



## **The Night That Came and Went**

### **A Prose Poem**

**Emily Levesque, BCHS 2022**

Soft Lights  
Light music  
Musical voices  
Voices conversing  
Conversing about what was, what is, what could be  
Be careful of the blinding glare outside  
Outside vs. Inside;  
Cold vs. Warmth  
Warm bodies sit and watch, adjusting to the beauty inside

Now this is a man who has experienced life. It's intriguing- a wide, tall room, with world famous cellist Yo-Yo Ma, at the center, who's seen so much of the world. Zoom in a bit, and you'll see me, sitting in my mezzanine seat, somehow able to relate to his words. The rhythm and the flow, they just go and go, twisting and intertwining, separated by sweeping laughs. I'm glued to my seat under those dim, dim lights, wondering how it could be that we're so much alike. If I had grown up the same way he had, would I be able to achieve what he has? Are the words he speaks the truth to all musicians? The questions swim and swim, and on a whim, I begin to scribble down the painted words being woven in front of me.

To transcend a performance as a beginner, to play it perfectly, is terrifying  
Terrifyingly fun, terrifyingly difficult  
Difficult music seems to be his forte

The ambiance excites, waiting for the next moment a vast array of melodies, akin to the songlike voices, will be graced upon the room.

His face, so involved, so at peace  
His breathing, in sync with his playing  
His hand, crafting the artful scene we're all invited to  
His finishing note, followed by immense joy on his face He  
is comfortable in his passion. That much is clear.

"I was overly protected," he said  
"I wanted to understand humans," he declared

"I want to live each chapter of my life without regrets," he proudly quipped "How can I turn the word 'should' into 'want'," he pondered?

"Every musician had someone to guide them," he offers

It could have been me speaking, when those thoughts entered the toasty theatre

His words, his emotion, his talent, work together to create the spectacle before me. The dull lights and gentle voices nearly put me to sleep, only awoken by the quiver of his bow. The night came and went. The lights became bright, the silence was foreboding, the lingering smells wafted away. One thing stayed. One impending question. How could someone so unlike me be so like me? Music constructs communities. My narrow world confined me to believing my community is only my school. I was oblivious to the community I have beyond these four walls. Yo-Yo Ma left me with the realization that my community extends beyond that. Just as he can transcend his music, the musical community transcends beyond any one group. Musicians everywhere, no matter how different they may seem, share similar stories, connections, and feelings.

Soft lights

Lightly murmuring guests

Guests who may forget the intricacies of the night they witnessed

Witnessing the mass swarm out of the building, I feel the nip of the cold

Cold air serves as a contrast to the dim, warm memory of the night

Nights can never be recreated. Memories happen just once

The inimitable night stays with me