

# My Symphony

What does a symphony make you think  
And how does it make you feel?  
Does it sink down deep into your heart  
And leave an echoing thrill?

I'll tell you what my symphony's like:  
It's warm, pulsating vibrant joy;  
Sometimes slow like an elderly one  
And sometimes like a jubilant boy.

Autumn leaves floating on a mountain lake  
And the quietness of wood-land kin  
broken by the songs of birds  
and the sighing of the wind.

A glistening rain drop on a leaf  
After a morning rain,  
And the rainbow on the clouds above  
When all is well again.

Listening to the majestic chords  
From a great musician's hand;  
I bow in humble gratitude  
To the music..... Of the Land!

— *Mitchel Hendricks*