“The Secret of the Mandolin Man”
by Becky Bishop White

He flies in, light-hearted, like a Donovan song.
Fixing, with a third eye, to right your wrong.
Music so delicate, it can rest on an egg without breaking it.

Yet somehow it breaks your heart open and you strain to hear the tune.
So damaged you feel, like you might crack - to catch a few notes might get you back on track -

you blink. A golden feather is at your feet, a chance to lift your sorry soul and feel the spirit of the dance.