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The Sweetest Sound

by Tracy Leigh

the sweetest sound rings
softly in my background
a jazz serenade stirs like
cold lemonade midsummer
chill bumps on my arm
salute the alluring cadence
wafting through forest leaves
no chimes come close
bands cannot compete
never strays no off days
early morning to late eve
the sweetest sound greets
awakes and puts to sleep
covers the vacant areas
resignates in my mind
supports the song I sing