

Sound Gift

Sleet tapping rhythms
echo on glass
timpani pounded by
flat large hands
I can scream, I can scream
hidden in staccato beat

Shower soothing hums
drops slide down panes
cello strings play
lullaby variations
I can weep, I can weep
soothed by legato bowing

Clouds bursting vibrations
tap dance on skylight
sun streaming in—
rainbow arc conducting symphony
I can trill, I can trill
partnered in the melody

Sound gift pounds through my body
the body of the world
the morning calls to prayer
echoing through cell walls
voices rising
music rising
 primal
 guttural
 streaming round the globe

Thunderclap rhythm
reigning above the walls
beating down barriers
can we play? can we sing?
staccato, legato, together
beat the drum, beat it bold

