

Waves Brightly Crashing

I see the red waves of lightning but strike me oh please strike me, but let me focus — I can see in the sound the eyes of the music, majestic purebred steeds of white and black coffee tastes better when one's head is moving to the walking bass.

That moment, that one moment when everything stops. When the ground is taken away from under our feet, and we find ourselves looking into the chasm. That is music. The knowledge of what lies a hair beyond the final limit to which we are compelled to travel — the fine line between music and folly. Fire, pure ecstasy, the conquest of an Other plane of existence. Peering, through music, at Truth — at God. The constant tension, mighty little short from painful, towards the most Beautiful thing that can exist, and the will to hurl ourselves further and further down into the abyss of animal madness. I am shoved, pushed, tugged at in my heart that does not lie. I see through my feet every note explode into nothingness, but not alert I am not. Lies? Perhaps.

An overpowering breeze compels my head to sway slowly, from side to side. It makes me smile. Then I see a spot of light, and I follow it follow it follow the yellow brick road into the unknown dimension of solo. Lines, lines everywhere, going up and down, through and through, shining and sparking but never erring. Well, sometimes erring. The point is, that whether they erred or not, my heart rode on their wings, not caring that they might lead it astray. I'm not sure that should be called erring. More of a meandering. Promenading, maybe. But then ouch silence suddenly nobody speaks but you, and you're clearly quite nervous, as you've never spoken in front of so many people before. You say a couple of syllables before stumbling fumbling London Bridge is falling down — *oh, you're funny.*

And then, just as suddenly, woah noise noise more noise the sticks are breaking and the keys are screaming, but give me more noise yeah whoo I cannot stop moving. I can hear your throat, your tongue, I can smell your fingers in your sound. Then suddenly I see it in your eyes — in all of your eyes. There is one single instant, where all of your eyes shine with the same light, and then you are all together. How wonderful, to be together. Then suddenly brushes. Calm and beauty, one of those melodies that is sure to make you fall in love.

I hear the thick grain of your breath, the tense forearms of the piano, and I hear one every fourth. I see in your chest the same vibration I feel in mine, and I am together with all of you, too.