

Symphony

A Poem by Ivan Baker

Bows strike the strings,
Hands move in upward rhythm, Flutes enter ethereally,
Horns haunt melodically,
Timpani punctuates emphatically.

Each instrument sounds unique, Makes its distinct contribution,
And together harmonically unified The symphony sings its song.

No prima donnas wanted here The conductor in full control
Bends the players to his vision.

If only we could similarly function: Everyone playing their part,
Contributing to total harmony.

Instead, we play our own tune, Follow our own score,
Becoming discordant and dissonant.

We yearn for a conductor
To bend our will to higher purpose,
But distrust and cynicism seem to win
As we taste bitter stalemate and dysfunction.