

## HIDDEN TREASURE

The music is dead on the shelf but flutters into life  
when chosen, circles the light of listening: a moth,  
a firefly, a spark of melody and time, a memory  
of a concert, mood or tune, to keep the future away.

Wind blows all thoughts of silence into disarray,  
notes scattered, chorus scrambled, rearranged  
as improvised moments, scrape of a string or  
amplified spring, yowl and call, distant radio hum

and the slow return of rhythm from another time,  
sequencer beat and synthesizer footprint across  
echoplex guitar and the sound of every singer  
I've ever loved whispering a last goodbye.

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