



## Orchestration or Musical Notes (Tanka Style)

by Saffron Swansborough

When the birds  
Stop singing and  
The traffic is caterwauling  
Old symphonies are un-earthed.

Days separate  
Into quavers with melodies  
Where one long note vibrated.  
Tension fades eventually.

Hammering, clapping  
Our hands tap the beat  
Conducting survival songs,  
Mantras for the paralysed.  
We only have ourselves to hug.

If vapour trails are  
The intuitive mind, then  
Contrapunctual  
Blackbird song  
Keeps the sky from falling  
On our heads.

Little symphonies  
Of silence  
Are met with  
Loud crashes  
Of self-realisation.