

An Acquired Taste by Oscar Treadwell

...on listening to pianist Fred Hersch

First notes go anywhere, everywhere,

Then dawn imperceptibly

From there to THERE.

Sound stream plethora of vague

Reminiscences of known strains that

Tantalize and jog the song bank micelle.

Nuances of a shared experience or

A conversation of peers

Key cognition of non-verbal

Communication

And move giver and receiver in sync.

No shout..bombast..pyrotechnics.

Shards of remember This?

Reticulate the muse maze, you understood.

A nascent humanness

Sheltering love's beauty

midst the world's cacophony of noise.

A surreal realness

Embracing the unambiguous

Life force of family

And

All God's chillun are one.

Beauty is an acquired taste,

Love is its vehicle.