

## Orchestral Symphonies

The audience waits quietly  
It only increases my anxiety  
What to play?  
How shall I move?

The conductor raises her hands  
Each bow following suite  
Simple yet beautiful sounds  
Resonate from the cello

Tempo quickens  
Notes blur  
I can't even tell  
What I'm playing anymore

But throughout the piece  
I still hold hope  
That my career choice of music  
Was not made in vain

I believe I reached the audience  
Some cry near the end  
When we slow our bows  
And play pianissimo

And I see a few children  
Raise their hands  
And move with  
The violins

Maybe I will see them one day  
On their own stage  
Playing their music  
With smiles on their faces

It is at this point  
That everyone seems at peace  
As if they are one soul  
One being

And  
We  
Play  
On