

Judith

*When the student is ready, the teacher will come,
After years of technique, I wanted the fun.*

*But the music in me from my heart wouldn't flow,
To know more than the notes, I wanted to grow.*

*Stuck in cer-e-bral mem-or-y tight,
I'd press the right keys, but the sound wanted light.*

*Then Judith appeared, and one hour at a time,
She taught me the way to make the tunes mine.*

*That I found such a teacher was fate and good luck,
But my first impression left me awed, and gob-struck.*

*As a behemoth bug blew into the room and buzzed around Judith's head,
She played her piece never missing a beat, while the crowd held it's breath in dread.*

*It hovered and buzzed for about 18 bars, then landed upon her ba-zoom,
She twirled it away as if part of the play and calmly completed the tune.*

*She took notes, our first lesson, on how I create, as graphic art is my trade,
Soon with pictures, emotions and color, I crossed over in how I played.*

*All 45 minutes each week were gifts,
Full of wonder, surprise—would make my soul lift.*

*She taught me to conquer per-for-mance strife,
Something I'd struggled with all of my life.*

*To stay in the moment, focused, at ease,
No in-tru-sive thoughts, just me and the keys,*

*To play past mistakes, and not to react,
Why give a gift that the ego takes back.*

*She taught how I learned and the truth became closer,
With Crayola pencils, I became the composer.*

*Each color brings feelings, from which stories flow,
Till I feel what they felt and know what they know.*

*With wisdoms older than one lifetime's gain,
She'd plant a phrase and the hard became plain.*

*Though I mourn the loss as your path veers away,
Your treasures, within me, a lifetime will play.*

Tracy

*written by PoetatLarge
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