

Keith Queener Jr

Mrs.Hoover

CSCC English 1100

22 September 2019

Music Is Power

In this world, there is only one universal language, music. Through all the differences in the world, we can all come together with the sound of music. I've been infatuated with by this language my whole life. The beauty and elegance it can have, while also being rough and broken. It can bring the happiest person to tears or bring the saddest person to laughter. Everyone can speak this language but very few are fluent. The different levels of musicianship ranging from tapping a beat on the table to doing a full-blown orchestral piece is a wide spectrum where there is a lot to be learned and a whole ton of experiences to be had. My addiction to music leads me down a rabbit hole that I may never come out of. A hole filled with new sounds, fascinating people, and a vast array of ways to creatively express yourself.

Many things in my life have changed but my love for music has not. One day my family and I were watching back home movies that we found while we were cleaning out our basement. We hit a film that was from around 2005 when I was two years old. You can see me bobbing my little head to John Legend's "Alright." I was really getting into it. it looked like I was doing full-blown crunches the way I was moving. Watching the video took me back there. Where I can feel the bass vibrate from the floor to my body, the kicks hit me like a heavyweight fighter. The beautiful voice of John Legend touches my ears with grace. You can see the speakers pulsing in

and out as it struggles to contain the loud thunderous beast held within. This is the feeling of music, and I strive for this feeling everyday of my life.

This early exposure to music made me hunt for it. Lucky for me my parents collected albums. So many that my house felt like I walked to a music store. In our kitchen, there is a big drawer filled to the brim with C.D's, also in the basement there were duffle bags filled with album after album, ranging from Hip Hop to R&B to Rock and Jazz. The bag was filled with a whole ocean of creativity. I would spend days just listening to albums, and looking at the beautiful album art. It's funny because I could usually tell how the album will sound based on how the album art looks. I feel like having the access to all these sounds and views on the world made me a very open person. You hear person after person pour out their feelings on an album and you learn about the world and become stronger as a person.

With all the music in my house, I became inspired to be the one playing it. I got a piano and just start playing. Well, it's not as simple as that but after a few youtube videos, I was starting to get the trick. I learned the basics of the piano so I can play and build upon it myself. It's like learning the ABC's to have the ability to make words. It was fun, I was the "teacher" and the more I practiced the better I got. I was finally able to bring the joy I felt listening to music to others. It gave great pride to be able to express myself in that manner. There's something magical about being able to create emotion with a press of a key. Be able to provoke discomfort with a random tritone, or brighten up the room with a beautiful major chord. It's the power the musician holds that is beautiful. The power to show how you feel without even opening your mouth.

Learning music lead me to make it. Now I'm no Mozart but I know a couple of things and the key to making music on limited knowledge was experimentation. There have been countless times where I've said, "I have absolutely no idea what I'm doing", but I kept going. Trying out unorthodox patterns with nonconventional chords is a fun thing to mess around with. I like to think that It gives you a better understanding of your instrument. To see the good, bad, and the ugly of it. The best part is that there is no one there to judge you. It's just you and your ears. You get to a zone where nothing is permanent, it's just a stream of sound that might stick or might flop like a fish.

Life wouldn't be the same without music. We would live in a silent society. A society without culture, a society without sound, a society without a voice. For many, music is what keeps them alive, keeps their blood pumping, their heart beating, their mind racing. It is an essential part of life that we take for granted. Just close your eyes and imagine a world without music. The silents would be ear-shattering. The suppressed emotion would be bubbling like an active volcano ready to blow. Stories would be lost, experiences would vanish into thin air like they never happened. That's maybe why I'm so into music. The importance of it, the need for it. It's therapy for those who can't get it. It's reality for those who live in fantasy. it's knowledge for those who lack the oportunity to gain it. I believe It's the glue that holds this crazy puzzle in which we call a world together. So the next time you listen to music or play it, think about how it helps you and the other billions of ears that this music can touch. It's one crazy thing to think about.

