
This is a test post. This is a test post. This is a test post. This is a test post.

130 characters:The Song of the Tree When the lights go out and parents leave for work, we look down at our feet and see something bright, shining in the darkness. The floor beneath us feels like it's made of black glass - but what we see beneath it isn't reflections of lights or furniture or one another: it's all over there, in that other world outside ours, so close to us we can almost touch it: the song of the tree. On a windy day we sometimes look up and see it swaying in the sky, while the trees on earth stand motionless. We hold our breath and listen: we hear a voice crying out to us from some other world - but we don't understand its words. Then the clouds cover it again and it's gone. It's hard not to feel sad when the sun goes down, because we know that this isn't all there is. We know that the song is still there, waiting for us in the shadows. It doesn't matter how old you are; when you look down at the floor at night, you see it. You see it with your eyes closed. You see it with your back turned to it. The song is always there, like an old wound. The more we listen to it, the more we understand about ourselves and our world - but that just makes us ask more questions. As the years go by, it becomes louder and clearer, but we can't grasp anything with our hands - nothing more than a memory, disappearing as soon as you try to hold it. Two summers ago, when I was 15 years old, I decided to get out of my room and get some fresh air. The sun was setting over the horizon: there were no clouds in the sky. The song of the tree seemed closer than ever before. I stood outside for maybe half an hour. When I came back in, my brother was looking at me strangely out of the corner of his eye. "What are you doing?" he asked. I didn't answer. When I got to my room, I sat down on my bed and put one hand on my pocket, feeling the warmth of the pen I was going to use in a few minutes. I pulled out a blank piece of paper, and started writing something about the sky - but I never finished. I could still feel the song in my head, but all that was left were these words: Over here, it's different from what you're used to - there's another world just beyond your doorstep - if only you could hear it...

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