

The Music of Love

I never expected life to be this good.
It's not because I'm surrounded by ten
thousand dollars of computers,
Front-edge technology with its luring sirens
Of bells and whistles.

It's good because the love song
Emanating from the ten dollar transistor radio
in the corner
Moves past the retail displays,
Over the racks of literature
Claiming how all this technology will change
your life.

The song sings of us.
Every love song celebrates life with you
Whether it comes from my car radio
As a blue-suited mechanic's body spills out
beneath it
In yet another repair;
The Muzak in the grocery store
Or the doctor's waiting room.
The language of the heart.

You have changed my life.
The melodies throughout all the years
Commemorate our shared moments
The joy, the peace,
The quiet resonance of shared values and
perceptions.
Your awe-inspiring intelligence and wisdom.
The unspeakable holiness of your beauty.
How often I am surprised by joy.
How lucky I am to be with you through time,
Through eternity.

I'm sad for those who leave work only to
struggle ,
To keep trying to assemble a life
Shrouded only in the threadbare busyness and
bars,
The shallow promises by those desperately
searching for companionship
Imprisoned by their self-absorption.
I ache for those whose lives are filled with
empty conversations -
Poorly written scripts of a play without heroes
or passion.
Loneliness is their only friend,
An unwelcome house guest who has moved in
permanently.

I wish I was a true master of the language
Able to write with linguistic precision
And soaring eloquence of spirit.
I long to be a gifted musician
Playing melodic and harmonic phrases with
exuberance
And gentle high fidelity
Rhythmically resonating with the cadence
Of a daily life shared in your presence.

Most of the time I'm content to simply *be*,
A living part of the loftiest art possible -
The poetry of life with you.

Philip
April 21, 1994