

# BIRDS' LANGUAGE

Imagine that you are able to understand the birds.

There melody sounds to your ears like a secret dialogue, a message for you.

Abstract sounds transform into words.

Write down their conversation, notice how many birds are talking, notice what is the dynamic between them & where they are located in the space.



Would you be able to sing this melody yourself?

---

---

---

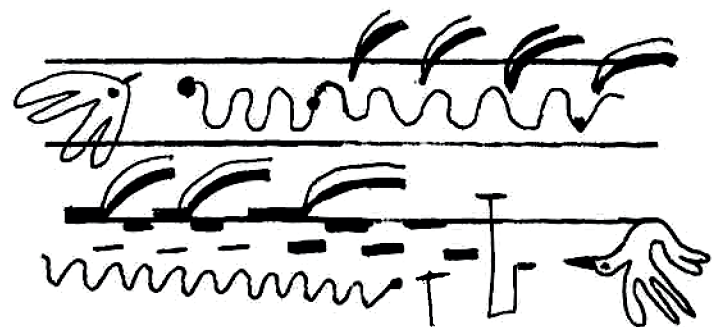
---

---

---

---

---



*it's so nice and relaxing to sing*

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---



Take a moment in your day to welcome the melodies of birds songs in your ears. Listen to them carefully, & translate what you hear on-the score, in order to remember their sonic improvisation. You can create your own way of translating. Spatialise the melody. Anotate everything as if you where a musician in search for inspiration, finding help by the side of little artists, the birds

I L I S T E N T O  
T H E C O N C E R T  
O F T H E B I R D S

# READY TO FLY BODYS CAN

Notice how is your body feeling after listening to the birds.

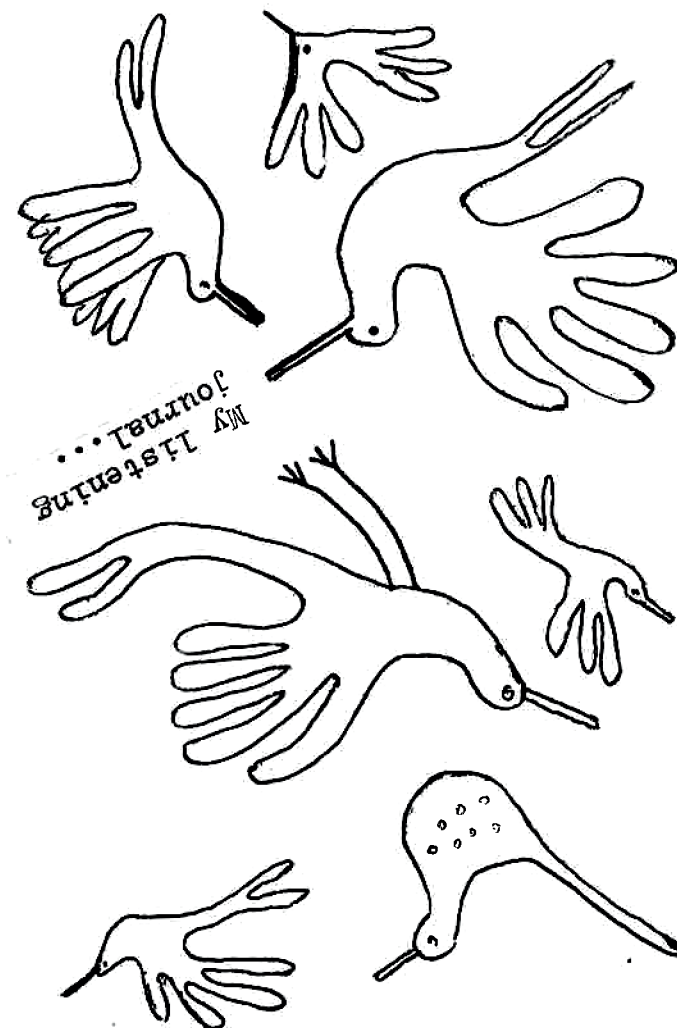
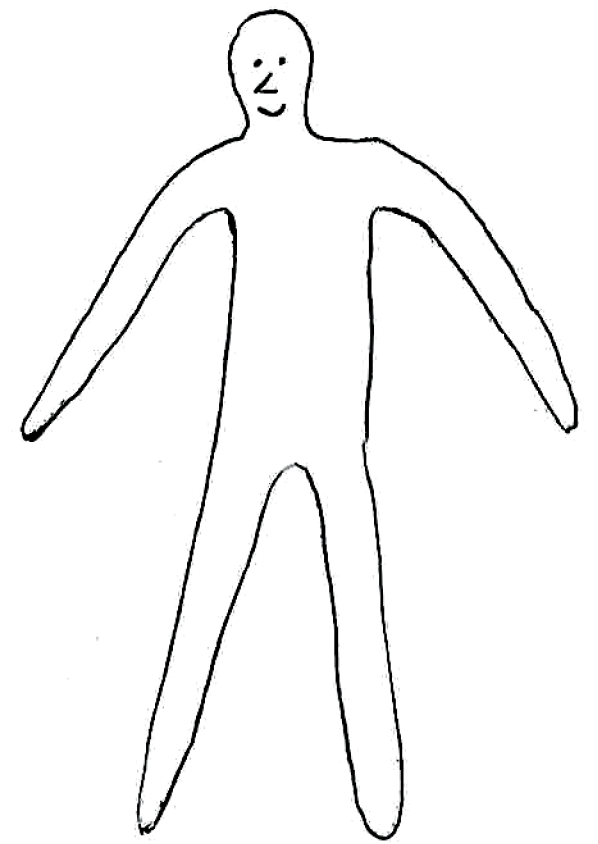
Do you feel apeased, soothed by the vibrations they transmitted to you?

Do you feel more present?

Are some part of your body so light now that you feel ready to fly?

Notice these parts of your body which became as light as feather and draw them, circle them or colour them.

Draw the new sonic dimension that you accessed.



Scan the QR code to listen again to the co-composition of me & the birds:

How many birds have you been listening to today?  
Where in the city are they nested?

One day, as I felt lost in the course of time,  
I decided to stop, slow down, and listen to  
the songs of birds.

The concert birds offer us every day  
is being considered as white noise.

There language that we used to understand, sounds  
now to our ears like an old dialect of inaccessible  
meanings and treasures.

There is a link between the fact that we can't  
understand them anymore and their disappearance,  
vanishing, loss.

I see beauty in their language of songs,  
melody rather than words, vibration rather than  
concept, to express an affect.

Listening is caring, acknowledging birds as our  
neighbours, co-habitants of our cities, with whom  
we can share precious moments of the flying time.

All of a sudden, I felt like I belong to this moment,  
some wings started to grow on all of my problems,  
my body felt so light that I could join them,  
up there.

**B I H**

Their melodies inspired me so many songs,  
of glimmering shines, and soothing power.

**Imagine  
understand  
Their mel  
ears like  
a message**

**Abstract  
into words**

**Write down  
tion, noti**

