

In the Music

Judith R. Merz

Our souls meet in the music—
You lean to your instrument,
And the purity of your performance
Pulls and stirs me,
Your passion fueling mine.

Enveloped in the sweet and sacred language,
You caress that special note . . . and it returns the favor . . .
And in the love between you, within you,
Pleasure teases pain,
And ecstasy is born of simplest joy.

I dance in my heart,
A child-like chortle trembling through me
With soul-simple delight.
Broken, healed, lost, found , , ,
I savor, sway, and swoon
In the magic of your music.
In this cherished space, you make me whole
As our souls exhale, tumble, concede, and meet
In the music.