

Old 80
Dec
Century

Opus 105
900

Schumann's Sonata in A Minor
[Mit Leidenschaftlichem Ausdruck]

The brilliant room, the flowers, the perfumed calm,
The slender crystal vase where all aflame
The scarlet poppies stand erect and tall;
Color that burns as if no frost could tame:
The shaded lamplight glowing over all;
The summer night a dream of warmth and balm.

Out breaks at once the golden melody
"With passionate expression" - Ah from whence
Comes the enchantment of this mystic spell,
This charm that takes us captive soul and sense,
The sacred power of music - who shall tell,
Who find the secrets of its mastery?

Lo, in the keen vibration of the air,
Pierced by the sweetness of the violin,
Shaken by thrilling chords and searching notes
That flood the ivory keys, the flowers begin
To tremble, - 'tis as if some spirit floats,
And breathes upon their beauty unaware.

Schumann, Opus 105.

Stately and still and proud the poppies stand
In silken splendor of superb attire,
Stricken with arrows of melodious sound
Their loosened petals fall like flakes of fire,
With waves of music overwhelmed and dazed
Solemnly drop their flames on either hand.

So the rare moment dies, and what is left?
Only a memory sweet & shut between
Some poem's silent leaves, to find again,
Perhaps, when winter blasts are howling keen,
And summer's loveliness is spoiled and slain,
And all the world of light and bloom bereft -

But winter cannot rob the music so!
No time nor fate its subtle power destroy
To ~~bring~~ again the summer's dear caress,
To fill the heart with youth's unceasing joy,
Sound, color, perfume, love, dream and bliss,
And air of balm from Paradise that blow.

Accepted
Dec 25

Celia Thaxter.
Kittery Point
Maine

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Celia Thaxter.