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For Oswin.
With thanks to Helen,
for harmonizing on this 'song'
— C.A.

For Diana, a panda fan
— F.W.

'Where words fail, music speaks'
Hans Christian Andersen

a song in the MIST

Corrinne Averiss

Fiona Woodcock

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Chi is hiding.
If you're quiet, if you're quick,
you might just see her.

Between conifer trees and bamboo leaves.
A shy panda bear.



Chi loves to listen.
Being silent brings sounds to her ears.

The swish of bamboo.
The chitter of tiny birds.

But today, something new.



Gentle, sweet, the air made musical.

It floats on the breeze,
curls around trees,



makes a bridge
over the water . . .



. . . and brings Chi to a little house.



Carefully she creeps,
as near as she dare,
closer to the sound.



Until she finds it.

A boy
who blows breath
through a piece of bamboo.

He stops.
He has seen her.