

The Ninth Symphony

The First Movement: Ode to Mystery and Strife

An eerie silence in the crowd and the night falls upon us.
A hush and anticipation.
The conductor raises his arms and the waves of instruments in unison follow the master's lead.
A woodwind tunes and the violins echo in.
A storm is on the horizon. The rage intensifies.
The violins float along the horizon as the storm sets in
A bass roll, a thunder looms, steam fumes.
The major chord strikes as the lightning hits.
Much fear and rage I feel.

Yet, he cries alone and his painful howls seem distant and encompass the emotions
A sorrowful tear in the eye, a regret no one seems to understand.

There is a question raised, a question of why.
Why the pain?
Why the misery felt?
Why anguish and fear?

To hear his cry aloud and pain anointed by the strike of the powerful chord.
Hear him beg for a release of the torment.
Release me, release me from my pain; release me from this bloody agony. Release me from the history I
have seen.
Where is the happiness in this hour? Where is the laughter to laugh? Where is the sights to see?
Where is the life to lead? A hidden path and I astray.
Where is the heaven and grace for only destruction is witnessed by these poor old eyes?
Where is my love who has walked away from our destiny?

The calling of angels from beyond the clouds.
A demon is loose upon the earth seeking its prey of me. A wild and burning rage of the coldness inside?

The artillery readies the guns.
The infantry awaits the command of its leaders
The flag is raised, a signal given.
The cannons explode, the masses charge into the collide.

Oh the destruction! Were it the great Emperor's army that conquerors in his name.
The solders march their sore feet in the forests and mud. Their guns rip at the nature before them.

The question is begged again.
The torment of the tyrant has brought upon us.

In the midst of gunpowder and smoke, a clearing appears and lights shine.
Why must we endure to gain?
Why must we regress to progress?
Why must we conform to this hate and rage in order to free?
What have I done? Where is my love? What is to be done?
Where is my child?

The mysteries beset us.
The mysteries haunt us.
The mysteries we suffer and the vice they cause.

The mysteries deep and surround us.
The mysteries revealed and questions answered.

A softness is tingling in my ear as the storm lessens.
On the horizons, a rainbow shows its colors against a dark sky.
Yet, the storm remains finishing its desire and its taunting scorn.
A bird whistles with the flutes.
The horn reminds me of change.
To champion these thoughts and learn from them.
To understand that pain is a necessary evil of life and learning.
To realize life is not just to be survived but to be lived.

The Second Movement: Ode to Dance

Attention! Attention!
We have come together to hear a great song and to dance today!
To dance with our happy feet
From side to side, we swing and float in gaiety.
Feel the intensity rising above the engagement.
We fly high and roll on.
Slow now... a slight pause to reclaim.
We take each other's arms and swing again.
The party has begun.
Oh! Let the celebration begin!
The souls are bustling in this room.
The excitement of promenade, the grace of unfettered rhythm and movement
Smiles wide and euphoria in response.

The oboe steps in and the violins follow the lead.
The drum beat can't resist.
The symphony is a roar of motion, sound and wonder.
The symphony is exhilarated. The crowd is twirling in the aisle.
Everyone taking partners at random for another spin.
A dip and a simple pause for the eyes to nod and the observe this sentiment of delight

The oboe steps along affirmatively and the symphony motions with.
The horn takes its turn.
The clarinet implores its part.
The symphony come together and resounds the prance of music.

The room is alive!
The horn subdues and caresses the chamber.
The woodwinds still dancing in eagerness
Again, we roar in ecstasy and floating spirits.
The celebration is on and we silently applaud the moment.
This is a celebration!!
A celebration and dance of the storm ended,
A celebration of mysteries ascended,
A celebration of passions blended.

We dip again and reclaim the interlude.

Attention! Attention!
The gala is to be extended. The waltz in full
We have smiles and joy. We are grace and wild.
Tonight, we are the great song.

We break and recall the glory of this night.
The solos.
The drum beats conclusive.
The symphony has granted a tempo change .
The melodrama is quieted as if to breathe in the experience.

We are abound in wild laughter.
We have abundance of drink. This harvest of emotion has been a blessing. A savor of pleasures unfolded.
We toast and cheer to the trumpets.
We toast and cheer to the symphony.
We toast and cheer the ball and this dance.
We strike our pose.
The dance has ended.

The Third Movement: An Ode to Love and Passion

A morose tune, full of passion, slides in.
Thoughts turn to love and to passion.
Oh my soul longs to feel this passion and my hands to touch my lover.
Oh my soul has felt the sorrows of love and yet, admires its beauty in kind.
Oh my soul is love harmonious with my beloved.
Our souls have been directed.

My hands reach to touch his face and wipe the tears for they are mine.
Forever, our love is.
Forever, our sights are.
Forever, the world waits our destiny.
Forever, in the moment we are; never to let go.

To caress the hair and his cheeks so pure.
Our bodies are divided and the spirits reach out to claim the essence of our bond.
Our eyes draw upon each other's compassion.

Oh! how we are in love.
Oh! how we silently sing softly to each other.
Oh! how we pray of eternity and divine.
Oh! how love is divine and grace.
Oh! How the surroundings bleed away and leaves us to be the song and the psalm.

The chord, the woodwinds, the pluck of strings, the bass roll.
It is our calling and unity.
It is our fate.

The lowly horn plays behind us.
The violins resound our senses a blaze and sincere.
The pluck of strings echo the pounding of loving hearts.
The passion felt in this room. The passion of ages in bloom.
The passion carries on. The passion is the destiny. The passion is the work and the quest.

To see the flowers in the garden.
To see the waves crashing on the beaches
To see the falling stars of our universe so that wishes may be.

Announce to all! Our love is forever strong.
Announce to all! Our love is unending and unyielding.
The swirling of life and love weaves together.

Announce to God! Our feelings are pure and received.
Announce to God! The light is warm and soothes our anxieties.

The ballad is the sacredness of the soul and emotion.
The ballad is sweet and the taste unforgettable.
The ballad is our song in faith and union.

We have sought and found.
We have longed and breathed.
We have cared and believed.
We have been and will be
The essence of our hearts and our minds till the day we cease.

The Fourth Movement: An Ode to Joy

Oh it is to have joy!
Oh it is to have rejoice!
Oh it is to be the joy!
Oh It is to be the rejoice!

Sturdy and relaxed the virtue of happiness we hear.
We have pained. We have danced. We have loved.
We have joy in our hearts.

Together, we praise His Gracious to honor our smiles.
The bass slowly sounds the refrain.
Of worlds conquered
Of lights unveiled.
Of sights to see
Of children to be
Of fondness and song
Of the song in our core.

The souls of Heaven join hands and reclaim.

Ode to the enchantment!
Ode to the life!
Ode to the struggles!
Ode to the weariness!
Ode to the pains!
Ode to the triumph!
Ode to the cup of purity and nations united!

Drum roll and the intensity.
Oh the bass swells and beckons of God.
Joy and power beholdeth

Of the laughter
Of the sons
Of the immortal
Of the spirits
Of the un-lived
Of the universal justice

We sing in eagerness of life and struggle.
To feel the strength and the glory

To feel the awesome tale of poets.
To feel the work of musicians
To feel the light and treasure the accomplishment.
To see it brightly, powerfully, and illuminating.

A pause

A recall of the beginning, the seed, the roots, the stem, the plant, the tulips, the trees,
the blossoms, the humming bird, the sky and the stars.

Of fate divulged .
Of worlds unfold
Of thoughts begun
Of treasures won
Of fights lost
Of the mind in trance
Of the foot steps dance
Of the rest and the river flowing
Of the pond; the lake of reconciliation and sighing.

Oh my God! The chorus praises the divine.
The chorus calls out the excellence and deity to behold.
The chorus calls out the energy of life.
The chorus resounds the circle of life.
The sweetness and the patience
Of awesome and cheer

Freedom! Freedom! Life flourishes with purity and exultation.
The quiet, the soft, the tranquil, the April showers.
The reminiscence, the wild, the nature
The sopranos wildly summon their brothers and sisters to join in this drink
To raise the cup to salute the ultimate of consciousness.
The drink is mighty. The drink is immaculate. The drink is creation and eternal.
Let us toast! Let us give thanks! Let us recall the reason!
That reason is God and His nation of majesty.
The kingdom is upon us and we have entered the splendid castle of His house and know it.
In awe and mystification, we are here, we are alive, we are his children.
Thank you!

Ode to the land!
Ode to the sea!
Ode to the trees of the forest!
Ode to the beasts of the fields!
Ode to the husband and wife!
Ode to the children!
Ode to the devotion!
Ode to the sun!
Ode to His love!
To life! To sanctity! To immortal!
An ode to everlasting joy!