

Every Beat, Every Melody  
Freeyana Morris  
Miami Norland Senior High School  
11<sup>th</sup> Grade  
Dr.Symonette

In whispers soft, the melody calls,  
A symphony of dreams that whines and enthralls.

Notes like raindrops dance on a gentle breeze,  
Creating a canvas where hearts find ease.

The rhythm hums like a heartbeat's grace, In every measure, we find our place.

A crescendo rising, lifting our souls, With harmony's warmth, it makes us whole.

The bass line thunders, deep as the night, While treble melodies flutter, taking flight.

Contrasts in tempo, a waltz then a jive,  
Music ignites the passion to thrive.

In the quiet of night, a soft lullaby,  
Whispers of longing wrapped in goodbye.

Sharp sounds sounding like a burst of sweet cheer, Each sound paints a story,  
vivid and clear.

The choir of voices, a dazzling array, In vocal colors that brighten our day.

Integration of sounds, a universal tongue, In the heart of each rhythm, we are all  
young.

In twilight's embrace, the echoes remain, A tapestry woven with joy and  
with pain.

Each note a memory, a moment in time, Resonating softly, like a gentle rhyme.

From whispers to roars, the music unfolds, A journey of stories, both new and retold.

With every refrain, our spirits take flight, In the dance of the sound, we find pure delight.

The melody lingers, a friend in the dark, Guiding our hearts with its luminous spark.

Through valleys of silence, the symphony flows,

A river of feelings, where true beauty grows.

In the arms of the music, we find our way, Together in harmony, come what may.