

Musical Mentor

A Haiku Cycle

Burrus was his name—
Charles, my young band director
for high school music.

Inspired and fearless,
his musical soul was pure
and he taught me well.

Schubert's "Unfinished"
was my first portal to bliss
in sonic heaven.

Mr. Burrus shared
and inspired from his knowledge
and musical heart.

He loaned me one day
a distillation of sounds:
record collection.

At home in my room
with Tchaikovsky's "Pathetique"
I deepened my soul.

Startling my young ears
was Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring"—
new fire was kindled.

Six years my senior,
Chuck, my musical guru,
had opened new doors.

He was criticized
by Board of Education
for novel efforts.

Music was his love—
teaching it was his dharma—
wagon hitched to star.

Recently we met
after fifty years gone by—
met again in joy.

Music's been the root
of continuing flowers
in my spirit's life.

"Gratitude" falls short—
no mentor better than Chuck
for my youthful muse.

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