

BOOK FIVE CHAPTER THREE PLOWSHARES

When Jane Green stood to make her closing argument, Ayres and Victoria were beside her. “My clients did not file this lawsuit out of anger, retribution, revenge or malice of any kind. It was done in the fervent hope that the human race would take notice, to bring to their attention our interdependence with the natural world.”

The defense lawyers began whispering. “What’s she doing?” “She knows exactly what she’s doing.” “Don’t ever wait for Jane Green to do what you expect.”

A white crow walked into the courtroom, took flight, his glorious wing span circling over the heads of the panel of judges, before landing on the table in front of them, staring.

As Jane Green continued, a powerful beam of light began to radiate in circles throughout the courtroom. No one had ever seen anything like it. The judges called for an immediate recess. After a comprehensive investigation, the security team and police found nothing. Two hours later, every one was searched before being allowed to reenter.

As the prosecuting attorney began to speak, a sound, not unlike a distant fog horn, stopped her. It was followed by a voice, gender neutral, emotionless, but clear. An epiphany.

“We are here to learn and work together, to offer one another assistance. You are beginning to see what you haven’t seen before.”

Everyone in the courtroom was silent, wondering the same thing. “Did everyone hear it, or was I the only one?” The panel of judges looked at one another. Rather than call for another recess, the judges all nodded to Jane Green, “Proceed.”

Jane Green - "The following was communicated to me by my client,
Ayres the orangutan.

From many, to many.

Life sustains itself.

Ice lichen grows between the weathered forms of rocks in Antarctica.

Some look like tiny forests of Bonsai trees.

Plant life speaks to blood life.

We held the floor of this earth tribunal for a billion years, alone, mostly with
whisper, wind, soil and seed.

Many creatures born here, many creatures decay.

Beliefs mean little unless they act in accordance with life. We grow.

Once we reach our limit we decay, rot and return to the bottom of the glacial tam.

We form collaborations with your forms, and with fungus.

We consume decay, you consume our growth, then you, yourselves decay, you
enter, once again, into our gently embrace."

Jane Green stopped, turned to look at Ayres, and continued.

Our alchemy goes on and on, clinging to life, provided there is enough for the
life we have, enough water, air, earth, and sunlight.

We remind you that we need these elements.

Share them, or we perish.

Do not pick from every pocket of sunlight.

Leave enough for those who will come after you.

Keep their trust for what we will bring to them.

Dear hurried, impatient red blood cells, you need patience.

Patience enough to love this place we're in.

We love your pathways, you humans and animals, you march with us to the
cadence of seasons.

We admire your tooth, your scythe, your axe, beak and bill.
We admire your sword and your plowshares.
You cut against our grain, we gladly offer ourselves to your otherness.
Now, gladly, do the same!
Listen with the tiniest portion of your soul, then will life emerge,
with a wisdom yet to come.”

As his attorney finished, Ayres nodded and sat down.

“My client, Victoria the chimpanzee, communicated the following to me.”
“Ever present never twice the same, ever changing never less than whole.”

Jane Green looked at Ayres and Victoria. “My clients have instructed me to withdraw all charges.” An audible gasp was heard throughout the courtroom. The normally emotionless judges were stunned.

All charges against Shilli, Emilie, Julian, Asha and Lapis were dismissed. Would the panel of judges reverse their decision? Unlikely. Since the Hague didn’t have double jeopardy, there could be a retrial.

It wasn’t until several months later that soldiers worldwide, began to report their shared experience. “Something came over me. I saw the faces of my mother and father, my son and daughter on those I thought were my enemies. I couldn’t continue, had to stop.” Swords into ploughshares.

The trial ended on December 4th. Everyone was invited to a party the next evening, St. Nicholas Eve, at the United States Embassy. Jane Green had an announcement that would be difficult for anyone to believe.