Reflecting, I ponder—from whence does the poetry come? A wide-open soul, in pursuit of a fellow traveler, a listening ear, a sympathetic someone?

Is it through lilting lyrics, which hanker for humming through consonance others perceive, and can follow—in echoing anthem—from whence does the poetry come?

Is it a mode meant to reap recognition, to craft a quintessence, or insatiably swallow up the traveler, the listening ear, the nomadic someone?

Parched seasons thirsting for some one to fathom, to willingly wallow—to drink deep beside me—from whence does this poetry come?

Is it not what we all want from those whom we whisper? Towards whom we murmur, come now fellow traveler, be my listening ear, be my empathic someone?

In love—or its lack—we find rhyme's inspiration for verses arranged and performed here en solo. Yet still I do ponder, just how will this poet come close to that traveler, that listening ear, that symphonic someone?