

## Ripple

It starts with a ripple

a tremor of sound, eddying outwards from a single note  
and blossoming into being  
like birdsong  
on a still, cold morning

As I listen, I hear deeper  
and wider  
My heartbeat, loud in the silence  
becomes the pulse of water through tree branches  
flowing out through fingers of leaves  
into the full-throated song of a magpie

soaring, I fly through a sunlit canopy  
I rustle flutter snap crack chirrup  
breathing in sunlight  
and exhaling into the far heights of mountains

My roots reach down into that soft blanket of mulch  
Into a crackling web of communication  
a subsonic exchange of life.

When we listen deeper  
can we hear beyond our own desires?  
Can we hear beyond our four score of years  
into the centuries of a pine or the hours of a mayfly?  
Can we hear beyond our own music  
Into the deep songs of whale or forest?

Can we shut our eyes  
and send our soul out along that ripple  
into a music that transfigures our own  
into something wild and beautiful  
timeless  
yet pulsing with the rhythm  
of countless beings?

Can we open our ears  
and become a part  
of that wild joyful song?