

TORKOM AT THE PIANO April 2007

The first time you played for me
I thought, this isn't music
It's a collection of noise.
I was wearing a thick hat then
And my adolescent sunglasses.

Years passed, and I began
To wander the open fields.
I walked around the rings the moon
And entered naked into the sea,
Abandoning my fear of the dark
And sharp toothed creatures.
By day I longed
And looked straight into the sun.
I learned to labor in its rays
As if joy was coursing through my veins.
Winter came and arrived again
And I stood in the snow stripped to my waist.
I warmed myself on a hidden coal.
I molded my mind
And took a sober step or two.

Then I came back to you, still at your piano.
I saw the flames rising from the keys,
The notes leaping from a void
Bowing and blossoming back into space.

I would suffer five years of sorrow
Carrying the weight of my body
And suitcases filled with grief
Up steep hills in search of gold,
Before I could sit beside you
And see light in the far horizon
And the fire blossoms burning,
And know something of the silence
From which your song is born.

Joy to you.

With love,
Shane