**Music memory – poem transcript by Lizzie Lovejoy**

Music and melody

Play a big part in memory.

When a certain song plays

My mind often strays

Into history.

Some parts that I’d condemned to

mystery

Until sound unlocks the secret

And I couldn’t keep it

Down

Because sound

Can surround

And drown

I’m stuck on the floor

After twenty eight days

Of false ‘I’m okay’s’

Of meeting ‘half ways’

And awful replays

In a half awake haze.

I’ve forgotten to eat again.

Now and then,

Someone finds me

And reminds me

To drink tea

So that I don’t crumble

So I stumble

To the cupboard on their behalf more

than mine

I think I’d be fine

Pretending to be fine

And doing nothing

I put the radio on

And hear that one song

It doesn’t take long

Till I’m Gone

Gone

To all the places

I can’t face yet

But I brace it

With all the memories

And the

Half mes

That live in them - live in the sound

That starts to crowd around

“Famous last words”

It was my favourite before you.

Before you and with you.

After you?

I unlock the memory

And dream of what’s ahead of me

It’s all existing

All at once

A future persisting

Through a history that haunts

Neither would I trade.

Let the pieces flood…and fade.

I could cry in the corner or launch into

screaming

I could pretend to be dreaming

I could rage like the furies

Because my fury

Cannot the sated

in this mess we have created

There is just so so so much

But I let the music touch

My broken pieces until I remember

where they used to fit.

My body remembers that it’s not ready

to quit.

So I stand up from where I sit,

Ready to build something new

Someone that that old song never knew. There is some memory

That I want to be

A part of me.

I go back to the place

Where each face

Was bright

And alight

With possibility

A moment of fragility

Fixed into place

Until I can face

The Music

I don’t think in pictures

And I don’t think in words.

Not to say that

Nothing’s thought or heard

Inside of my mind.

Because you will find

Me moving, everywhere, constantly

swaying

Even when no sound is playing,

Not out in the open air

No, the sound is not there

Because I’m hearing a beat

Running on repeat

Or a humm

With the drum

I move to the music inside of me

Because my brain thinks in melody.