Hum If You Can't Sing

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College of DuPage

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by Glen Brown

So what if at every turn in life we burst
into song -- thoughtless as reciting a prayer --
reward our feet with a waltz or two,

Congratulate ourselves with an aria
then tap dance our way through
the kitchen and dining room?

And suppose the musicians
arrive early each morning
to tune up their strings, oil their drums

while the white-gloved conductor
waits with his cue sheet at the breakfast table?
Could we expect a chorus

prophesying disaster
or an overture announcing a new business deal?
Why not ask for a drum roll through toiletry

or a diminuendo through dinner?
And what might our friends say
about all that sheet music stuffed in our pants

pockets, about our lives
cluttered with voice lessons
and rehearsals with girls in fishnet?

Imagine the fun of it all,
the spotlight on us as we dance and sing,
our pets joining in with happy tails

and the birds whistling from their cages,
encouraging applause
for our pitch-perfect responses each day.