searching

I asked the wind why it blew. It nudged me aside, too much in haste to answer.

I went to the stream to find the source of motion.

Its eyes welled with tears as it babbled sadly of an old sorrow.

I hid my head in a hollow tree, stopped up my ears with fists like gnarled clubs.

I could still hear the axle grinding at the centre of the turning world.

Come out of hiding, unstop your ears, come close and listen to

the silence that forms at the tip of a thrush's tongue, on a singer's lip, an owl's claw.

Paddy Webb