Geraldine (Geri) Guadagno Poem

845 Highland Springs Readership: Adults

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Ludwig

Did you hear strings in your mother’s voice,

muffled, but echoing the harps of heaven?

With your first cry, Music recognized her master.

Year by year, she worked,

imprinting herself on you long before

Time and deafness could build to a crescendo of silence.

Each note was already carved into your heart,

vibrated in your soul,

resonated in your mind,

clear as shafts of moonlight,

shouts of joy.

No one, nothing could rob you of them.

Did you know that what you gave would always be ours,

would live in eternity?

A hundred years from now,

they will still turn ears,

stir hearts, and

ripple in souls.