

The Gong Masters Call

The warm summer night was quiet and still
The booked room empty and waiting to fill

The gongs stood in the middle, golden and round
Patiently waiting to pour forth their unique sound

The purple mats were spread out around the gongs
With the Gong Master waiting to create her songs

The people slowly arrived and selected their place
And the night of sound started at a gentle pace

The gongs poured forth their musical vibration
Creating a continuous magical heavenly sensation

As the body responded to this primeval sound
Inside each person a place of beauty was found

A feeling of peace and joy and wonder was there
Banishing all the days worries, problems and fear

As the gongs sound washed over us again and again
They slowly dispelled any memories of hurt and pain

For a short time at least, that beautiful sound enveloped all
And everybody there was drawn to the Gong Masters call

The waves of gong music, sometimes soft, sometimes loud
Continuously rolled out and enveloped the crowd

As time slowly passed in this pleasurable zone
Every person there felt as if they were alone

Immersed in the sounds and vibrations created
Each person left at the end
Both refreshed and elated.