

Lera Auerbach

The Stage
To Zhenya Kissin

"May God be with you!" – not yet our salvation,
But clearly we sense the coming End,
With reckless thrall of inspiration
And sacrificial meekness of the Lamb.
The stage. Its shape is finely chiselled,
The piano is my steed, lathered to rage by silence,
And rearing to touch your souls with magic,
To reign supreme over the fierce crowd.
To become one with music – and to exit thus,
Beyond the boundless canopy of stars,
Where silence reigns and light,
Where you stand tall, to your full height.

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Beyond the boundless canopy of stars,
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Where you stand tall, to your full height.