

Music

by Katherine Geffken

It starts out shapeless,
Just sitting and waiting... waiting

Slowly the time comes.
It gradually grows,
Taking shape and striking the air around it with
Its radiance
No longer is it an object,
But a living thing.
Its heart throbbing loudly within its body
And its breath comes out in sweet fragrant pulses.
Not only is it alive,
But the air around it shimmers and dances
From its aura
Casting a warmth through the souls
Caught in its brilliance.
Boldly, as if it knows
The next step,
It leaps out of its nest and soars so freely,
Its shape twisting
In the air
Like an orb of coiling water
never still,
it weaves through the light,
Causing showers of gold
To cascade down.
It continues to move,
Faster and lighter it flies
Dancing with such grace
It is but a mesmerizing blur.
It's long twirling body
Flowing like molten lead
Dancing
That the very air seems to sing
Until it slows
And takes shape again
But soon
Much too soon
It starts to fade
Until only a glowing sensation lingers.