

A Song

by Dennis Payton Knight

A simple step, another step, then another and another
Soon got us to where we were going.
But on the way we made a rhythm,
And our footfalls reached the soul.

Is that the moment when our voices rose,
And we began to form a song?
Is that when we discovered that
Striking fingers against a skin will make a tone?
Or blowing across an empty gourd
Will produce notes of a different timbre?

When did we learn that asking sisters and brothers
To join the music makes an orchestra?
When did we find that singing in harmony makes a chorus?
When did we discover that music makes us dance?

And after we figure all that out,
Make flutes and violins, horns and woodwinds,
Bells, timpani, and grand pianos,
Taking credit for the invention of music,

We hear a Nightingale sing,
Put our instruments down, and ask,
So, who taught you?