

A Suite from the Baroque

—a villanelle for Chris Krueger

Filling the eager ear with vital sound,
The *prelude* summons up a hidden past:
It sings to us of what we might have found.

Tracing forgotten threads, the *allemande*
Draws on emotions that the heart's amassed
To fill the eager ear with vital sound.

The *sarabande*, danced on a graveyard mound,
Tells of what's to come and what has passed,
And sings to us of what we might have found.

The *pastorale*, an air above a ground,
Quivers, connects, gracious to the last,
Filling the eager ear with vital sound.

The *gigue*, happy to lilt, quick to astound,
Carefree and radiant, a dance at last
That sings to us of joys that it has found.

The music ends, but still the mind resounds
With pleasure, sure of itself, holding fast
To what has filled the eager ear with sound,
The testament of all that we have found.