



Acoustic Recordings

Struck things hum.

Tuning forks from hard kneecaps,
crystal bowls from gentle taps.

Winged things hum.

Honeybees to bustling hives,
hummingbirds to crabapple skies.

Moonlit things hum.

Giraffes among their wakeful mates,
composers—though it's growing late.

And we can catch the mountains humming
from their green slopes to summit fogs,
thrumming their old rock songs

of Earth's deep quakes and ocean waves.

by Elizabeth Kuelbs

