

THE SYMPHONY

*Where do our thoughts go? Our dreams?
Our wonder at the elusive rainbow, the ruffled daffodil?
Love that sets us aglow - or the pain of rebuff,
rage at things gone wrong?
Dreams so intense we are lifted to greater heights,
or dashed to the depths of sorrow?*

*How can rapture at music that stirs the soul
simply disappear into nothingness?
Passion so vibrant, so real...
a child's unbridled joy,
anguish at a loved one's loss...
Can that concert of thought just vanish into the ether
as though it had never been?*

I think not.

*Surely the planet hums with its power.
Had we the means to witness this vast energy
as it arcs brilliantly toward the heavens,
surely we would hear it blend
to create a harmony so exquisite
that the Gods smile upon their creation;
our minds, the instruments of this celestial orchestra,
and our thoughts and dreams, the symphony.*

*Carol Leonard SeCoy
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