

The Sharpness of Music

John Elliott

Brittle is the husk,
subjected to fracture following trust –
The lousy skin of memory.
The comfortable refrain
loses a silent siren cut. Peel,
peel me bare.

Latent in the music:
a stimulant.
The refrain hits –
Ecstasy –
a single tear filled with smiles.
Visions resurface:
scenes more daunting than dreams,
vivid and malignant.
Joy in the moment,
the moment before woes.
In the words, the melody,
the faces, the smell of it.
Short-breathed and grasping at specters –
temporal woes.
No more than a tooth-split lip back to
a man and a radio, alone.

Music treat me kind;
Be patient with me.
Carefully and slow to the places I haven't got the means
to go.
High on memories makes for un-ascendable lows.

Music, remember me to those I am inextricably linked.
When my song is heard,
impact them with unbridled precision.
And make them swallow commonplace remarks.
And spare them no emotion.
Shine glaring lights down ghosted avenues –
Ecstasy –
A single tear filled with smiles.
And have them think of me often in the moment before
And hold, hold on,
release.
And in the void
Feel all of me.