

The Note

There is a note
Wavering in still air
Warm and round is its golden threaded heart
Fresh warmth unfolds to nourish
The brittle chill, as Dawn
Spilling her first unsure whisper
...Into dark mist.

Swollen is the nourished heart
Beating and filled, with tender promise
And rich new blood
A single drop of honey, sound and sweet voice
Melting gladly over the silver skin of first Dawn
Upon silver waters swollen in moonlight
Now golden and supple
As tone and golden warmth
Lick over the arching breast of ripple and tide
Now flush with slow heat, poured out
Drop by drop
...as melody unfolds...
...slowly...
From within.

Slow and thick
Sweet and drawn
As honey lingers
Falling and stretching
As the heart of new melody teases and warms my heart
Now golden and full
...drop by drop
Is the song of honied dawn
A treasure filled as nectar and melody:

It is this which has been lost.
It is this, which we must remember.

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