

## Unsettled Symphony

On this day  
as the months turn tattered pages  
I always find there is  
a melody, swells deep inside me.  
There is no apparent prelude  
to this symphony of spirit.  
And its voice, unlike years past,  
is cacophonous—cutting  
through my heavy-burdened  
chest with songs  
I had forgotten . . . .  
or tried to forget.  
The music begins with  
a steady hum—not  
unlike life's own vibration  
Then this soothing stream  
is joined by the winds  
Whispering of their memories  
of a fond caress of fallen leaves  
beside us as we lay,  
spirits spent, yet satiated

and complete after our  
intimacy of soul.  
A voice joins the winds  
echoing its message;  
“Remember the Night  
when I may hurt you”  
The bitterness of this song  
lies not in its content, but  
in the theatre it is housed in.  
Seats once full are now empty,  
the conductor of the symphony is  
gone—they play alone now—  
knowing the music by heart  
by spirit  
by soul  
I wonder if I will ever  
have to move on to another song  
or if someday you will  
return and I will find  
the song once sung was indeed  
only the prelude.