

The accidental meeting

'Twas a dreary November night
One that was cold and gray
And the sky cried and wailed
For it could not be kept at bay

A young lady was walking
Along a narrow road
Glancing at the downcast landscape
There she wandered, onwards she strode

There was a musician who was sitting
He sang tunes of joy
Alone on the end of a path
As he was an exiled boy

All of a sudden, he stopped his singing
As a girl approached him
He asked "milady have you gone astray"
Her watery eyes started to dim

She responded to him "I have not"
Her voice vulnerable and weak
The boy knew not how to answer
Then she began to speak

"My father was an excellent man
My mother was endearing
But somewhere along the trail they followed
Death came appearing"

A silence swept over the two

Tragedy keeping them quiet
Until the boy started plucking
His lute more than compliant

He sang tunes of grievance
He played motifs of desperation
The girl sat down beside him
Hoping he could see her appreciation

Overtime the skies grew silent
The trees and winds stilled
A slight smile broke out on both their faces
For a new dawn appeared