

You Know (Where It Starts)

by Darryl Price

It's no secret, but
action. We can't always

help the way music
makes us feel, but

we could also add
an instrument of

our own making, just
being in the room,

or under the stars.
Whoever the

conductor is, he
or she seems to believe

we've got it in
us to arrive at

that precise moment
called for by the

notes that have gone before.
Still it seems we've

all heard that song somewhere
in our astral

travels through the many
dreams we've had along

the way, sang it to
ourselves maybe? Why

is everything so
endlessly, naturally

heart rending
in the end any

way? It's no secret,
but everybody

must choose, hide your heart
or open to love.

