

## **The Village of the Hidden Singing Birds**

The Village of the Hidden Singing birds:  
know it by its silence. The absence of an ambience  
of chits and twitters and casual patterned calls  
makes the good day sit uneasy.

Today I walked from end to end;  
dirt roads and quaint reclusive homes  
straggling up the hill.

A cold day, but clear, and silence everywhere.

No canaries swung in cages in the passion-flowered trellis  
nor any wild song-bird in the shadow of the bush,  
and evening was not marked, as in any other town  
by roost-burst and clatter as the flock settles down.

I know it for the village of the hidden singing birds,  
a mystery, a myth, rumoured but unplaced,  
like the cities of the Amazons, the country of the blind.  
I'll find it out, tonight, their secret place,  
and listen, chance enchantment,  
for the ache to hear inherent  
in my birthing bone.