

Music,  
Constantly running through my mind,  
The soundtrack of my life,  
A medley of sounds,  
Piecemeal,  
And assembled by forces unknown.

When in your presence,  
It's as if the very stars had aligned,  
Through the discordant blare,  
Single melodies arise,  
And tell a story of the moment at hand.

Sweet refrains, and cheesy choruses,  
Resonate through the halls of my mind,  
Loud enough to silence the outside world,  
And simultaneously quiet enough for a whisper to be heard.

Your quiet voice,  
The only thing capable of silencing,  
Both the music and the noise.

And at once the moment is perfect,  
The universe itself sings a song of harmony.

A song we both know, yet have never heard.