

Time Well Spent

Another Thursday evening
We meet with friends
Whose mutual love of music
Has brought us to this place
We open our cases and
Assemble our instruments
While we share bits and pieces of our lives
Our grandkids, vacations, politics
And our latest medical tests
Some begin playing warm-ups
Creating the lovely dissonant sound
Of voices mixed with random notes
Collectively unconnected
It sounds bad but feels good
Warm and familiar
Almost comforting
Knowing that soon the chatting will stop
And the sound will improve
Transforming from noise to music
It's time to put our songs in order
As J.P. writes a list on the board
He makes a few comments
Then at last the long awaited
Concert B flat scale
We tune, we listen, we tune again
We're playing music before the music
A simple chorale
Or perhaps a march
To regain a sense of unity
A convergence
To create a sound together
That no one person could create alone

We are a motley crew
Of many backgrounds and ages
Some musically skilled
Some not so much
But somehow J.P. pulls the best
From each of us
Pitch, tempo, dynamics, emotion
Resulting in a true ensemble
Each member striving
To create something beautiful
Woodwinds, brass, percussion
Each section working together on
Balance, harmony, and precision
Preparing for our upcoming gigs
We play, we listen, we play again
And suddenly it's nine o'clock
The music stops
We pack up our instruments
Say our goodbyes
Then go to a bar
For food and drink
A fine reward for time well spent
Let's do it all again next week

by Nancy Davidson