

*A Song*

*I sang a song yesterday.  
I thought I sang it well.  
The notes were all in tune.  
The phrases smooth and uninterrupted by unconscious breaths.  
I varied the rhythms and spoke the words clearly.  
I anticipated each key change.  
My voice was warm and moved effortlessly through each rise and  
Fall of the melody.  
When I finished, I was sure I'd told the story well and communicated  
My interpretation.  
But I did not experience a feeling.  
My heart remained unchanged.  
I was unmoved.  
My soul still yearned for expression.  
Despite my efforts,  
I realized I had not sung at all.  
The music, it seemed, slept quietly beside me.  
Patiently waiting to be awakened.  
I decided to start again.  
This time I did not listen.  
I did not watch.  
I did not think,  
This time I willingly vanished.  
This time I became...  
A song.*

---Carolyn Sloan