

A Gift of Grace

Miranda Muscara, BCHS 2024

A face scrunching in concentration
A triumphant smile
A wave to the crowd...
As vibrations of metal strings fade into the perfect diminuendo
A roaring and thunderous applause...
As the waves reach far corners of the hall.
The strings sing of grace.
A wondrous grace that has played in the minds of many;
A grace that has only tonight reached their hearts;
A beauty so gentle and precise, it commands respect, though it is not the focus of the night.

The waver,
The scruncher,
The smiler;
The heart of the gathering is he

Who is first a human, second a musician,
and third a cellist.
Who has kind eyes and a predictable voice,
Who is named Yo-Yo Ma.
Who speaks of:

How that gift of grace has unlocked many more wonders;
How music is the space between life and eternity;
How he strives to gain prismatic truths;
How a life is an art, with the frame its beginning and end.

Why is it when standing heads feel fuller;
Why is it that hearts feel brimming of compassion;
Why is it that ears still ring with sweet vibratos?

Because of the waver,
Because of the cellist,
Because of the human,
Because of a lovely conversation -
with Yo-Yo Ma.