**The Voice of Music**

**A Poem by J. Allen Smith**

**The Voice of Music,**

**I hear it everyday.**

**It speaks to me,**

**Oh the things I hear it say.**

**The Voice of Music,**

**How I love it so.**

**It tickles my spine,**

**From my head to my toes.**

**It tells me good things,**

**Things I want to hear.**

**But it says other things too,**

**Things I can only fear.**

**It says things ‘bout the world,**

**Bad though they are,**

**It teaches me to be careful,**

**It never strays too far.**

**Although I regret,**

**People do bad things.**

**My wondrous voice leaves,**

**It no longer sings.**

**I experience darkness.**

**There’s no light to be found.**

**I stumble along,**

**And fall to the ground.**

**I kneel down and pray,**

**I want my music back.**

**I yell with all my might,**

**Until my voice cracks.**

**I break down and cry,**

**My melody is gone.**

**Nothing is right,**

**Everything is wrong.**

**Then I hear something,**

**Like an angels voice.**

**It’s a wonderful sound,**

**It’s a beautiful noise.**

**It’s the voice of innocence,**

**It’s the voice of love.**

**It’s the voice of God,**

**Raining down from above.**

**At last it’s back,**

**My loving melody.**

**My Voice of Music,**

**Again speaks to me.**

**The light comes back,**

**The darkness flees,**

**Again in my world,**

**I have beautiful peace.**