

Poetry

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She wraps her pianist's fingers
around the warm teacup,
steaming chamomile
breathing floral calm
into this strange, sterile room.

Her hands once fluttered
over ivory and ebony,
spinning symphonies, nocturnes,
sonatas crystallizing under her touch.

Now the melodies emerge
only in her mind –
phantom flourishes
ghosting across phantom keys.

The music fades in and out
like radio static,
fragments of unfinished compositions,
unresolved cadences.

She tries to grasp the notes,
hold tight their fleeting beauty,
but they fall away too quickly,
leaving unfinished silence.

In her dreams she plays again.
The orchestra swells around her,
resplendent harmonies flooding the hall,
and she is whole once more.

Then morning, dim and quiet –
the weak tea, the heavy blankets,
the view of the parking lot, gray.
Her hands folded in her lap.

The chaplain comes today
with kind eyes and soft questions.
They talk of acceptance, letting go.
Of peace, not in music, but in stillness.

She closes her eyes, breathes deep,
feels the melody slowly
release its grip on her heart.
The silence, for now, resolved.

Competing interests. None.