

My Symphony
Arts and Letters 2010

simple, quiet
the tempo speeds up and
slows again
metronome
carefully
clocking
moments
feels though its tricking you to the climax
piano goes softer again
you thought you'd reached the best
but it's silent, quiet, and serene
you're on the
edge
of all your
fears
chords confuse you
metronome reaches the max
speeding,
blinding
you don't see where you're going
no more piano, chaos ensues
consumes you
you can never return to the serenity of the piano
you long for it but you

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know

your

path

but the metronome does indeed slow

after the seemingly endless storm

you know it won't last, it's all but an illusion

Music stops. Heartbeats stop. Life stops.

You spend life

waiting

for your

metronome

waiting for the violins to cue you

waiting for the piano to move you

waiting for the brass to enrage you

waiting for the metronome to run out