

# *The Music of The Light*

**Kurt Venables**

People rushing, busy, by  
Ignoring weather, world, and why  
Sounds muffled in the din  
They weave and bob and slide and spin

I was one, once, of the many  
Searching for clues, without finding any  
Deaf and blind, numb all 'round  
But once I heard a faint, sweet sound

The crowd roared past, in pomp and style  
I chose to stop and stay a while  
The more I listened, the louder it grew  
I heard a tune I somehow knew

I saw glass forests, and sunsets  
I learned the joy that love begets  
I learned to laugh, and sing, and cry  
I learned to live, and wonder why

As I reflect on fortunes and fates  
The many have grown weary, tired of the race  
The fewer, as I, still with wonder and delight  
Behold the beauty and the power of the music of  
The Light