



Voices of the Air (1916)

By Katherine Mansfield

But then there comes that moment rare
When for no cause that I can find
The little voices of the air
Sound above all the sea and wind.

The sea and wind do then obey.
And sighing sighing double notes
Of double basses, content to play
A droning chord for the little throats.

The little throats that sing and rise
Up into the light with lovely ease
And a kind of magical sweet surprise
To hear and know themselves for these –

For these little voices: the bee, the fly
The leaf that taps – the pod that breaks –
The breeze on the grass-tops bending by –
The shrill quick sound that insect makes –

The insect hanging upon a stem
And the beads of water dropping along
The mosses, the big rocks and diadem
And its infinite silent song.

The silent song so faint so rare
That the heart must not beat
Nor the quick blood run
To hear the inspired voices of the air.

