

Music

What is music? Is it the pitter-patter of cardinal wing?

Or the sound of the grass as it dances with the wind?

*Maybe it's the sound of the children's laughter
in the distance as it rides
on the wings of the wind
to all ends of the earth.*

*Maybe it's the sound of the sunflower
as it slowly opens to greet the sun?*

*Could music simply be the sweet serenity
that is so seldom heard?*

*Or maybe it's the concerto of zooming cars,
or the symphony
of humming lawnmowers
and chanting sirens.*

*Close your eyes and listen
to the opus that is all around you.
If you choose to listen it will play.*

You are music.

I am music.

We are music.