

The Poet and the Musician

God will not sit for a painting,
Nor spring from the sculptor's hand.
But the poet makes God a king, a shepherd,
A lamb, a lion, light and darkness, gardener and garden.
Says the poet, "Kiss the hand that writes the words.
Without me, God would not exist."

Peeking out the window to check the hubbub,
Angry voices chanted, "Poets be damned!"
Signs full of quarter notes and treble clefs pulsed.
"Music is the door to the sublime."
The musician shouts, "When my notes fill the air,
The gates of heaven burst open."

The poet says, "How could I have forgotten
The Valkyries, galloping off to Valhalla,
Carrying tens of thousands on the backs of music?"
The musician concedes, "How could I have forgotten,
'The Lord is my Shepherd?'"
Both turn spirit into sound, and sound into spirit.