

The Oboist

By Andrew Del Donno

He readies his sheet music, and adjusts his reed.
The seated figure takes a breath and begins to play.
Sweet sounds begin to flow from the oboe like a river,
Ebbing and flowing through the still air,
Sometimes quickly sometimes slowly.
He is a part of the music now,
Like a piece of wood, swept down the river.
Rolling and diving through the majestic beats.
He can see the end of the music approaching.
He readies himself for the end with a decrescendo.
The piece ends and delicately the oboist stops playing.
Silence slowly fills the void.

*Andrew Del Donno is a sophomore at the
Wachusett Regional High School in Holden, Massachusetts.*