

Rhythm 1

Perhaps...

Rhythm starts with a babe in the womb,

A mother's heartbeat

Boom – boom – boom.

A lullaby floating in the night,

Children's games with the meter right,

And then it stops.

The Beat subsides.

Where has it gone?

Where does it hide?

But it's waiting there for it never died.

The memory's faint but it lingers still.

Yes it's waiting there for that boom – boom – boom,

That echoing beat from within the womb.

It's waiting there for that special day,

It's waiting there for the words to say.

Then from deep inside those words take flight

And a song is sung for the rhythm is right

And a poem is born as the words ignite

With that boom – boom – boom

From within the Womb.

Yes a poem is born

And the Light is Bright.

Ed Raftery