

The Musician

Henry was a quiet boy, he lived inside his dreams
He knew that “rough and tumble” is rarely what it seems
For he was teased and bullied, without mercy, every day
Because he chose a different path - “too snooty” – they would say

Not for him the rugby pitch, the challenge of the gym
The terror of the boxing ring, where fear defeated him
Instead he loved his music, not jazz or rock and roll
But Bach, Chopin and Mozart touched his very soul

He had his cello lesson, the highlight of his week
His teacher sometimes played to him, for she had reached the peak
Of playing in an orchestra, he thought her skill sublime
Perhaps he'd play like that one day, with practise and with time

Then one day it was announced – a concert at the school
Henry felt just brave enough, although he wasn't “cool”
He took his cello centre stage, sat in a pool of light
The audience all settled down and Henry felt just right

As soon as bow and strings could touch his soul began to sing
For with the cello's golden voice he became a king
When he stopped, applause rang out and seemed to fill the hall
The teasing bullies stood and clapped – he seemed to have it all

Henry's skill and courage had earned him new respect
He also had tenacity that they could not detect
He walked a little taller and looked others in the eye
His future had no limits now, for he had touched the sky



Author's note: This painting inspired the poem. It is called "The Recital" by J. Waterhouse.