

Making Music

I'm a BIG BASS drum
booming down the street,
tapping with my fingers
to the booming bass beat.

I'm a fiddle playing music
shooting notes up high,
watching as they fall
from a music-making sky.

I'm an old double bass
grumbling in my boots,
shaking every tree top
down to its roots.

I'm a small brass horn
singing to the stars,
swimming in their moonshine
and diving down to Mars.

I'm a cymbal sitting still
making not a sound,
waiting for the moment
when I CRASH to the ground.

Andrew Collett