

TORKOM AT THE PIANO     April 2007

The first time you played for me  
I thought, this isn't music  
It's a collection of noise.  
I was wearing a thick hat then  
And my adolescent sunglasses.

Years passed, and I began  
To wander the open fields.  
I walked around the rings the moon  
And entered naked into the sea,  
Abandoning my fear of the dark  
And sharp toothed creatures.  
By day I longed  
And looked straight into the sun.  
I learned to labor in its rays  
As if joy was coursing through my veins.  
Winter came and arrived again  
And I stood in the snow stripped to my waist.  
I warmed myself on a hidden coal.  
I molded my mind  
And took a sober step or two.

Then I came back to you, still at your piano.  
I saw the flames rising from the keys,  
The notes leaping from a void  
Bowing and blossoming back into space.

I would suffer five years of sorrow  
Carrying the weight of my body  
And suitcases filled with grief  
Up steep hills in search of gold,  
Before I could sit beside you  
And see light in the far horizon  
And the fire blossoms burning,  
And know something of the silence  
From which your song is born.

Joy to you.

With love,  
Shane