

The Conductor's Departure

Anata

Drawn by a sad melody
I enter this old theater
I walk through corridors
But for the music all is still
I reckon I'm late for the show
Strange to say there is no crowd
But enchanted by the sound
I start to walk down one of two aisles

But as I reach the stage
I find the orchestra motionless
Like frozen in their play
All covered up in cobwebs
Indicating the time that passed

All in their evening attire
Beautiful
Like an old monochrome photograph

Bows lie still on violins' strings
The sound comes no longer
From their instruments
It's but an echo between these walls
And has so been for years
Yet ever so strong

Their eyes focus in the direction
Where the conductor once was stood
He'd rule them from the podium
And they'd anxiously obey
Any gesture he would make

No one could in their wildest dreams
Imagine that he while he'd conduct
Would cast a spell and turn them into
Stone, statuesque, proud but sad
The conductor departed but left this dirge
To accompany their destiny
I panic as I realize
The podium was nobody else's place
But mine

Paralyzed by insight
I'm viewing my own life
All my hopes and dreams
All that could have been
Turned to stone
As I stepped down from my throne