

A Song

*I sang a song yesterday.
I thought I sang it well.
The notes were all in tune.
The phrases smooth and uninterrupted by unconscious breaths.
I varied the rhythms and spoke the words clearly.
I anticipated each key change.
My voice was warm and moved effortlessly through each rise and
Fall of the melody.
When I finished, I was sure I'd told the story well and communicated
My interpretation.
But I did not experience a feeling.
My heart remained unchanged.
I was unmoved.
My soul still yearned for expression.
Despite my efforts,
I realized I had not sung at all.
The music, it seemed, slept quietly beside me.
Patiently waiting to be awakened.
I decided to start again.
This time I did not listen.
I did not watch.
I did not think,
This time I willingly vanished.
This time I became...
A song.*

----Carolyn Sloan