At the outer edge of our Earth, 
cosmic dust is pulled towards the planet. 
Hissing and crackling, it bursts into colour, 
ignited by the density of a living atmosphere.

Converging with our air and tempered in the turbulence, 
a conversation is this way started, intangible 
transition of candescent matter, unfolding 
from the manifold silence 
of space.

All across the North Sea, the waves bear witness 
to the clamour unfolding at the doorway of sound, 
- 20km up in the sky. 
we hear the distant storms, the whir of wind farms traveling 
along with waves in the lowest of frequencies, 
they oscillate upwards together to the fringes.

In the inlet of Cromarty firth on a still day, 
the surface is alight with oystercatchers, gulls, 
the winnowing snipe attuned to the soft 
sound of pebbles rolling in the tide.

There in the bay, our behemoths sit.

The monotonous hum of enormous machines 
floats as a thick, impenetrable cloud 
punctuated only by the shrill of a loud speaker 
calling its orders out to men on the decks.

Submerged in the sea, these creatures sit, 
pulsing with a pattern we made but cannot match.

Its beatings, ravaging the depths with sound, 
resonate heedless through undisclosed bodies 
unsettled and jettisoned from the fragile relation 
ship—
of life 
within life 
drowned cadences 
and other lives 
remain 
unheard 
places for 
how long 
turned belly up 
or body down 

our voices 
thus amplified 
we join, 
the choir of geologic murmurs 

(our) geologic murmur