

Echolocation

At first, it is only us, testing the wind
for what it will carry. Our voices are far
too small, the song dissipating
in its hopeful fiction.

Quiet again.

The dark amphitheatre of sky
smothers.

Then the canopy shivers a lyric.
We feel the hum of roots below,
beings murmuring from mouths
shrouded in soil.

Music wells upwards,
abrupt.

New arrivals stumble into the field,
human and non-human tones mingling.
TNTs come out of hiding, their melodies
joining the high bars of chorus.

We echo into every direction:
swinging the pendulum of treelines,
sounding the hollow of lunar marias.

From unseen waters, song breaches
feather-light. The water in us
shimmers to the invocation.

Our song maps the terrain
of past to future labour.
We trust the others hear us.
They are gathering.

-EUNICE ANDRADA