

Silent Symphony

*An ensemble of crisp, pale-white, pages,
A diverse instrumentation of bold, black, ink
I open up to the first page,
The conductor raises his baton.
I hear the soft rattle of the snare drum
As the author lays out the setting
A gentle melody begins to crescendo
As characters are slowly introduced
A mellifluous harmony evolves
As I dive into the rich plot
There are sharp notes of staccato,
Followed by smooth stanzas of legato,
As I read through fluctuating sub plots and plot twists
I sit contently, as blissful music fills my soul.
Although the performance finally draws to a close,
I can still hear the melody in my head,
Bold and pleasant, I can easily hear,
The silent symphony*