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The Inventor of Music

in memoriam Roger Alan Holder

I remember the way you carried music in your big hands like wreaths of flowers
and the way music floated like incense through your lugubrious rooms

I remember how we walked the grey pavements singing
and how so many times we waited in hushed darkness for the music to begin

I remember how unexpectedly your words would seep into my thoughts
as I travelled with only music for a companion

I remember the stark brown streets you filled with recollection
the silent pubs where we held our mystified vigils
and the sullen buses we rode home from our late explorations

I remember your voice which used to be aglow with hope
teaching me how to live in these cloudy suburbs
as we discovered our shared mythologies
and later how it grew faint and crumbled like an exhausted fire

I recall my gloomy walks towards your darkened house
and my abrupt departures carrying a sack of music over my shoulder

I cannot forget the long slow cup of tears you drained to the final drop
all through your last wicked years
and the fickle list of sicknesses you held before you like a huge black stone

who will now teach the arcane lessons of sound to my neglectful ears?
who will now hear of my most ridiculous acts without judgement?
who will now be the people we once were?
and will there be any music now that you are gone?

no

let there be silence
let there be silence
let there be silence

Ian A Ferguson May 2014