

Lost In Music

That harsh cacophony of words I did not know

But hummed all the same round the kitchen

Walls; peeling and faded

decaying like tree innards. Pungent.

A fungal sponge of expired life.

Curled layers stripped away

I can't see them anymore.

Dad cranks it up to seven, unashamedly.

The blush pink CD player spinning a one o'clock rave.

Casting out a leather voice, mimicked by his,

The wailing infant's unsullied lungs sing to an old tune.

Pitchy, but together in their cries.

It chases us down those seaside lanes,

Sunday drives soundtracked by an off-key chorus.

Seagulls drowned out by The Smiths.

Waves of thumping rhythm,

How music used to be.

The sea singing shanties of cascading harmonies.

Now the youth sing shrilly, not a care in the world.

Rattling off verses. In rote.

Like our churned-out hymns.

It can be heard between breaths

Our undying promise:

Never to outgrow or grow old.

Those swinging jives just don't hit the same,

When on the lips of some

High-tech futuristic masterpiece.

Call her name, and she'll play

But where's the skips and the stops

Of that CD player, faithfully discarded?

The best friend we ever lost.

Dad unearthed it the other day; its CD still swaddled inside.

It plays the same.

Then one child, tip-toed and precarious upon dad's feet,

The other arm in arm with mum immature and craving adventure.

Singing, dancing, free.

I'm too grown to join in on the fun, but I'll tap my foot.

Head buried in one of my devices, vices.

And hum to that old forgotten tune.

But I know all the words.