

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

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 is sound among the tendrils.
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 tendrils.
