

**1.**

It's a long shot but

*Help us  
sing our  
story*

hand it  
to us  
on a plate

make firm  
headway  
with it

### 3.

Dolby purifies sound  
as 'multiple audio  
tracks'

as marks

*the pulse  
of crickets  
in your arm*

an eyelet slit  
into trees

an innocent-oily  
seam

4.

let slip  
through your  
fingers'  
fingers

•

I will back you all  
the whole  
way

•

unclasps the

## 5. Voiceover

*Why does  
nature vie  
with itself?*

A whispered-in violation:  
the shush of leaves not quite  
cutting it.  
No contest  
to speak of. *Quiet, please.*

While sleeping  
I'd hear them talk.  
I got to like this.

•

Emerson's Over-  
soul leaves us in time  
in a spot  
of bother.  
Right where I'd pitch my tent.

•

*Over what?*

- 

A voice incongruously  
the same as any other.

Fife      Bell

Tills     Whyte

        Witt

A voice hasped open

to the wall. Hapsed.

Lapsed

- 

and still running