

Closing Music

Skepticism

I am here
I hear your voices
Yet you look through me
Now my time has come

Easily you lift me
Gently swinging
You carry me
Smooth quiet movement
Like a boat downstream
No time for speeches
There is music
First quiet
Growing louder
With the music
You set me down
Sound of the sand
Like summer rain
On a tin roof
With the sand
The music becomes distant
And almost too soon
There is only silence