

HARMONY

By what means might harmony be found?
For privacy, should not the other's
fade,
While each one tries to know his own sound?
For why else were separate voices
made?
Our own music we may come to know,
If for another's rhythm, we have no
Desire to make
trade.

Mother tongue weaves a garment of sound,
Shielding oblivion's silent
chill.
In a collective noise our forefathers drowned.
Were it not better to have remained
still?
Symphony exceeds ability.
What's left? Personal agility.
Notes are formed by sheer force of
will.

Harmony

And when oneself one begins to hear,
Because many have not listened at
first,
Whole music seduces the lone ear.
And sweet harmony becomes a
thirst.
All becomes an improvisation.
To know oneself in this relation,
Every conditioning must
burst.

My voice, sure, familiar to my ear,
Blends with those discordant, as by
plan.
My ancestors spoke, though could not hear,
A species' voice that was able to
span.
The darkness and form a tradition,
Em fim, the Infinite's condition
Was this my voice before the world
began?

Circa 1976
John K. Wood

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