

Magnificat

Beyond the scene writ by da Falla
Moments lofty, even dire
Passions flaming in desire
Burying Lovers in the fire
Burning hearts, the souls inquire
The Lady living for the Sire
The Sire giving as the dier
Above the law of any friar,
Nor any scheme of convent prior.
The love and grace exist much higher
Than the flames; No funeral pyre
Losing life upon the byre.
But crown of thorns, a circlet briar
To save the Girl from Father's ire.
This passion named, emotion's crier
Glory flows in blood and mired,
Gone, the stain: its death required.
But life of God doth then transpire.
(Angels singing in the choir.)

Akropolis

The appearance on the stage, I read
Five players of the woodwind creed.
Recent of composers made
In years past. Of current shade
And smoothly did the pieces flow.
Soft and loud, or fast and slow
Pointed, smoothly pieces varied
Through the concert, main theme tarried:
"Unraveled" was composers 'prompt,
But "raveled," rather tunes bekommt.

In method, mellifluous and modal
The songs themselves weren't sum, but total.
A single factor jointly bound
In many guises yet were found.
Some were honest, some were bleak
Others vague, the gist to seek.
One played an alto and soprano sax
Two clarinets, (one a bass) were in the acts.
Double reeds, (oboe, bassoon)
Combined to press their parts, each tune.
No piece was left: each one was vital
And gave itself to the recital.
A "New York's Autumn" stole the show,
Other pieces did they blow.
Music of the circus, code,
Entropy, and warp and weft enfold
The concert in its playing grow
To a vibrant piece that really showed
How skills of every player flowed
Through listening ears in every mode.

Time for Three

Three in black came out on stage
And bowed to the crowd. The number
Was a soaring voice from upon the page
Sonority and open played three members.
The song itself recalled the hymns
Lamenting something from the hills.
It changed to something somewhat brighter
A running brook with bubbles and rills.
Ideas that flowed from hollers, or lighter.
In any case, a running fine American theme
The roots in the Irish sounded the second
And finished to clapping. 'Twas then the
team

Spoke 'til the next song beckoned.
Very nice, the tune a rendition
A popular song brought one to tears.
The third played in the same condition
Another ballad that heals and sears.
As it flowed to a song by Bach
And recent tunes, combined Baroque
The elements in that and rock.
Intense and rhythmic, senses evoked
Something a bit more fun and less intense
The next went slow to fast, and fast to slow
Left the crowd with a comedic sense.
The second half began with bass.
A solo played in *pizz*. It rang the halls
While partners stood 'til a funky pace
Brought on the blues, with plaintive call.

The bass played the rhythm, persistence grooved
Underscored the sliding in the fiddles
The Philly piece had ended; the program moved
To a modern song, rocky in the middle
But quiet at the end, with room for thought
A poignancy would permeate the playing.
It stopped from being cloying; a climax sought
As the end drew near, and cadence staying.
Was it new or old? Hard to tell
'Cause it went from one to the other
Smoothly. Bop in bass, Baroque as well,
Brahms and bluegrass, a special in Blossoms
Orange, and a hint of classic rock
If one listened closely one caught some
Themes of long ago. A blackbird flock
Closed the scene and closed the show
Quaint, serene and ever calm
A quiet thought, continued flow,
The weaving parts, the spirit's balm.

Aesthetics

When singers sing like birds
The expression is in hyperbolic words
But when the song is sung up high
The word to these might just apply.
The tunes of Claude Debussy haunts
The halls of song. The spirit wants
A rising of the sun from the twilit
Rooms of nightly longing. 'Twas if
The soul that wanders in the tunes,
Lush and flowing, piano wounds
And soaring upward in the night
Ever seeks celestial light
The voices climb higher ever up
And ever down. It fills the cup
Of yearning: its aesthetic want
Grows passion in the cant.
It cannot reach the ever light
All by itself. Flitting in the flight
Like a moth, it knows and desires
Without the seeing, destroyed by fires.
Hope is gone for trackless soul
The hand of God grasps out, takes hold
The creature flutters; the hand that folds
Unmakes not, but makes it grow
Beyond the flutter, beyond the wings
Beyond the zoologic life that brings
The spirit into being, yet it stays
Anew in the life of hand of Grace.