I'VE BEEN TALKING
every morning to blackbird,
telling him why we are all so sad.
He sits on his branch and listens.

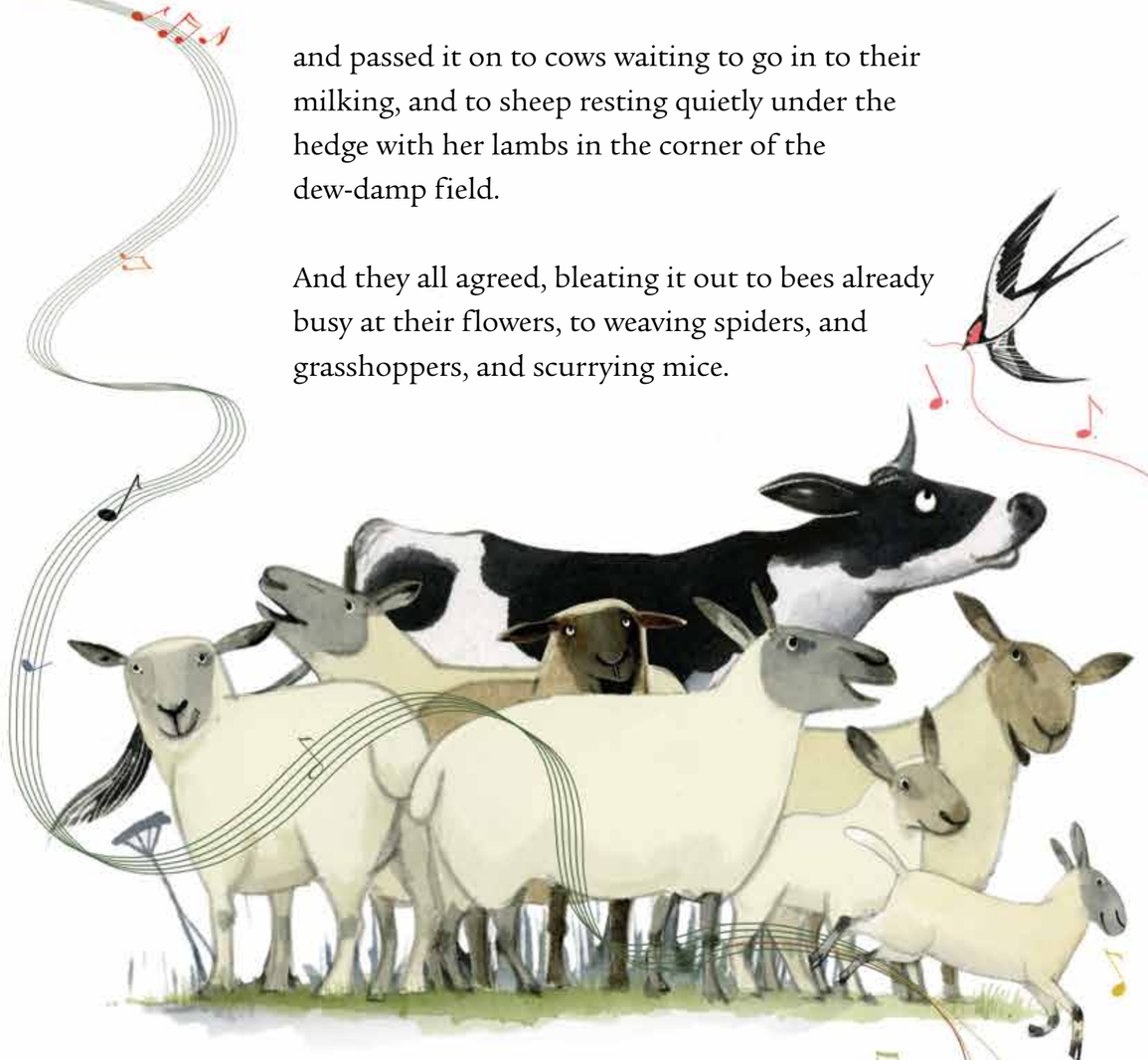


It was blackbird's idea. He sang it out this morning at dawn from his treetop in the garden, to fox half asleep behind the garden shed. She thought it a good idea too. It was a wake-up call. Fox was on her feet at once, and trotting through Bluebell Wood, where she barked it to deer who ran off across the stream.

Kingfisher was there, otter and dipper too. They heard, and piped it on, and swallow swooped down over the meadow,

and passed it on to cows waiting to go in to their milking, and to sheep resting quietly under the hedge with her lambs in the corner of the dew-damp field.

And they all agreed, bleating it out to bees already busy at their flowers, to weaving spiders, and grasshoppers, and scurrying mice.



Trees were listening too, all the trees, waving their budding leaves in wild enthusiasm.

High above in the skies,
clouds gathered, driven by wind,

and wind took blackbird's idea over the cliffs across heaving seas, where gulls and albatross cried it out, and whales and dolphins and porpoises heard it, and wailed and whooped it down into the deep, where turtles listened. And they too loved the idea.

So did plankton and every fish and crab and sea urchin and whelk. They all whispered that it was a fine notion, the best they ever heard.