

## *A poem, a rhythm, leading into:*

### *Play as a gateway to music*

Circle of sound.  
Enter the circle.  
Through the gate.  
The gate of the moon,  
Moon gate so round.  
Enter the sound  
Enter the game  
Of play on the string.  
Hang by the sound  
Till we drop in the pond where the ripples  
That round give our space in the sound.

Who is the moon?  
That grows full and round  
But the gate in the sky for a birth of the sound.  
Silver ripples on the water  
Play is the daughter  
Of love and of hope  
That light in the sound  
Comforts my luck  
Like the string that I pluck  
Till the apples that fall are a gift to the All.  
Then my Self in the sound  
Joins the dance in the string.  
Comfort begins  
To resound in the sound.  
Self is held, and released to begin  
Its own dance on the string,  
Each star on a wing  
Holds the hope by its strings  
In the pattern of things  
I see now an end that begins a new note  
The strain of this note wings through time  
To begin where the end is but felt  
And the womb is still full of the hope  
Of a sound to round and  
Surround the journey begun.

I myself have begun  
I myself can begin  
I myself can yet play  
Where the stars still might say  
"I will hold to the string  
While I watch you begin  
To surround the begun  
With the play that completes  
The circle  
Of sound."

*This poem works best when  
the lilt of its rhythm is  
carried by the voice almost  
as though singing*