



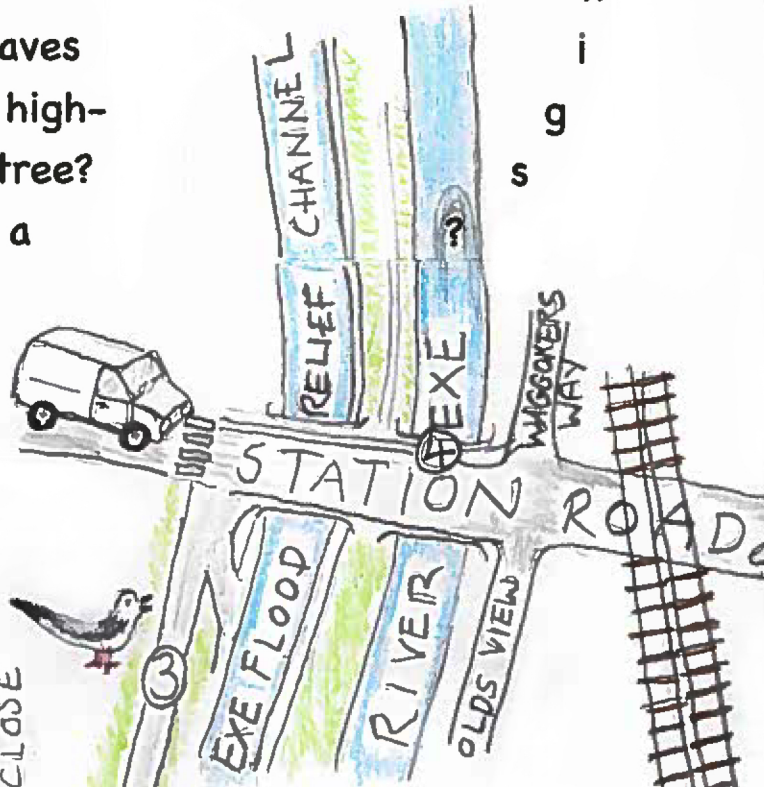
① Be still  
Let sounds come

What is singing, here?  
Wind shaking pale privet leaves  
and streaming through the high-  
reaching Japanese Pagoda tree?  
I hope you hear more than a  
droning engine chorus.  
But listen to that, too.



② The caged gas cabinet emits an eternal wheeze. I will return to find out if the pitch ever changes.

④ Cup your ears and look upstream. What are the river sounds, today? Is it rushing past tree trunks and dangling t



③ Within a sonic fog of transport I heard black-headed gulls shriek, joggers plod, hedge sparrows fuss, muffled human voices.

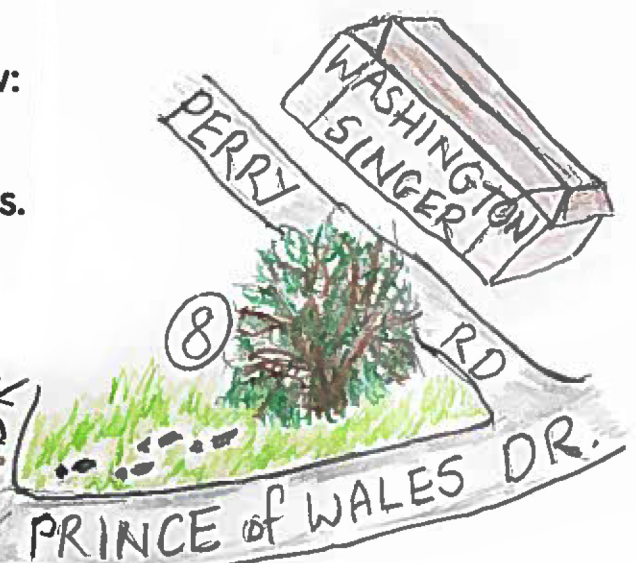
Are you within a similar orchestra?

⑤ Vehicles queue or rush through this artery, but their sound clots. While I listened it never flowed away.

⑦ Listen high: wind in leaves & needles, crows chatting. Listen low: skittering dry oakleaf, trickling drain, your feet walking over grass. Engines protest the hill. (Are they quieter going down?)



⑥ Small-world babbling. I heard long-tailed tits chattering through upper branches, wingclatter of pigeon and magpie, bicycles tickaticking carefully downhill (even quieter, uphill).



⑧ A large Holm Oak. Find a way through its domed leaf-curtain. In the cupping centre, sink down and lean back against a trunk. Rest in tree-music. Breathe in and exhale with a low hum, sounding in your chest, passing vibrations from your back into the tree.

Close your eyes.

# TREE to TREE, EXETER

A Sound Walk  
For Helen Kean,  
with thanks.  
Emma Welton  
December 2020

Walk distance: about 1 mile