"The ear of language rests on the breast of the world,"
writes the poet Robert Bringhurst,

"unable to know and unable to care whether it listens inward or outward."
I am convinced the ear of language is formed in the

this chamber
where life splits itself and as it does all conceivable need is met

Call it the discourse of grace.
A river of grace through a cord, a basin of grace cradling the form—consciousness awakens within this conversation from which words will someday ring forth.
“The world is immense,”

marveled Rilke.

“and like a word that is still growing in the silence.”
In a brilliant riff on "therolinguistics" (the language of wild things), novelist Ursula K. Le Guin gives us a feel for this uterine Word.

"I say, imagine it: the ice, the scouring snow, the darkness, the ceaseless whine and scream of wind. In that black desolation a little band of poets crouches. On the feet of each one, under the warm belly feathers, rests one large egg, thus preserved from the mortal touch of the ice."

In this instance not uterine, but avian—the Emperor penguin of Antarctica cradling its single egg.
Le Guin’s genius is to equate warmth—the warmth of touch—with language. She calls it poetry.
"Like all kinetic literatures, it is silent; unlike other kinetic literatures, it is all
but immobile.

ineffably subtle"

"The ruffling of a feather;
the shifting of a wing;
the touch,
the slight,
faint,
warm
touch
of
the
one
beside
you"
"In absence, presence. In death, life"

"In unutterable, miserable, black solitude,
the affirmation"
In the womb, the poets—

mother

—touch one another

Neuron by neuron, bundle by bundle, mind awakens within this nursery where no intimacy is withheld.
"The earth has let me in on it, how it comes forth with the seed, that it is one. Oh evenings of confidence, both of us rained, soft and May-like, the earth and I in our womb. Male! how could you know how deeply at one we were. The silence of the universe will never be divulged to you the way it closes around a growing thing."

"I was before the world," softly speaks "the voice of those who nurse"