

## **Reverberations**

This poem only lives because you are  
also living, every vowel a strum  
of the instrument of your own breathing.  
And your voice began with your mother's,  
the echoing poem of her heart becoming  
the first slow ripples of your body.  
Put your ear to the chest of this wild earth.  
Listen: the soft moans of chicks,  
pups, and goslings, like notes falling  
through a harp of trees. And look  
how the songs are all one on the water,  
each crest and trough of sound syncing  
like a family. O let each voice be a sign  
that there is life waiting to give life.