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## The Music of Life / The Prisoner

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Evelyn Bachmann

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## *The Music Of Life*

By Olive DeWitt

*I love music, the music of life,  
The music of happy chortling infants,  
the melody of joyous children playing.*

*I love the music of autumn leaves,  
as they rustle and skip  
under the foot of man and maid.*

*I love the syncopation of raindrops  
on roofs  
and raincoats  
and gutters.*

*I love the bass voice of the angry sea  
breaking over the rocks  
and caves  
and cliffs.*

*And the sacred hymn in minor chords  
of the silent cemetery  
where loved ones sleep.*

*I love the unheard tones  
of growing grass  
and tiny seeds  
bursting forth in spring.*

*I love the instrumentation of the woods,  
with leaves  
and birds  
and bees  
and brook,*

*and jumping fish  
and squirrels  
and the intermittent  
chords of frogs.*

*My heart responds to the harmony of God,  
as my anticipating ear  
listens to the music of life.*

## *The Prisoner*

By Evelyn Bachmann

*He was ringed in and walled  
By rocks and hills,  
Pines, cedars, circumstance  
Ignorance.*

*Out there somewhere  
Was another world.  
He knew it must be  
Because he had glimpsed it in his schoolbooks  
Not long ago.*

*Now,  
He must plow, plant,  
Tend the critters,  
Chop wood;  
For Mom and the little'uns  
Depended on his young strength  
Since Pa died last spring.*

*Sometimes,  
He watched a plane fly over  
Coming from somewhere, going to somewhere,  
As he followed the slow miles through corn and thistles  
Below in the torpid heat.  
He hungered so for the outside  
And the ache inside grew so large  
That sometimes  
He wept like a little'un,  
Cursed Pa for dying  
And leaving him among the sullen stones.*