



*Unnoticed Melodies at Tinmouth Pond*

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Birds line up on the wires  
like black notes on a staff.

A rock, older than time,  
softly hums its music  
not only to itself but also  
in concert with other rocks  
around it—and also with me.

The crunch of gravel as the car approaches  
beats a percussive accompaniment  
to the morning's rhythm,  
while clouds crescendo  
against the mountain's crest,  
waiting for the imminent tympani of thunder  
amidst the chirping of birds,  
like high C's from a coloratura soprano.

The lowing of Guernsey cows  
provides the sound of cellos,  
and the whispers of winds through trees  
resemble the sweet sounds of a harp.

The squeak of a table  
brings in the violin  
as well as the flute and the piccolo.

Mountain peaks seem like chests that inhale,  
then exhale rhythms in nature's cathedral  
of emerald, chartreuse, and hunter

while an occasional outcropping  
of whitened trees, long void of leaves,  
stand as soldierly conductors  
directing the concerto  
I seldom take the time to hear.

To take the time to appreciate nature's  
music influences my breath, sharpens my  
hearing, massages my eyes, and reaffirms  
my connectedness to everyone and  
everything. It allows me to rejoice in the  
essences not only of people but also in the  
soul of a rock beside the road, at the  
entrance to Tinmouth Pond, Vermont.