

The shape of sound

by Mia Munro

Music. The soul of the earth, rich in emotion and imagery dances through the breeze like the scent of rain,
mending what silence could never explain.

A new memory blooms where the night grows cold,
A string is plucked and the world unfolds.
Each rest a stillness that forgets your name,
Each note a spark that heals your pain.

Each aching bow like a ghost at dawn,
A violin hum like a lost love, gone.

Pianos sing in a minor key,
A painful grief with quiet decree.

Drum kits thunder like ancient drones and echo the pulse of something unknown.
Your feet rise up from the earth and spin, chasing the rhythm that lives within.

A cello moans of a love long gone,
Its aching bow like a ghost at dawn.
The piano weeps in a minor key,
Painting grief with a quiet decree.

Your eardrums thump like a forgivable sin,
Holding hands with the sounds from in.

Flutes like sparrows race through the sky,
Their silver wings showing the wind how to really fly.

Music is more than just a sound or a word,
It's the beautiful cry of a soul needing to be heard

A cellos vibration travels up through your shins,
You feel the warmth hit your skin,
It speaks in tongues both new and old,
With every record, CD, and copy sold.

In alleys where the shadows cling,
A saxophone croons like it knows everything.
Its voice wraps round the smoke and light,
Telling stories that outlive the night.

Music knows no borders, no needs, no shame,
The most human way to heal your pain,

We all are chapters of the same great tome,
Music, not a place, But feels like home.

Word Count: 290