

ON HEARING AGAIN BEETHOVEN'S ODE TO JOY

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In the terrible
conflagration of war
it is not only armies
that are consumed
but the oboe
and the violin die
die tragically as well.

In the monstrous
rampages of hatred
it is not only the victims
of insidious propaganda who
are the targets of political rage
but the flowers of perception
are withered too.

Like a winter storm
the land that longs
for love of spring
wastes with wounds
and ugly memories.

Somewhere in the darkness
of petrifying screams
there is the smell of
carrion earth
an outcry of blood.

Music too
like a sweetness in the soul of
struggling even
as a song bird
nesting
in the heart of the angel
of human discovery perishes.

Who then pleads
for the others who
are scattered everywhere
like dust in the wind?

