

The Gift of Story Singing

Abby Thomas

Grandma doesn't tell stories,
She sings them.
They have a tune.
They have a beat,
A rise and fall,
A change in key.
She knows – without knowing she knows—
Just when to rest
And let the words hang in the air
Like the ghost of a sweet, soft chord.
She can make the syllables keep time
On keys that strike strings inside
And travel through your heart.
She's a true artist.
She feels the music.
Like a true musician, she knows
How to pull your heart into the words
And the words into your heart.
You might not can hear the melody,
But look in those faded, bright eyes,
It's there.
Her stories are arias.
Her stories are ballads.
Just because there aren't any notes
Doesn't mean it isn't music. And,
It doesn't mean she isn't singing
Just because it ain't a song.

