

Octave

If not only music, but every molecule
were organized in intervals of eight,
if I was the first tone and you the last,
if I reached out my hand to touch

the other six, would they sing
to me, crescendos and could I
ride that undulating sound wave
like a tipsy scale note?


Tell time by counting their vibrations?
Could I trust the world to repeat
up and down, patterns of eight?
Would there be a symphony-

melody swelling on my right,
harmony to my left,
such a rhythm as I could wish us-
a swing, dip, lilt and sway-

Oscillation, music - the beat,
flow, clap and repeat. Most of all,
might I hear you like a middle C
clear and solid as a beacon?

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Kathleen Lohr is a Los Angeles based poet and screenwriter whose work has appeared in local and regional magazines including; Comstock Review, The Moment, Red Dancefloor Press, Dance of the Iguana, Blue Satellite, 51%, Poetry Motel, Shelia na Gig and Chiron Review; and the poetry and fiction anthologies, The Verdict Is In, For the Lives of Us and The Knitter's Gift. She is also the author of more than a dozen produced screenplays, including; Lightspeed, Cowboy Prince, Dragonfly, Open Fire, Brainiacs.com, Star Twins, Panda Pirates, American Jihad, Money to Burn and The Nail House.