

Brahms Trio, end of camp, August 2006

The music tells us when it has to end:  
The coda's deep accelerating pulse,  
The closing time on which the rest depends,  
Testing the trio's will to stay the course.

The tonic now appears again, demands  
That lengthy dialogs become more terse,  
All that embattled music now must blend  
With silence, and all the tones disperse.

The waking's when we understand the dream.  
Only the finale's surety endows  
With meaning those extended themes,  
Those varied and impassioned episodes.

It's the relentless driving to the close  
That renders all the sweetness in the piece.