

THE CRAVING

In this, a new millennium, it's hard
to write a verse in Keat's formal style.
And yet, tonight I'm inching toward the bard
who beckons me to ponder for awhile
the music in life's silent solitude.
The mind must empty, body must retreat
from audibles and tangibles possessed--
and worse, possessing-- waiting to intrude
on any fragile song that might compete
with being thingful, stuffwise overblessed.

He'd think those words unfit for poetry.
It's true, but they express our human state--
obsessed with objects, all consuming, we
amass belongings we may come to hate.
Just let me hear the quiet of a cave,
a moss-lined valley when no breezes blow,
or stillness in an empty church at dawn.
Convinced the notes are there for me to save,
I'll search out every pianissimo
while learning to be soundless as a fawn.

And when my notebook's treble staff is filled
and pastel sketches shade the once-blank page,
I'll pass it on to someone who is skilled
in spirit artistry, who can engage
the inner ears and eyes so long denied.
From colors that are yet to be revealed
and melodies still waiting to be heard,
an ode will softly rise on morningtide
to soothe the souls who wander far afield.
Perhaps with tones like those of Keats's bird.