

LITTLE BEING S FURSTER 2014

Little being makes a climb, up through space and time
He's hoping that he'll know when he should stop
Reaching like a vine, looking for a sign
Not knowing that there really is no top

Little being had been born on some nameless morn
To watch the faithful sun begin to rise
He heard a certain sound that came from all around
It put the light of knowing in his eyes

Little Being feels a need to blow into a reed
And what he hears is sweetness he can taste
He finds it lingers there, as rhythm fills the air
Like a shining rainbow he once chased

The breeze will blow to know the trees
The trees will grow to know
The music in their leaves

Little Being pours his time with just a pinch of rhyme
And takes his early music from the wood
He feels a need to share, so he fashions it a prayer
With a certain knowing that he should

Little Being had been shown the ways of stick and stone
But only finding music in his hands
He comes upon the day when the wood begins to play
Like the music of the sea upon the sands

The breeze will blow to know the trees
The trees will grow to know
The music in their leaves

Little Being had a whim and it came to him
That many other hands would play a part
And a symphony begins and Little Being grins
It puts the warmth of laughter in his heart

Little Being does not fret as the sun begins to set
He's playing out the colors in the skies
He's drinking in the color with his eyes
He's thinking and he's happy as he dies
The universe is music in disguise
And as the morning sun begins to rise
He listens as the Little Being cries