

## **Poems 2505C Music #2**

### **#1. The Crowd.**

I follow the slightest of streams  
to where it joins the river.  
I follow it until I'm entering a park.  
It is late spring and some of the bulbs  
are still in flower.

I hear some voices.  
They sound cheerful enough.  
More than two couples, conversing  
at the same time.  
Too far away to hear  
exactly, what they're saying.

Are they leaving the park?  
I think they are.  
Others are still entering, mind you.  
Less formally dressed, too.

I'm walking into a crowd.  
Some people are formally dressed,  
just seen the bride and groom off, they have.  
Others, not so well attired have little in their pockets.  
Some, nothing to their name, have.

A woman is waving her hands.  
She doesn't look happy.

A police officer catches her eye.  
She is pointing to her dress.  
The policeman is talking to her.  
I try not to get too close.  
I don't want to get involved.

It takes some time to get the gist  
as to what has happened.

A Frisbee, has recently landed  
on her plate of strawberries  
and cream. Further more  
she had, fallen backwards  
and her treat had spilled  
over her new dress.

The frisbee throwers  
have retreated but are  
still playing with their frisbee.

The well to do section  
are shouting  
at the frisbee throwers.

The frisbee throwers  
have their supporters, too.  
They are shouting back.

It's such a nice day, too.

There are angry shouts  
between the two sides.  
A dismissive gesture, too.  
Stones are being thrown.  
Stones are being hurled back  
And the police officer  
calls for reinforcements.

## **# 2. Music in the air.**

“Music, there it is being played somewhere  
It is, to today’s ears, modern.  
Loud enough to break an ear-drum.  
More beat, than a tune, to dance to.  
Where has all the songsters gone?  
To drum the beat, everyone,”  
The radio presenter said.

“That’s music to my ears,” Kevin said.

Penny, wanted to respond but  
couldn’t think of anything to say.  
And then it came to her, was  
there any music involved at all?  
that is, in Kevin’s, pronouncement?

Or, was it an expression of a likeness  
for a something, anything at all.  
There are, of course, the bagpipes.

All piping away against the wind  
across the Scottish moors.  
Thank the Lord, I can't hear it,  
down here in a London suburb," Kevin piped up.

"Why do you have to think of something  
you're unlikely to hear," Penny asked.

"It's still a valid musical theme," Kevin stated.

"How about the singing of a hymn in church?"  
"That's worship, that doesn't count," Kevin stated  
somewhat emphatically. "  
How about Morris Dancers?"

"Oh, those with bells on their clothing?  
Those prats who don't like girls to join in."

"Well, Penny,  
The tradition was supposed to be Moorish.  
Now thought, to have no connection  
whatsoever.  
15th century Flemish, don't you know!

Blackened faces too, they had.  
Just to be exotic. Now a thing of the past.

"Thank you, Kevin. Now forget them,  
after all, there's no authenticity there, is there?"

“How about Bob Dylan?” Kevin suggested.

“How about Joan Baez?” Penny countered.

“Oh, let’s have some music to dance to.

So, Penny, can you dance the night away?”

“Not if it’s played, too loud.”

“Is there no pleasing you, love?”

“Don’t you love me, Jock!

Go, and whistle whilst you work.”

“Go and lullaby, yourself to sleep,” Kevin said.

“Go and join the army, soldier boy.

And beat on the drum

the major will have given you.”

“Hey you two, music is supposed to

lighten up the spirit.”

“Who said that?” Kevin asked.

“I’m the cutting voice arising from the ether.

Be positive. Listen to it. Let it lift your soul.

try a symphony. Haydn, Beethoven or Bruckner,

Doesn't mind by whom. Stay and listen.  
And from the beginning, to the very end."

"I prefer the blues. Really cool, man."

"No, it's girl bands, for me.  
Something, I can relate, to."

### **# 3. Show me the way home.**

By all accounts,  
it was a terrible night,  
raining on and off it was.  
against the weatherman's  
forecasts.  
Suddenly, the young man,  
half hidden by shadows,  
in the shop's doorway,  
became transfixed.  
He told himself, he did,  
to stay as still as possible.  
There was before him  
a drenched but hungry rat.  
He watched the rat,  
as it around did look,  
before it grabbed  
the piece of bread before it.  
The rat around it looked  
and saw the cat,  
as did the stranger.

The cat was poised to jump.  
A car around the corner turned,  
It splashed, rain water, right over  
the cat. The cat, reacted.  
Jumped away it did.  
The rat, right away looked.  
It saw a grid.  
And through the sewer vent, fled.  
It was again around the place,  
it called home. Thank you, car,  
it might have sighed. Had it been  
a little more appreciative,  
instead of shaken.

#### **# 4. How could you?**

You bastard, how could you?  
You promised so much.  
so many long nights, I waited.  
Still, I believed in your mishaps.  
How tragic, you made them sound.  
so many requests, too.  
How I believed in you, I'll never know!  
Oh, the dinners I cooked for you.  
And the candles. All waiting to be lit.  
And the meal I tried to eat.  
and the sadness in my heart.  
Feeling a loneliness I could hardly bear.  
And when I went to our favourite restaurant

with an old friend. From the school I went to.  
And, who was there but you. Not, alone I must add.  
A red head, too. You didn't see me at first, did you?  
And when you did. You pretended you hadn't.  
I stood up, picked up the nearly full bottle of wine  
and walked over to your table and smiled before  
I poured the contents, right over your floozy's head.

So many angry looks I failed to see.  
I know the answers now.  
but can't believe how I missed them.  
time and time again.

### **# 5. Up in the air.**

I didn't expect, to see  
the helicopter blades  
flickering, as they do.  
And the sound repetitions!  
Something I can't replicate.  
Like a rapid, mechanical  
heartbeat. Almost inside of me!  
I was there, close to my  
two older brothers.

Suddenly:  
Wrapped in their arms I was.  
Until one of them  
was holding my ankles.  
Swinging, this way and that I was,



Further ways, sideways  
and suddenly, I was defying  
gravity, and free as a bird.  
Up against the sky I was.  
Free, until the force of gravity,  
caught me.  
And just as suddenly  
I was drawn back to earth.  
I was held again, alright,  
by four hands, so securely  
“Up and up away,” they called out.  
Up and up I flew. Until down again I fell.  
And caught again I was.  
this time I was upright, and firmly  
on the ground,  
standing on my own two feet.

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