



⑨ ...into human habitat.  
Listen, remembering the wild music of our journey to here. You can walk back the same way with softer focus. Notice again the sounds heard before, and dream their future.

⑦ Use your ears to find a twiggy crow's nest near lamppost 164. Its resident broadcasts a periodic 'CAAA!'.

⑤ How do people sound?  
Ruuaargh! One motorcycle voice serenades the whole valley, a rutting beast, spring in its loins. An emptying bottle bank recalls the tankling wind chimes.

R U A A A R G H

③ Sit on the bank beneath the evergreen Holm Oak opposite lamppost 128. I heard the slow creak of a gate blowing shut. Metal cutting. Chainsaw. Blackbird duet with a tankling glass wind chime.

① Breezes stir upper branches, dry seeds, leaves, birdwings shift. Human chatter behind fences. Pigeons startle, forcing a warning whistle from panicked wingtips. A tractor drone ebbs and flows heavily from hidden fields.

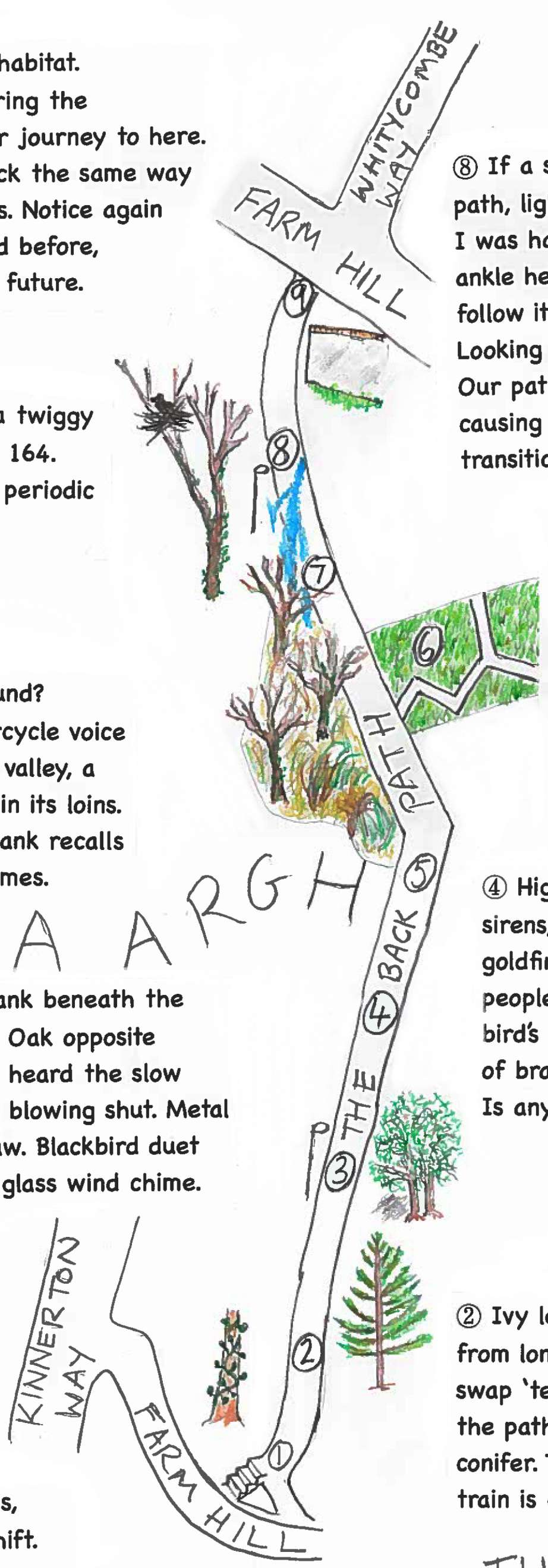
Walk distance:  
about 1/2 mile.

⑧ If a stream trickles across the path, lightly splash your feet. I was halted by bumblebee drone, ankle height. I closed my eyes to follow its heavy to and fro by ear. Looking ahead, green habitat thins. Our path narrows between walls, causing a diminuendo, transitioning...

⑥ Lie down in lush (crackling) grass, sinking your ears into sylvan valley. Tease apart woven birdsong, choose one, and follow it back to the ice age.

④ Higher up, city sounds mix in: sirens, bluetit, motors, drills, goldfinch, clanks, blackcap. Restless people. Boisterous sparrows. One bird's ear-stabs pierced a curtain of bramble and drove me away. Is anyone else listening?

② Ivy leaves flutterflapper freely from long, slender stalks. Great tits swap 'tea-cher tea-cher' across the path. Small birds fuss inside a conifer. The whistle of a distant train is cut short by road noise.



THE BACK PATH,  
EXETER  
A Sound Walk  
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