

The “Sound and Sense”

I know
The “sound and sense,”
The patterns and the dense
Rich layers of iambic line
Woven into a fabric, strong, yet so
Precariously shear and fine
One word removed, would tear.
Then standing there,
I’m bare.

I hear
The harmonies,
The modulating keys,
The pulse beneath each soaring voice
Like heartbeats synchronized when you are near.
As if there were another choice
To make, we take the chance --
Begin to dance
Entranced.

I see
The empty space
Between the subject’s face
And what the artist painted for
Background. Although not necessarily
What really was behind it. More
Than likely, it was what
The artist thought
To put.

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