



THE MUSIC BE TOLD

By Spoorthi Kalapatapu

TOPIC: BEAUTY AND SUFFERING

Locked in a room with no light to share,
Bleak and sad that no soul would care,
But came to arrive the musical play,
Who dance the strings to brighten your day.
Listen and hear the sound it would form,
No hearts would break, no soul be torn.
For many but many, the few would mold,
Oh how such lovely, the music be told.

