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Maestro's Abecedarian (A Day in the Life of a Lyricist)

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Maestro's Abecedarian

(A Day in the life of a lyricist)

MYRON HARDY, JR.

Alabaster musicians the likes of Dizzy, Duke, and Charlie guard my
 sleep.
 Before my bed they pose, arranged like notes: black and beautiful.
 Consoling during moments when
 Doubt blocks thought. I listen subconsciously,
 Emboldened by the recall of spoken words
 From an era in times past; the time jazz became prevalent, be-bop was
 developing and
 hip-hop lay in the womb kicking to the rhythm;
 God's gifts to each his own;
 History repeats itself in many fashions.
 I listen subconsciously, in soliloquy, to reason.
 Juggling effort and ambition trying not to drop either or,
 Knowledgeable one depends on the other, and vice versa. For this act,
 I'm
 Learning how to rhyme in fixed forms.
 Many artists have come,
 Now gone, who left behind everyday images that can't captivate long
 attention
 Or have come and never had a chance to sit on the couch of
 opportunity. On an impatient
 Pulse I sit, glaring musicians, no longer in
 Question about my mission, but
 Rather convinced—I must Emcee.

Sitting in my room in the presence of kindred spirits, I
 Take out a pen, a piece of paper, and a mini tape recorder.
 Unrehearsed verse is recorded. During playback, syllables are counted,
 Vowels are linked for assonance, and
 Words are rearranged. Unnecessary detail is
 (Xed) crossed out. When all is said, wrote, and read again, I give ardent
 thanks to
 (Yahweh) God for the gifts of music and rhyme for these I'm over
 Zealous.