

I SHALL PLAY A POEM

Barbara Schroeter

My hands seem to whisper
They cannot talk out loud
The piano screams within my heart
But my fingers don't know how

I know what it's like to feel the beat of every measure
From each notation in every bar there's so much sensual pleasure
For others may know what satisfies their like
But mine will always be the Musical Delight

I feel each mood with ecstasy
From music that is played to me
The voices embedded deep in my soul
Express much emotion with a musical role

Its rhythm so strong, its timbre is sweet
With rising crescendo, I feel my heartbeat
I feel myself climbing way up where it is high
To quicken my breathing and let out with a cry!

Then, Da Capo, diminuendo, I know when it dulls
My senses, to sleeping and dreaming – it lulls
Now my resistance is lowered, my defenses are down
Way off in the distance there's a soft melodic sound

Each magical trill causes mild titillation
But every nerve in my body gives wild stimulation
Its motion is moving in only one place
There it remains vibrating a long time in space

The voices are chanting, their instruments I can hear
A strong harmonious texture, a symphony so clear
A concerto has a solo, an instrument alone
But it is accompanied always by others to give it greater tone

My life is a concerto, a solo I perform
"Molto Appassionato" with spacious allegro form
The passage I am revealing is my cadenza scene
To prepare for my finale with a brilliant rondo theme!