

POEM OF THE WEEK

MUSIC OF CREATION

I hear your voice, it sounds like a tinkle of silver bells;

echo, seductively in my head, and more:

a steady pervasive beat; percussive, persistent,

hints of darkness, blinding light; building, building:

don't let it stop. You have my attention, my interest.

Don't let it stop; it's my heartbeat; it keeps me alive.

Then comes the chorus, quietly at first: a soprano solo,

then the alto response. A tenor's lament; then basso profundo.

Musical notes hung suspended on a gossamer web.

Bespeak great stories; legends yet untold, of deeds heroic;

folly unbound. Speaks to me of greatness, and transcends time.

I'm there, at the beginning; the act of creation.

Do I see mighty empires rise and fall; engorged with self-importance;

to be replaced by another. They all leave their mark, a semitone

or quaver. Does their self-delusion never waver? The music lives on,

I cling to every note: it becomes my essence of being.

Be it then, be it now, the music of the celestial sphere prevails.
The artificial cacophony of industrialised hell will not obscure it.
Listen carefully to the silence; you will be able to hear it:
the music of creation; I hear your voice.

Leslie Bush

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