



The Singer Within

Sometimes the music is off- key
Out of tune and sad
A dirge of suffering
A lament of worry and wonder
Yet comes then
Remarkably
The Singer within

Sometimes the lyrics speak
Unfairness unanswered
The question of why us
or even me
Yet comes then
Extraordinarily
The Singer within

Sometimes the harmony is discordant
Varied clamorous clashing
Straining the now
Staining the morrow
Yet comes then
Always
The Singer within

Sometimes the finale seems endless
With hope waning
Wanted
And weak
Yet enters from the back row
Ever and Irrepressible
The Singer within

Don Adams On Bethel Pond

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