

## **The Enchanted Forest – Silence and Song**

**The beauty of the song of Orpheus**

*Felting, stitching and embellishing*

**‘from their listening, a temple’**

A tree rose there. What pure arising.  
Oh, Orpheus sings! Now I can hear the tree.  
Then all went silent. But even in the silence  
was signal, beginning, change.

Out of the stillness of the unbound forest,  
animals came forth from dens and nests.  
And it was not fear or cunning  
that made them be so quiet,

but the desire to listen. Every cry, howl, roar  
was stilled inside them. And where  
not even a hut stood

or the scantest shelter  
to contain their ineffable longing,  
you made them, from their listening, a temple.

***Sonnets to Orpheus, I, 1***