?’ I ask.

‘Because you’ve been quite a bit shorter for a while, but now you’ve caught up.’

‘Can I do anything to get any closer to being a Yellow Tulip?’

‘You are one already.’

‘But you know, like you with the yellow plume. What must I do to get there like you?’

‘You’re doing it,’ The Yellow Tulip laughs. ‘You will see. There is nothing to do to speed it up. Just like you cannot stop the Sun from falling or the Moon from rising. You will simply grow and change.’

‘What about good and bad? Must I be good?’

‘You will be what you are, and that is a Yellow Tulip. I promise you. In fact, we all will be.’

‘All? What do you mean all?’

The Yellow Tulip laughs again. ‘Look around you. There are many yellow tulips all of whom will be complete before the Sun has done one last cycle.’

I look around and the Moon is high enough to give enough light for me to see the smiling faces of so many tulips, some with plumes of yellow and some just buds, like mine! Oh, how wonderful I feel! To be amongst so many like me!

The Last Fall of The Moon

‘Now, look up there,’ says the Yellow Tulip. ‘The Moon is falling. The Sun will soon be up. There will be some time of darkness before the dawn. During that dark time, you won’t see any other tulips or me or anything. But you will when the Sun rises.’

And now the Moon falls and I can no longer see their faces – I can just hear their voices, laughing away. Never before had the dark been so not like the dark. I just didn’t mind it now. Who cares about dark? I think to myself. It just doesn’t matter. All that matters is being a complete Yellow Tulip. That is what I am and there are so many like me! Ha! That is proof enough! And so I think about myself, sensing all parts of my whole Tulip. I am so me I am.

Then suddenly the darkness splits and I see in the breaking light all the smiling Yellow Tulips. All happy, bright Yellow Tulips everywhere and all so pleased to see me!

‘Good morning!’ They say - and they say it to *me*,
because *I* am with *them* and they are with *me*!

‘Good morning,’ I reply, so happy, so happy, so happy.

‘This will be a great day – you will see,’ says my friend,
The Yellow Tulip.

I Am Me – I Am The Yellow Tulip

Slowly the warmth spreads around and I can feel the excitement all around.

I take it in slowly, no rush, no rush, just delight in every moment of ecstasy. I look away from my friend for what seems a moment. When I look back he has completely opened and is smiling. No, he is laughing so much.

‘It’ all so very funny!’ he says. ‘It’s all so easy, so hilariously easy!’

And others are doing the same. All laughing, wonderful yellow, breaking everywhere in the bright day.

‘Look at yourself!’ says The Yellow Tulip.

I do as he says and I see I am taller yet again! Taller than ever before! And I feel so wonderful, like

everything is peeling away. My yellow petals now slowly and luxuriously open and the Sun pours in. I begin to laugh. I know who I am. I am a Yellow Tulip. We all are!

‘We all are!’ I call.

So many Yellow Tulips. So many everywhere. So much of me, expanding now faster and faster. Just me and Yellow Tulips, laughing and happy in the Sun. So many now, opening, opening in ecstasy.



What did I do to deserve this? I ask myself. Nothing, I answer myself. You just grew and changed.

So many Tulips, so much warmth, so much Sun. So much of me. So many Tulips and me, and me and Tulips and I am a Yellow Tulip!

And as I know this another change happens. We are all the same. All Yellow Tulips are me and I am all Yellow Tulips. This I know more than anything. I am filled once again with more wonder!

And oh! There is so much warmth from the Sun that I *am* the Sun and the Sun is *me*!

Slowly at first and faster and faster, I am this and that and this and slowly, slowly, but faster and faster... Ahhhh! Now I KNOW! I am EVERYTHING! Everything is ME!

All Yellow Tulips are me, and I am them, all good is me and I am all good, and all bad is me and I am all bad, and all frogs are me, and I am all frogs, and all bees are

me and I am all bees, and all butterflies are me and I
and all butterflies, and all moths are me and I am all
moths. And all this is is me, and I am all that is. And
all that was is me, and I am all that was. And all that
will be is me and I am all that will be, and so there is
more and more of me and everything.

Now I just know and I am knowing – complete knowing
– complete understanding – complete expansion – a
complete Yellow Tulip.

**The Beginning, The Middle
And
The End**

'... Inspiring, funny and gentle...'

'...A poetic insight into Existence...'

The Yellow Tulip is a delightful allegory of your journey through Existence, through the cycles of time, life, death, morning, night, happiness, sadness, fear and contentment. Like any such tales it appeals at many levels and can be enjoyed by children and adults alike.

This little book should be pondered over, delighted in and discussed.

David's work gives us a much needed perspective on this life and beyond.

Enjoy it!