

The Song

I tried to play a song, today, I'd written long ago,
But, somehow, while the song remained the same, I didn't though.

My fingers couldn't find the notes; the words were lost in time.
Instead, a new song came about that didn't seem like mine.

"I can't go back," I thought...then wondered if I could.
And if I had but found the way, I'm certain that I would.

The song is written down, of course, the notes, the words, somewhere;
But I had hoped that memory was enough to get me there.

O Father, why must life go on? It seems a shame, until...
One thinks about the songs that have remained unwritten, still.

(November 19, 1981, revised January 13, 2017.)