

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 whirl 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