The forest quakes at three, birds scatter soil frees its tree roots and loose trunks go bounding toward water.

Under the flesh of Sedona mountains ladybugs and worms marry, grow old. Those of us above ground leave footprints on their chuppahs, mar their birthdays with half-hearted calls.

Too much space, say those who listen beneath and dislike voice as it travels. Too much space between what we speak and what our quivering mouths demand.