The music is in the gears,
in the golden wheels of disposition
turning the cylinder intuition
bristled with awaited song.
But the pin-fingers strike too weak,
too timidly their clavichord—
therefore of teak
the chamber music box is made:
it is made of sounding wood
to make good
the promise of the melody
to the expectant, nervous parent air.
And thus the inner poet is a child,
a prodigy perfected to perform
his tinkling in the form of hard-learned rules.
But the imprisonment of song
in lines that dovetail and beneath
the lid of mystery set with mother-pearl
is a "just practice" to correct the child
until his repetition to the air
should sound interpretive of its own grace
and conscious of the silence in its case.
Then may the parent air relax. The child
who knows himself as melody
is the true prodigy:
though the tune is played more deeply in the precious box of years,
the music is in the gears.

by Adrian Ford
After the five times final finale
I do not lift the needle or remove
my earphones. Like the curious dog
I gaze into the huge horn of my thought
hearing the soft tick of recurring silence,
my Master’s voice.

by Adrian Ford