

‘How the Strings Sing ‘ by Devin S. (5ths)

The violin chooses not her song, her haunting melody a gift for all,
Her harmonies and melodies conceal weeping all along.
She watches in agonised silence as deft hands bow across her strings with gall.
She spares a thought for the conductor, sharp baton whirling
With similar ferocity to a prison guard eager for a faire du faute.
All the while the poor violin, her lilting dirge keeps hurling.

The violin pleads degradingly for the conductor to end her despair.
However, he takes no heed to her screams and cruelly,
Waves his baton to signal that they're only halfway there.
The bow strikes rapaciously incurring a discordant shriek of dismay.
By the end of the ordeal, her voice is broken, soul muted
Yet we still call it 'PLAY'
The violin's silence is now heard.