The poem, *Language of Tendrils / Dialect of Dust* written and recorded by the Suzy Sureck, weaves through Jenna DeBlasio's generative data composition.

The earth sounds like a choir in the cathedral of these woods. Walking over an exposed root A single ant creates a racket, its step drowning out even the cry of crow. Crescendo of burrowing beetle and bulldozer as dissonant as a mustard seed.

## What of the language of the tentative tendril?

A language Of fluidity Of flirtation Of tenderness Of necessity Of thirst Of lust Of luck Lurking, lunging Lounging luxurious

A language

Of kindness

Of extending

Of grasping

And release

Of relief

Of grief Or grievances Of vigilance And reckless calamity

### Underground language is a caution tape

A vibrant ribbon of alert alarm watchful Woven Warp and weft Tendril and touch Embedded beneath toes and hoof

Tread lightly, listen deeply

We listen, with meandering probes For a dialect of dust Jargon at the jugular Lingo for the living We root for the rhizome transmitter of message Hermes, disguised as fungi, invents speech moves between worlds translates the languages of sun to soil.

#### What is time among tendrils?

Moss time Moon time Worm time Worry time Tangled tensile

Do we dare listen? For a whisper a secret a kiss

a language among tendrils.

#### Underland a language of touch

Sensing, fingers reach for each other Wrap around tendril to tip Language as caress, wisp and will. Two trees, decades old find each other in the under land Companions, protectors, Share what thy know Share what they are.

time

When rooted, we are Connected to each species Ancestral and future.

The underland is where we store our stories, safekeep memories cocoon our dead absorb light birth the new.

Ears to ground, eyes to sky, We are briefly in the midst of it all Listening through our skins.

We sat on soil, probe in hand Taking the pulse of roots Transcribing, translating, imagining

## Black walnut

cling to the edge of stream by the studio their language solid territorial

# Maple

Dangle their tangle of root In air where a river once ran Is theirs a language of thirst? Of longing?

Moss has grown on ancient boulders Since I've lived near their majesties, Miniature forests within the forest Surprise us with their sing song beat their optimism.

This <u>is</u> sound among the tendril. Even the tree stump has a lot to say.

Ear to the woods Eyes to sky **We are in free fall** parachute barely cushions the blow.

As we dare listen For a whisper a secret

a kiss

a language among the tendril.