

## MALCOLM

Music was his breath  
He inhaled atmospheres around him  
exhaled landscapes across oceans  
bright with African and prairie sun  
white with blizzards  
dark with rattled gales

Within his countries  
he discovered the ululations of winds  
snares' thickets  
by percussion's reverberating hills  
the sonorous blasts of brass  
against the deep bass throbbing  
throughout his sounding forests  
the dark-throated cello's cry  
and the rustled sighing of the strings

Rhythm nestled and surged in his blood  
crept nervously under the strings' conversations  
skittered mischievously through their whisperings  
beat against the crowding words of choruses  
at home in dark foliage-hidden beats  
or with the calculated stresses  
of a distant century's cavalier  
toying with his golden nymphs

Word and meaning sang to him  
and he sang back  
lifting their two voices in the sentient air  
enveloping both in a vibrant stream of notes  
or teasing them with sly arrangement

Sudden discoveries mark his terrain  
vistas open miraculously  
or wrench without warning  
in perilous curves  
and abrupt changes  
perspectives expand before us  
or fade and disappear  
logic and surprise teasing each other

Challenges attracted and exhilarated him  
to collect for his own world  
the humble wheezing of an instrument  
animals in childish rhymes  
the vastness of a continent  
the glory of a daughter's bow

Humour tinged his utterance  
shone in his eye and his sharp ear  
his passions lay deep  
his enthusiasms rich and multifarious  
his teaching lucid and inspiring

Complex himself and the routes he carved  
yet his maps remain precise and clear  
unfolding revelations  
to those who explore them  
and translate luminously to us  
as do his person and his music echo  
vivid in our memory

Carl Hare  
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