

I heard a distant sound,
Not so familiar to all;
It was coming from behind me,
And I turned and did look round.

I had first thought to be a harp or such,
But was pleasantly surprised;
That this lady piano accordion player,
Could entice me to write much.

I sat here and I listened,
As the music softly strayed;
With the subtle change of scales,
Which varied as she played.

It was nice and soft and mellow,
A little bit sweet to hear;
But as I sit and listened,
It's richness came to ear.

It was the sound of something different,
Something strange here in the park;
Me here sitting writing poetry,
And I could have been here till dark.

But only in a short time,
I was going for my meal;
But Jenny and her shepherd,
Made the day complete and real.

Signed,

A distant sound