

A Poem by Jane Vella – 1993

Piano Lesson

‘The psyche knows no time!’ says Dr. Jung
The fingers don’t either, as they find the keys before I do,
Remembering a seven-year-old child’s victory song.
Small melodies bring tears at sixty
The scales ring true,
Singing of the congruence and melody of life,
Love notes from a past filled with dissonance and harmony.
After all these years,
Music, heard in the bones
And in all the senses now is made! Is made!
The magic is in the rhythm add the beat,
The sounds make me sing and laugh
The memory of a lifetime of Mozart
Points my fingers to the keys
Before my heart or head can be heard.
‘The psyche knows no time!’ Yes, Dr. Jung.
And neither does music, where time is everything,
And a three-quarters life can be weighed now
On a C major scale!