

Voices from a village pond...

Saffron Summerfield

Does landscape sing...do creatures talk to each other... do wrens eat dragonflies...

Wren comes to the pond to feed, sees a dragonfly, decides it is a bit too big to tackle so, he starts a conversation instead.

"Your wings are beautiful" says wren to dragonfly
"I know" replies Dragonfly.

Wren thinks to himself
'How pompous YOU are!!'

A few seconds pass then Dragonfly asks
"So, what's special about you little bird?"

"Well", says wren
" I have a beautiful voice and can sing over 80 notes in a minute!"

Dragonfly gives wren a strange look then says

"How is that even possible ?"

Wren fluffs up his feathers, waits a moment then replies

"I have a syrinx inside my chest which allows me to sing loud and fast and..."
pauses in mid sentence, plumps up his feathers some more in an attempt to look even bigger
"I can sing two notes at once !".

Wren looks pleased with himself and starts to preen his wing feathers in a nonchalant fashion.

Dragonfly suddenly launches herself into the air, catches a tiny insect and then settles back on the reed before wren could bat an eyelid.

Wren waits a moment then says
"That's impressive, did it taste good?"
'Not really, I need to eat my own body weight in insects everyday you know".
replies dragonfly

Wren looks at Dragonfly's tiny, delicate body for a moment then says.
"I eat insects too. But you look a bit too skinny".

A few seconds pass and the leaves on the old oak tree dance like a conversation.

In the distance a woodpecker is drumming.

The landscape is singing.

Suddenly, dragonfly says

“ I’ve been living inside this pond for over a year, inside an egg you know!”.

Wren looks up from cleaning his claws.

“Inside an egg for over a year !” he exclaims in disbelief
adding

“Wren’s eggs hatch in fourteen or fifteen days and we build a nest for our eggs. Don’t your parents feed you ?”,

“Parents! What are they ?” enquires dragonfly of wren.

“Well” says wren “parents look after you, teach you to find things to eat and hunt and the like”.

Dragonfly looks amazed.

“You mean, you have someone show how to eat?”

“Yes” replies wren.

“Well, I’ll be blown” says dragonfly shaking her gossamer wings.

Wren and dragonfly sit quietly.

Occasionally the pond resonates with soft sounds from the water.

Tiny creatures dart about inside the pond creating creases on the surface.

Wren muses on what dragonfly has told him about living under the water as an egg for over a year. Sounds preposterous to him but who knows, it’s a strange old world.

Wren looks around him, sees the reeds, the rushes and the flowering water lilies growing in the pond and asks dragonfly.

“Do you know the difference between a dead pond and a live pond?”.

Dragonfly stares at wren and replies

“No, I don’t think I do”.

“It’s you and me” says wren to dragonfly.

Dragonfly looks puzzled, then wren explains

“Neither of us ever visit a dead pond do we?”.

“Gosh no, what would be the point in that” replies dragonfly.

