

More than Music

Back when the chemist sold records,
we knew music was the best medicine.
The natural remedy of melodies played
on record players and tape decks.
Bedrooms and basements bristling
with beats that felt like balm
for messy teenage lives, the storm before the calm.

Back when we held songs in our palms,
we played each cassette until the tape snapped,
mapped our lives through CDs we made ourselves,
filled shelves with every emotion
we couldn't quite express.
The immeasurable endlessness
of being alive, expressed in four: four time.

We read lyrics like incantations –
confirmation that we were never quite alone –
and we sung every word as if it was our own.
Our best-kept secret bands we shared sparingly,
These earthquake lunchbreak mixtape heartbreaks
reviving us, repairing me.
The words were spells we cast to guide ourselves through,
leading you to me, and me back to you.

And when our local venues sold good times,
we spent Fridays living a better life.
Pressed between bodies, surrounded by noise
our joy magnified by this moment in time.
Sweet sweat and spilt beer, whiskey and lime
and the sense of being sonorous: this new paradigm.
The smoke in our hair, and the bass in our bones;
feeling like we've made it, like we've finally come home.

There's more this than music, more than instruments and noise:
it's empathy and mystery, it's freedom and it's choice.
It's magic and it's medicine, it's acceptance and escape,
Integrity and anarchy, on record and on tape.
Community through unity, when we play and when we sing,
There's more to this than music: and the music's everything.