

Category L, Individual Anthology

Crystal Huang **“Golden Concerto”**

From A Song of Joy: An Anthology

A grand scheme of spotlights lit against the wooden stage blaring onto the entranced audience under the dimmed lights

Sound of the roaring waves under the moonlight, sound of birds flying to the third world Trumpets blaring, strings of french horns against flutes, tiny pixies of piccolos surrounding the stage

Tiny silver and bronze angels floating, rising, reaching through the theater, across the air into the hearts of those fortunate for the taste of rhythm

Rhythm to the loud, domineering sounds of the thundering skies to the tranquility of obscurity of forests worldwide in the palm of my hands

The loud bass, the lonely oboes, the flighty flutes , the piccolos, the saxophone and alto saxophone, the clarinets, e-flat, b-flat and e-flat alto-symphony of the heavens grounded by desire to spread its golden wings

Soprano Saxophone, Alto Saxophone, Tenor Saxophone, Baritone Saxophone playing all round, summer, spring, winter and fall

The tuba, percussion, bells, drums, the lifting French horn – oh glorious, glorious indefinable beauty

An ethereal, heavenly ensemble transcendental forevermore

Rhapsody of heartbeats pumping simultaneously, rattling fingers, squeezed mouths, stomping feet,

Roving eyes from side to side to the nodding of heads in rhythm of the pounding, elevating, heightening-golden symphony

Lifting, soaring, ascending, controlling the innate conscious mind

Conscious of being induced to nothing, nothing but a puppet, a foolish entertained pet of music – yet alas, moving oneself is near, for time has played a petty trick on all those who were near

Time- a song that seeps through bones, bodies, hearts, swinging like a pendulum consistently

Diabolical, demonic, destructive to think otherwise

Sound of wings snapping in one fluid step, freeing and enveloping, embracing all within, devouring light and enticing life

Ba-bump Ba-Bump, Ba-bump, Ba-bump, Ba-Bump, Ba-bump, the echoing of thunder controlled and tamed under winter-skinned hands

Vivaciously, intrepid, unfettered-beating against the chains invisible to eyes

The unseen is proven to be seen, the skies cleared, sun showers, the moon hides, the clouds brighten, purple, apple scarlet, blues, yellows, orange and pinks