

Notes of Our Own

When a composer writes his music, no two of the notes would look the same.
Some taller, some shorter, some prettier, and some wonky in the frame.
Yet the sound of each note can repeat itself, replicating in the air.
So, what makes each note so special, beyond compare?

You like sports, I like music, our passions clearly defined.
You excel in your game, and I allow melodies to fill the mind.
Sport is your forte, and music is mine.
Yet my best is not the best, while your massive trophies shine.
Others can do the same, others can do it better.
"I'm just average," to myself, I mutter.

Fine, well, I'll try different things.
Trying to be diverse, trying to be great at more than music strings,
To mask the fact that I am not the best at any one thing.
I tried painting, dancing, baking, and writing.
Yet others can do the same, others can do it better.
"I'm not satisfied," to myself, I mutter.

But as I wander through uncertainty, I slowly begin to see,
That each note contributes to a harmony.
With accents, legato, staccato, and glissando,
They may serve the same sound but have their own flow.

Shining in our own way doesn't mean being the best.
Diversity isn't about acing every quest.
It's all in how we express ourselves, the ways we proceed.
There lies the beauty of diversity, far deeper than simply succeeding.

And so, I'll stick to my rhythm, find my own pace.
As each note has no need to be part of any race.
For in the pages of scores, we have our own way.
Together we create a symphony, beautifully played.