

Moon-frog

In the deep of the garden at the bottom of the dell,
was a pond and a rock where the moon frog dwells.
When the spring night is warm and the stars they
shine,
you can hear his deep call at the mid night time.
He sings with a bass with cool blue voice,
and if you sit quiet you'll be given a choice,
To learn many stories of his animal friends,
And decide how to live and to die in the end

For the tales he tells resonate with the truth,
that we are all of one kind we are living proof
That the trees and the leaves and the dew on the
grass
Are watching and waiting for us to go pass
All the tests of a human all the tests to be true,
to the life you've been given a promise a proof
That we come from the stars that we all have good souls
if we life a true life and follow good goals

To take all that we need but not a piece more
For the giver of life wants us all to be sure
So Moonfrog a creator sings that life is a song,
To treat the home-earth like the place we belong.
Stop poisoning pastures stop spoiling the sea,
Our genocide of nature and butchering good beasts
To find a new way to live in sweet harmonies
And to have a good life and let nature run free

The nights now worn on and twilight is here
but you have heard Moonfrog calling to your hearts ear.
So what will you do your choice lies before you
Come back to hear stories as nature adores you
Tomorrow we tell you of how Moonfrog was made

And then you can decide how to come to his aid

Written in 2020 during the first lockdown and when we discovered Moon-frog and started to
learn and share his stories.

Jon Proctor April 2020 -April 2022



Story of moonfrog and Prince Moon and the star eaters – a new beginning.....

At this time at the end of March, the Young Prince Moon (who is Moon-Frogs great cosmic cousin), he had been dancing with some of his favourite stars the seven sisters of the Pleiades a beautiful group of girls who wore blue and liked dancing in front of Orion the hunter and his hunting bow. Nightly he would chase them but by April he would tire and on this night with the moon so bright Orion was hidden and so the sisters danced with the moon and disappeared below the horizon as the sun queen rose for the beginning of the summer season. And so as the light grew and the moon disappeared and the heron started to wake from his slumbers Moon Frog had made his last call and song to the stars and then made his exit too.

On this early morning Mr Rainbow acknowledged his sister stars and bowed to the moon or the moon-frog I am not sure which as he got up and left the water side. He was thanking him for his song and the vigilance and beauty and for keeping the sky safe for another night.

Always Prince Moon looked after the sky. Always looking out for the star eaters. For star eaters are a big and black singularly incomprehensible creature essential and yet at the heart of destruction and rebirth powerful beyond imagining and terribly silent. In some cultures Star Eaters might have been called Shiva but in Mr Rainbows world the thought of Shiva a star eater just made Mr Rainbow shiver. He did so because just thinking about a star eater made Mr Rainbow nervous because if the star eater ever came here to Mr Rainbows home he might find himself exploding in colours just like a Supernova. He did wonder if such a thing would be a wonderful experience too but he didn't have much experience with stars being very earth bound.