

The Colour of Music

I see music in the simple things: a vase,
a pen, a flower; a symphony in this palette
of paints, a concerto in these rain-
spattered windows; an opera in your eyes.

I hear a waterfall of colours
in the sunlight of your smile, the clamour
of peacock blue, the swirl of emerald green,
the whirl of cotton white.

I see the Memphis in your lips, the Motown
in your hips, I hear the cocktail of Manhattan,
the sapphire and flamenco red,
the rainbow jazz progression.

You are my beat, my rhythm, my rhapsody,
my rondo, my nocturne and my polka,
my *chanson d'amour*, my *leitmotif*,
my favourite moonlight sonata.

Chords of light from simple things: these pink
flowers gift-wrapped on the table, the pen
that signs with love this valentine card,
this happy ensemble, this perfect *étude en rose*.