

*The music echoes  
In a hall of lives  
Joyous reverberation  
It lives on  
Even as  
The composer dies  
It feels no sadness  
It feels no joy  
Yet in solitude  
It lives on  
In those who hear  
Who feel joy  
Who feel sadness  
Anonymous gratitude  
To a life unknown  
The seeds  
Of a mind  
Set to melody  
From a soul  
Passed on  
The music lives  
And passes  
To tomorrow  
And another dawn  
A gift of joy  
A sigh of sorrow  
The writer  
Long ago gone  
Composition  
Created from a soul  
Tossed from inside  
A story in song  
That needed  
To be told  
And for infinity  
After the creator dies  
It touches all  
Who still hear  
All who connect  
In a place  
Where the heart lies*

## *Posthumous*

