

Michael McGuire "The First Song"

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THE FIRST SONG

From the inborn faith in the everlasting stars, a voice is
conjured from
the soul of guitars, the first lonely howl trying to sync to
heartbeats
time, a tangle of wonder and awe seeking it's patron
in rhyme.
The first song was all being trying to fix its place in
time, we still try to
cover that first song.
The carnival and pageant of season and sky, the
inevitable curse of the
why oh why, she is like a planet starved in her own
ecstasy, the voice of
every hope every dream every world myth that could
ever be.
The first song was all being trying to touch what it did
feel, we still try
to feel that first song.
The suffering soul divined and released in melody,
and this clock placed
sentiment echoes infinity, the move and the shake
before rhythm knew
its name, a universal audience before the diva knew
her fame.
The first song was sung for the rapture of the singing,
if we could only
know the words to the first song, if we could only tune
our voice to the
first song, if we could only sing the soul of the first
song

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