

Somewhere in the middle

To build on my story presented each walk,
I value this new chance to meet up and talk
as I muse on a lifetime spent making live music
it cuts to the quick that for now, I might lose it.

So here are my musings in humorous verse
I'll play the court jester, the role could be worse
the viola, for 50 years dear to my heart
lies silent, so here are my thoughts on its part.

Violas are really just large violins, so
the smallest of errors ring out as big sins
stretching our arms, as well as our mettle
making quite sure that we stay in good fettle.

The line that we play often runs undetected
calls on our brilliance are sadly neglected
we're adding the colour, the shape and the timbre
In Helmsley, New York or the Bradford Alhambra.

Our section is always the butt of cheap humour
cracking old chestnuts, drawing on rumour;
but shoulders are broad - taking all that is dealt
covering with smiles any hurt that is felt.

The key is to listen, to play and connect
to follow the score with care and respect
to underpin melodies soaring above...and
lend them our richness, supporting with love.

Something for all as we manage our fears
facing new threats not encountered for years
perhaps we can listen....and play....and connect
for our own health and welfare, we mustn't neglect.

So here is a life, on a musician's chair
Stretched to the limit, as far as I dare
Violas are jokingly called 'a big fiddle'
But no, we are simply 'somewhere in the middle'.