

Ode to Beck's Serene

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Into this sonic valley does Bass descend.
Tentative at first, and then it gains.
Falling, rolling, undulating with no end.

To the low ground it comes with resonant sound.
With slow and solemn rhythm, it combines
To cause the chaos all around to come around.

The sonic air toners O2 and N2 do hark anon
To take it in and begin their dance of tone.
Wave upon pressure wave they come, as one.

And then, as ebb is for flow, it attenuates.
A timeless taken; the Moment's made; an attentive state.
And in its tender wake...

...does Treble rise.



Sierra Nevada, Granada, Spain
Credit: Claudius van Wyk
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This poem was inspired by Jeff Beck's "Serene." See <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-AMYMP-PL6g>