

The Year of Quiet Oceans- poem

Julian Langer

April 17, 2021

The Year of Quiet Oceans

The year of quiet oceans will not go forgotten by many,

But to the Oak tree a short walk from my house, the Lyn river and cliffs at the edges of my world, the rocks of which have encountered the orchestras of primordial seas, full of untamed life,

The year of quiet oceans may be forgotten by them – perhaps only remembered as another unusually scorching summer for them.

In the year of quiet oceans the instruments projecting anthrophonic sounds in the air – with that rank and arrogant song, that seeks to silence other melodies – fell quiet, before silence,

A sound that, with all the qualities of a cancerous tumour, grows,

But who today listens to the ocean, other than those individuals who survive in it their home.

The pursuit of dead flesh, without the authenticity of the fight, as well as acid rain and other very civilised occurrences have removed the orchestras from the ocean.

But what does causation, causality or the Causes of individuals who wish to save them, mean to those who live amidst the anthrophonic song,

And who undoubtedly enjoyed the year of quiet oceans?

Now, do not take this as a celebration of ill-health,

No,

This is an affirmation only for the space where geophonic and biophonic melodies might crescendo again,

Without being polluted by the songs of the industrial death machine of Leviathan!

I will try to listen to the ocean, to hear the songs that it sings.

This Spring morning, I'm hearing goldfinches, sparrows and blue tits,

As well as others, whose songs dance on the air,

Like they were floating on water.

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