

# All We Leave “Unfinished”

by Cindy

I heard Heaven, sweet and low,  
In a subterranean front row.  
She's silk and love, a nighttime trace  
Of rain-drenched moonlight on her face.  
Lightning rips, and wind unfurls.  
A tempest dripping off her pearls.  
She laughs, head back, on bended knee  
To an “Unfinished Symphony.”  
Schubert done, the crowd is scattered.  
I swear her joy was all that mattered.  
There's peace in stillness, and for me,  
A lyric kind of poetry.  
'She Walks In Beauty,' wet with rain,  
Going out, or coming in, again.

In my deep world where it's all true,  
I think we are “Unfinished,” too.