

Ex-tempore: some re-arranged notes from a music conference

In music we discover what we know.
The spring and rhythm sounded from the start.
We play into the spaces as we go.

Our songs cut to the quick; our words are slow.
Childlike, we strive to speak of any art;
In music we discover what we know.

We improvise – i – e – i – e – i – o –
Mastery and mystery both part
Of playing into spaces as we go.

Bright sound in light: a synaesthetic flow!
Boundaries dissolve and colours slant.
In music we uncover what we know.

Our searching roots go down so shoots can show.
Weaving, they entangle and enchant
And play into the spaces as we go.

From sounding womb to noisy world we're thrown,
To where the space is thin, the going hard;
But music will recover what we know.

So in the minor key, sing long, sing low.
And sing the song that springs within the heart.
In music we discover what we know.
We play into the spaces as we go.

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