

Italics

Volume 2002
Issue 1 *Spring 2002*

Article 8

2002

Maestro's Abecedarian (A Day in the Life of a Lyricist)

Myron Hardy Jr
Grand Valley State University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/italics>

Recommended Citation

Hardy, Myron Jr (2002) "Maestro's Abecedarian (A Day in the Life of a Lyricist)," *Italics*: Vol. 2002: Iss. 1, Article 8.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/italics/vol2002/iss1/8>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@GVSU. It has been accepted for inclusion in *Italics* by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks@GVSU. For more information, please contact scholarworks@gvsu.edu.

Maestro's Abecedarian

(A Day in the life of a lyricist)

MYRON HARDY, JR.

Alabaster musicians the likes of Dizzy, Duke, and Charlie guard my
sleep.

Before my bed they pose, arranged like notes: black and beautiful.

Consoling during moments when

Doubt blocks thought. I listen subconsciously,

Emboldened by the recall of spoken words

From an era in times past; the time jazz became prevalent, be-bop was
developing and

hip-hop lay in the womb kicking to the rhythm;

God's gifts to each his own;

History repeats itself in many fashions.

I listen subconsciously, in soliloquy, to reason.

Juggling effort and ambition trying not to drop either or,

Knowledgeable one depends on the other, and vice versa. For this act,

I'm

Learning how to rhyme in fixed forms.

Many artists have come,

Now gone, who left behind everyday images that can't captivate long
attention

Or have come and never had a chance to sit on the couch of
opportunity. On an impatient

Pulse I sit, glaring musicians, no longer in

Question about my mission, but

Rather convinced—I must Emcee.

Sitting in my room in the presence of kindred spirits, I

Take out a pen, a piece of paper, and a mini tape recorder.

Unrehearsed verse is recorded. During playback, syllables are counted,

Vowels are linked for assonance, and

Words are rearranged. Unnecessary detail is

(Xed) crossed out. When all is said, wrote, and read again, I give ardent
thanks to

(Yahweh) God for the gifts of music and rhyme for these I'm over
Zealous.