

live Music

emerges from the darkness awkwardly
squinting as the hot fluorescent suns confront his sight
beyond the light, where shadows move and whisper
anticipation
lines the night like the blue smoke
which rises towards the ceiling
seeking freedom

now

approaches the shiny black and white keys
which radiate light like planets
in their own universe
of melody and Truth
as he silently caresses the ivory
the bass player stands like a pillar
fingers poised like gentle autumn branches
while hi-hat echoes softly through space

(it begins)

quietly
lifting softly descending dotted quarters
the bass a vibrating giant, the drummer stirring
snare like a magic potion
now the pin point triplets growing
into something that flows
like a river along the space
within the soul of Music
as the chords soar around the room
escaped prisoners

it is this; the escape of the moment
that ignites the soul
Music, an ocean of fire and ice
the lyre of old: creating Poetry

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