

**Abi Williams**

**[I whispered my name into the trees]**

I whispered my name into the trees

I mumbled my name to the dank moss in the bus shelter

I mouthed my name silently on the windswept tip of the hill

I bellowed my name to the slate grey sky

I shouted my name at the empty football pitches

I muttered my name incessantly in the supermarket

I sang my name in the church

I hissed my name to the cold pebbles and the cold sand

I roared my name to the surprise of the animals    to the surprise of the quiet couples and the  
wistful young mothers    to the surprise of the small boy playing in the street

I heard the reply and it was terrible and dreadful and silent