

The Poet and the Musician

God will not sit for a painting,
Nor spring from a sculptor's hand,
But the Poet makes God a King, a shepherd,
A Lamb, a lion, light, darkness, garden and
gardener. Says the poet, "Kiss the hand that writes
the words. Without them, God would not exist."

Through open windows pours an angry uproar.
Voices chant, "Poets be damned!"
Signs with quarter notes and treble clefs pulse.
"Music is the door to the sublime."
The Musician declares, "When my notes fill the air,
The gates of heaven swing wide."

The poet chides himself, "I hear
Valkyries galloping off to Valhalla,
Carrying tens of thousands on the backs of music."
The musician concedes, "How soft the words,
'The Lord is my shepherd.'"
Both turn spirit into sound, and sound into spirit.

