

Music in the Air

Sir Edward Elgar's music haunts the reeds,
the bracken, willows, bluebells, birch and gorse
of Malvern's hills and Severn's silted shore,
the land where it was made and it belongs.
And you as well may pluck tunes from the air:
you only need to listen and to look,
to hear and see, your senses sharp, alert,
and you will catch the musings of the earth.

For music is intrinsic, in-built, rife,
inscribed upon the heavens like the stars,
the rainbowed arc, the thunder and the clouds,
the budding storm, the dew and falling tears.
It makes the body tingle, ache with pain,
it takes your breath away and strikes you dumb,
and no words you can utter will convey
the ecstasy and sorrow of its ways.

So let your life and loves walk hand in hand
with echoes of its elemental voice,
and follow as it changes mood and key,
explores new themes, abandons them and seeks
for more and ever more from out the sky,
the rising, falling heartbeat of the land.
Preserve the sounds, the melodies you hear
and press them, keep them, share them, hold them dear.

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