

Misterioso

A shell at my ear,
I heard the whisper of my heart's work:
I fell open like a book.
I watched the quiet of the moth's flight,
drawn to silence like the moth to light:
the life within the one we hear.

Now I am the instrument that I play
and I am played by the sound
I make: remade by the touch of the air,
by the rhythm and note of what I say –
as if the world is something I have found
and the world knows that I am there.

And if the best of speech is music – a sense between
the skin and something understood –
returns the tongue
to its own song –
gives the blood
its dream –

let its language

bring us close
to the first of us: the cave of eyes
lit by the fire of what they heard –
the drum that gives the ghost
its dance: the voice that swells the earth
like fruit: the cry that carries on the listening skies.

Gregory Leadbetter
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