

Poems from Music – Chris Sainsbury

Da Capo

From among the compost
Of wrong notes
Forced efforts
And tempo lost,

Awkward fingers
Misplaced
Eventually
Find a space,

And rising slowly
Push upward through
A tangled canopy
Of style imposing,

To touch the sun
Hosting the moment.
And after,

Proud fingers
Sad, at a random end
Tend graciously
To offer less,

And even seek out
The forest floor
For rest
And belonging.

Deep Sky Reverb

Deep sky reverb
Amplifies every nuance
And perfectly attenuates
Ground sounds
Just a little
Allowing
The Plovers
Recurrent '*tek-tek*'
A surround sound
Ambience
Tonight.

One Place

I
Choose to live
In one place.
Giving of my time
And energy chaste
To live slowly,
Simply
Through long days,
Loose
And at ease,
Of community graced,
Yet tethered.

And as each day
Repeats,
Unbattered,
Same-faced,

I
See the earth
Live
And move
And have being
Here,
In one
Unremarkable place.

(This one is more of a life experience poem than a music poem).

Sainsbury is writing a series of Poems from Music for publication sometime in the future.