

On listening to music

The notes drop like crystal shards into the quiet air,
Pure and clear like the water that bubbles from a spring;
The audience, rapt in their attention, scarcely move
Listening intently as the musical drops of perfection
Shimmer through the air.

Fingers caress the keys, producing a sublime
Union with the orchestra, whose exquisite playing
Complements the mastery of the pianist,
Who continues his love affair with the piano,
Stroking black and white in equal measure,
With equal tenderness.

Notes like drops of light dance through the room,
Seducing the audience and inviting them
To become one with piano and orchestra.

Then with a change of pace, the audience
Is challenged by the fluid ease with which
The pianist's fingers runs over the keyboard,
Producing ripples and rivers of sound
Which dance amongst the crowd
Tantalising the ears with spritely shimmers
And trills of sound.

And then - it is finished. The last sounds of
The piano die away into the listening air of the hall;
The maestro lifts his hands from the keys,
Still in thrall to the magic he has wrought.
Silence - then the audience shatter the silence
With great applause, truly lauding the soloist,
Who, with grace and humility, turns to the
Orchestra, to salute their part in his success.
The conductor too takes a bow and, joined in triumph,
They leave the stage together,
Leaving the audience to take home what
They can of the evening's performance,
Remembering the dancing fingers, the
Magic notes, and the music summoned forth
By the players.