

Ina's Music

By Glenn Currier

She birthed me on piano keys
taught me how music frees
gave the treble-me melody
and the bass-me blues.

Taught the suburban boy
Robeson and gospel
Scheherazade Arabian
and Debussy French.
Told me tales of Vienna wood
took my fingers to Norway
and my heart to Stokowski-hood.

From America's South
she swept my mind

to Beethoven climes
trained my tongue and mouth
in Verdi and Rimsky-Korsakov.

I was her star child
and she

the Earth mother
of my Music.

Author's Note: Dedicated to Ina Jackson Carmen, the first three-named woman in my life, my music teacher, my mentor, my liberator.

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