



I have a serious condition.
It's only fatal if not acted upon.
Great suffering surfaces if it is neglected.
The condition is called Music.

My life is in a strangle-hold,
I am like a fish in a bowl.
I can see out but am unable to leave,
there is no exit.

Music haunts me wherever I tread,
it follows me to bed,
it keeps me up at night,
I can't escape!

Ear worms drip from my lobes.
Few of my friends understand my pain.
The suffering of a creative;
what a loud world I inhabit.

But my condition is not hopeless,
there is a treatment.
No medicine is effective.
No doctor can save me.

Issue 27
October 2019

To survive, I must express.
I must release my music,
from my body and from my soul,
I must bring out that which is within.

There are no rules,
there are no restrictions.
Any music will do,
no music is ineffective.

Everyday I am forced to create,
or else my nature will die;
My soul will wither,
my mind will perish.

Music is my lifeline.
I cherish it with all my heart.
It is sacred,
as it encourages the human condition.

Written By Kestrel Curro RPT, BM

