

Musical Potions

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Just a poem about music in things around us (like a classroom setting).

Poem

Chapter 1 of 1

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I wrote this for my friend and fellow music lover, ladyinthecloak, as a small gift and a token of thanks for all she does for me.

There's music in the classroom—
I wonder who hears it with me?
There's a whole symphony playing
For anyone willing to hear and see.
The boots that click against the stone,
Robes that rustle with every move,
And students straightening quickly,
Each having something to prove.
Books open, parchments shuffle,
A clap of hands that gain attention—
Then there's the clearing of the throat
Before the sound of the voice I'll mention.
Words are spoken as if spun on silk,
Each letter pronounced in a deep pitch—
All lectures should sound so smooth,

Pupils should enjoy this melody so rich.

Chalk taps instructions on the blackboard

Matching in time the scratching of quills—

Some ingredients are chopped, others diced.

Add the bubbling of the cauldron as it fills.

The crackle of the fire, the hiss of the steam—

Each noise a lovely melody I hold so dear.

Sit still and take notice as soon as you can

A masterpiece awaits, you simply need to hear!

AN: I always believe there's music in everything. I sometimes find that my typing on the keyboard is cool little rhythm in itself. My friend, ladyinthecloak, appreciates music more than anyone I know—even myself—so I thought she might enjoy this odd little free form poem about something she enjoys. This is of course based on what it might sound like in Professor Snape's Potions class.