

# *Decrescendo*

PATRICK GRAYDON

Angst disappears with the rest of his fears,  
the fanfare has begun.

The wand waves, the brass fade,  
such a splendid decay of sound.

A solemn score.

The crowd wants more  
but he's running out of breath.

As the notes weaken  
the audience erupts,  
a fantastic display  
of nothing.