

The Key

by quill *Sunday, Feb 16 2014, 9:33am*

international / poetry / post

black vinyl
turning its magic
unlocks the past
like a time machine

present reality defers
to the undulating
furrowed valleys
of sound
each peak and trough
presents another person
from the past
and releases the exact same emotion,
time now a captive of memory

living or dead is irrelevant
a passing parade of notables
and un-notables in my life,
i have become a sorcerer
bewitching myself
in a field of real dreams
transported by sound

corporeal sound
able to materialise
long-forgotten
events, persons
and lost ideas

like the resurrections in
a Lem novel (Solaris)
i have learned to reconcile
myself to my past
but do not take my word for it
my studio is now a throng of visitors,
familiar faces
ask any one of them who they are
and you will receive your answer,
the medium of this reality

music organises
the collected impressions

of my past
into a hijacked present
but no less real than
immediate life

the entire company
seems to deliver in unison
one message

i finally realise
i have lived
only for love

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-473.html>