

Beautiful Sound

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Like dandelion seeds
Cast off,
Notes float on air.
Free of effort.

Ripples on water's surface
Break cold sheen.
Adding texture.
It is the sound.

It reaches round,
The sound, dissolving.
Contemplative waves,
Impelling pause.

In this moment
Do not discretise.
Nor digitise.
Lest it be lost.



This poem was inspired by Chopin's "Prelude In E Minor."