

Notes in a Song

by Scarlet Crystal

A poem about something lost, or is it something forgotten?

Notes in a Song

Chapter 1 of 1

A poem about something lost, or is it something forgotten?

I carry my heart by the strings of a violin.
My soul swings back and forth,
Its rhythm disjointed forcibly.
I search for the melody to find it ruptured
It is torn and backwards.
Or maybe I've forgotten it?
The hair of a horse is nothing to fear;
I carry my heart by the strings of a violin,
The violin I gave up playing long ago.