PIAZZA
TERRACINA

② Voices fade, engines move in.

Ahead, ripples slap hulls, rigging tinks masts. Gulls yelp,

'I'm here'.

An open front door emits the sound of vacuuming – or is it a hissing swan? Feathers of a tiny unseen bird shiver from brambles. Percussive clucks & chirrups are threaded with blackbird's graceful contours.

① Once upon a time, when the thickening pressure of machines briefly ceased, voices cut shapes in the air.

Today, traffic drones and rasps meld with ventilation fans, dulling the edges of chatter and children's shouts.

WATER MUSIC, EXETER A Sound Walk for Alexandra Scarlatt Emma Welton May 2021

③ Cross the bridges with experimental footwork to find their singing tones.
The acoustic broadens.
Runners pant, plastic soles scuff-thud, groups plod in friendly chat, bikes tick-a-tick.
Canine toenails tapdance.

⑤ I caught a shoal of kayakers' cries & surging paddles.
On weekdays, metalwork screams from cavernous sheds.
Forklifts move beeps through space. Rackety radio music
and an indecipherable DJ jostles with icecream van chimes.

® Steam turbine rumble from the Energy from Waste plant joins in - a massive kettle whose pitches you can whistle. A train tears past. The power plant's poplar facade is an illusion of tranquility. David wren slings trills at generator Goliath.

The Where possible, slip between trees. Wait a while, peacefully, so the birds forget you.

Woodpecker will be drumming, regardless. Hear them (all) speak. A church bell rolls across the flood plain every hour.

DOUBLE

OCK 5

Walk distance: about 2.5 km Richer music emerges. Goldfinch triptips from treetops. Martins jajajaja overhead. Thrush commands.

Invisible lambs b-e-e-ah.

Finally, the lock-gate's gushing water drowns the machines.