

## **Snape Maltings, the concert hall late at night**

The orchestra has ceased to play,  
The audience has gone away.  
Onstage, small crosses on the wood  
Mark where the solo singers stood.

Now comes the rush to home or pub,  
To glass of wine and late-night grub  
And fond post-mortems in the bar,  
How fine the choir or orchestra!

Cup of tea or beans on toast,  
And which the bit you liked the most,  
And was the tenor slightly flat  
Or did you just imagine that?

The ushers gone, the foyer hushed,  
The seats are folded, floor is brushed,  
And piles of unsold programmes lean  
Beside the ticket cash machine.

The car doors slam, performers tell  
Each other that it went off well,  
We certainly must come again.  
Soft silence settles on the fen.

Inside, the air is warm and thick,  
Contained by wood and russet brick.  
A well of velvet, dark and dim,  
Where ghostly oratorios swim

And all the music ever heard,  
Each silver note, each lambent word  
Still rings though not a soul is near;  
Still hums, electric, in your ear.