

# Aga Zaryan, The Music Like Water

How, on a summer night  
The mysterious few bird notes rise  
And break against the dark and stop  
And that music continues, afterward, for a long time  
How you move in me until silence itself is moving  
Precisely as those few notes  
How they do not stop, the music like water  
Finding its way  
How what we begin we only think is ours  
How quickly it passes form reach  
Some other life throating the air  
Until it is utterly lovely and changed  
How what we begin we only think is ours  
How quickly it passes form reach  
Some other life throating the air  
Until it is utterly lovely and changed  
How I am changed by you and change you  
How we willingly hollow our throats for the song  
How the music chains us, but the song  
On a summer night, how it breaks and stops  
How we falter and still the notes rise beyond us  
How they complete themselves in the silence  
And silence completes us, simple as those few notes  
That answer the dark on a summer night and fall still