

One Note at a Time

Audio: https://oportuno.org/files/one_note_at_a_time.mp3

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An old man sat in his worn-out chair,
The weight of years etched in his stare.
A gift arrived, a small surprise,
A harmonica, in silver guise.

At first, he laughed, "What good is this?
A toy for children, a fleeting bliss."
But curiosity tugged his hand,
And he blew a note, unsure, unplanned.

The sound was shaky, the tune was thin,
But something stirred deep within.
Each day he played, just minutes few,
And slowly, the world seemed fresh and new.

The worries that once consumed his mind,
Like heavy chains, he left behind.
The bills, the aches, the endless dread,
Faded with every note he spread.

The harmonica sang of distant shores,
Of open skies and untrodden moors.
It whispered tales of daring quests,
Of mountain peaks and ocean crests.

He packed his bag, not sure just why,
Did not look back, as he said goodbye.
From dusty trails to city streets,
He followed his harmonica's beat.

He played for strangers, young and old,
Stories he shared, both true and bold.
The harmonica wove a tapestry,
Of lives connected, happy and free.

No longer bound by time or fear,
He found his purpose, crystal clear.
Each note a step, each song a guide,
To a life where dreams and truth collide.

Now he wanders, harmonica in hand,
A traveler of a vast, uncharted land.
For in its music, he found the way,
To live anew, come what may.

—An ode to adventure, one note at a time.

