

# The Smallest Wingbeat

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Music: Rasmus Skov Borring, 2018

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How can there be such pow-er in a wing-beat that dis-tant but-ter-flies can brew a storm? Just bits of col-oured gos-sa-mer and string-feet, how can their flut-ters take on mas-sive form? Re-mem-ber, ants can build an ant-world moun-tain like ti-ny di-gits in a gi-ant sum. Though we may feel like drop-lets in a foun-tain, we're part of Earth's great e-qui-lib-ri-um. As breez-es blow and cot-ton clouds go drift-ing, I re-al-ize how close-ly we are bound: The smal-lest wing-beat joins with oth-ers, lift-ing each cir-cle that we share as Earth turns 'round.

1. How can there be such power in a wingbeat that distant butterflies can brew a storm? Just bits of coloured gossamer and string-feet, how can their flutters take on massive form? Remember, ants can build an ant-world mountain like tiny digits in a giant sum. Though we may feel like droplets in a fountain, we're part of Earth's great equilibrium.

*As breezes blow and cotton clouds go drifting, I realize how closely we are bound: The smallest wingbeat joins with others, lifting each circle that we share as Earth turns 'round.*

2. My childhood seemed a playful sunny Sunday with hide-and-seek in gardens ever young. A butterfly sat on my finger one day. I giggled at its tickly roll-up tongue. Yet more than just a touch of beauty passing, I see today that butterflies have might. I picture all our graceful beats amassing, like Monarchs in a grove that join in flight.

*As breezes blow and cotton clouds go drifting, I realize how closely we are bound: The smallest wingbeat joins with others, lifting each circle that we share as Earth turns 'round.*