

A part of the Poem of Kalevala.

The Poem is related to the work of "In the beginning there was air and water" by Irma Weckman.

So the mother of the water,
Water mother, airy maiden,
Raised her knee above the surface
And her shoulder from the wave
As a refuge for the scaup
And a welcome nesting place.
Then that scaup, the lovely bird,
Fluttering round and hovering over
Spied the water-mother's knee
Lifted from the sea's blue surface;
Took it for a grassy tussock
Or a tuft of new-grown turf.
Flies about, flitting here and there,
Settles on the lifted kneecap.
It is there she builds her nest,
There she laid her golden eggs-
Six were the golden eggs she laid,
But the seventh was of iron.