

Classical Music

CHARLES FINN

There is music—and then there is music.
The slap of a beaver tail, the screech of a hawk
The slow thunder of tree root pushing through soil.
There is the toothless mastication
Of children and the old, my heartbeat, the stars.
Yes, you can keep your rock and roll
Just leave me the flight of butterflies, dawn
Rolling its acorns of hope across the globe.
Leave me the proposals of wildflowers
The confessions of snow. Give me all
The harmonies. Take me to the mountaintops
Give me the breathing of stones.