

## OVERTURE

All night I probed the gamut between harmony and discord;  
Somewhere beyond my reaching was a song I longed to capture.  
Cacophony. Frustration. As first light came I called the Lord  
Who once had let me hear divine duet: despair and rapture,  
The holy scale, the melody of man, the sound of time.

Was it proud imagination, orchestration of a dream,  
Presuming much, assuming I was somehow meant to prime  
My piano to receive and reproduce a sacred theme?  
The Lord was silent, my numb fingers bowed upon the keys.  
It seemed the death of music, the acoustics of the grave.

Then down the dawn came winged notes to linger in the trees,  
to wake my weary sense and sensitivity to save  
Each scrap of tune they improvised, and once again remind me  
Where all concertos must begin, where tone and rhythm starts.  
The minor chords are born in wind, the major in the sea.

The bass explodes in thunder from the swift-colliding parts  
Of cymbal clouds; vibrating treble comes from counterpoint  
Of stars, the cosmic obbligato with hollow logs and rain.  
The mighty middle range is rivers pouring to anoint  
The sounding board of land, and amplify the whole refrain.

The final movement is composed of all humanity.  
No, never mine to play or write, confined to flats and sharps,  
My poor preludes are variations on my vanity.  
One hears this symphony from source-- someday on heaven's harps.