"Symphony in Reverie"

by Gail Galotta

A shaft of winter light
Disturbs my reverie,
The house becomes a stage
For haunting symphony.

Life's instruments are played
By loved ones now recalled:
Cacophony of doors,
Percussion down the hall.

The clatter of the pans,
The clink of glass and plates,
The rhythm of the rooms
That daily living makes.

The giggles: piccolos,
The laughter: trumpets' blare,
The conversations: chords
Of harmony they shared.

The dance steps on the stairs,
A whistled, favorite tune
Return in woodwinds' notes
That disappear too soon.

The melody, so dear,
Reminds me of things past
With strings that do lament
Such music shall not last.

The silence then returns
As setting sun departs.
Yet in the house remains
A symphony of hearts.