

## ***TUNE WITHOUT MUSIC: FOR MARTIN WYNNE***

**WE KNEW HIS NAME, BUT FEW OF US THE MAN  
WE KNOW HIS TUNES, BUT FEW OF US HIS VOICE  
OR HIS PLAYING.**

**HE TAUGHT THE MUSIC, AND INSPIRED SO MANY  
BUT NEVER WANTED FAME FOR HIMSELF: ENOUGH TO KNOW  
THAT WHAT HE GAVE SO GENEROUSLY  
WOULD BE PASSED ON BY THOSE  
FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO RECEIVE HIS GIFT.**

**WHILE IT HAD HIM, THE WORLD  
COULD HAVE BEEN KINDER TO HIM; NOW  
HE IS BEYOND ALL CARING, LEAVING SADNESS  
TO THOSE WHO GRIEVE AMIDST MEMORIES  
THAT FOR THE MOMENT HURT AND DO NOT SOOTHE.**

**THE FIDDLE GATHERS DUST, AND MANUSCRIPT PAPER  
ONCE INTENDED FOR ANOTHER BRILLIANT REEL  
TURNS YELLOW IN THE DRAWER.  
THE SONGS ARE STILLED NOW, AT LEAST  
TO OUR POOR LIMITED HEARING.**

**BUT IN THE PRESENCE OF THE VERY SOURCE OF MUSIC  
THOUGH RECENTLY ARRIVED, NO DOUBT HE ALREADY SITS AND PLAYS  
WITH THE TRADITION'S FINEST FROM THE DAYS GONE BY.  
FREE OF PAIN, FREE OF TEARS, KNOWING NOW  
THAT THE BRONX AND BUFFALO AND EVEN SLIGO  
WERE REALLY PLACES IN A DREAM, AND ALL THE PEOPLE  
HE LOVED, AND REMEMBERED, OR FORGOT  
WERE PART OF THE SAME DREAM...**

**AND THE MUSIC, EVEN HALF-HEARD, OUT-OF-KEY,  
DRIFTING LISTLESSLY FROM DROWSY BRONX PUBS  
TO GREET THE BAFFLED SUN ON HUMID SUMMER MORNINGS  
WHEN SENSIBLE FOLK WERE ASLEEP, OR PUTTING ON THE COFFEE  
BEFORE EARLY MASS: THAT WAS PART OF THE DREAM TOO.**

**AND NOW, IN HEAVEN'S PERFECT FREEDOM,  
HE KNOWS FOR A CERTAINTY  
WHAT HE ALWAYS BELIEVED WITH A MUSICIAN'S FAITH ON EARTH;  
AND HE SEES WITH NO HALF-BLINDED MORTAL EYES  
THAT MUSIC, LIKE A LIVING THING, HAS A HEART  
THAT SHARES ITS PULSE WITH CREATION ITSELF...**

**NOW HE SEES AND LOVES ITS DEEP REALITY, AND REJOICES  
THAT HE LEFT US HIS TUNES TO SHOW US**

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**AT LEAST PART OF THE WAY.**

**NO NEED TO PRAY FOR HIM TO HAVE A SEAT  
AT GOD'S RIGHT HAND - HE HAS A BETTER PLACE,  
A WELL-DESERVED PLACE THAT WAS HIS  
FROM TIME'S BEGINNING:  
A HARD CHAIR ON THE SESSION CLOUD  
BETWEEN COLEMAN AND LAD O'BEIRNE.**

**NO GOLDEN THRONE OF GLORY COULD MAKE HIM HAPPIER.**

**- JANUARY 1998**