

## There is a Calm

There is a calm that consumes me  
The moment I walk into  
    the room with the instruments.  
My footsteps call out a greeting,  
    the strings shudder in warm  
Welcome.    I step onto the sea  
    of blue wool -- in this space  
Even I can walk on water!    All  
    the forces that would pull and  
Push me outside are impotent.  
Time hangs suspended -- waiting  
    for my command.

I sit on the cushioned chair and  
    ease my harp to my shoulder  
As a mother would a sleeping baby.  
    I brush a chord, arpeggiating  
Up, and back -- gently, to avoid  
    the tangles that bring tears.  
My body feels the energy, the  
    vibrations catch like fire and  
Spread from shoulders to toenails.  
With a rhythmic rocking,  
    the storm is played out  
Into calm.    The sea is still.  
The power is in my fingertips --  
    I will not abuse it.

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