

Nine Ways of Listening to Music

I

On repeat.

II

Two in the morning.
Utterly alone.

III

Standing in the shower,
Singing into a comb,
And trying not to slip and fall.

IV

Glaring across the car at each other,
Spitting out lyrics,
Holding back an insult.
Pondering who will speak first.

V

After a long day
With no hope of rest,
The only escape available,
Is in the form of
The worst song ever written.

VI

Sitting in a coffee shop.
Wondering where it all went wrong.
Considering the next step,
When the speakers crackle to life.
A high-pitched whine fills the air.
Like a sigh, it begins.

VII

“A thousand years ago,
A powerful king ordered his band
To play The Beatles—”
“They didn’t exist a thousand years ago,”
He reminds me.
“Oh.”
My pen scratches the paper.

VIII

Pressing play,
Choosing the line-up,
To turn around,
And see their faces.
A melody floats through the air,
And smiles light
Up the room,
As we sing.

IX

Together.