

# D Minor

JEAN SISKEL

With stealthy passion  
The music filled the room,  
Brushing with mystic melody  
His throbbing heart.

Outside the stony window frames  
Were trees,  
Rustling excitedly,  
Bowing with frantic grace.

Do trees have hearts? Can they too  
Feel the stirring touch of tone?  
For trees, there is wind;  
For men, music.

