

The Infinite Sounds Of Music

Chelsea King

You can read it
You can listen to it
You can sing it
You can compose it;

It can express,
Sad or happy
Angry or calm
Bright or dull;

It is infinite
It is beautiful
It is scary
It is ...

Music.

Music is like a dream, that never ends... without it, life wouldn't exist in its true sense. Music is the soul to the universe, the wind which blows the autumn leaves, the sun which heats up the golden sand, the rain which bounces down onto the harsh concrete roads.

Music is indeed my life, I wake up to the sound of my beating heart, the ticks and tocks which make up a clock, the voices which speak the words of a sentence, the footsteps which are sounded from my feet. Music is all around us, it begins from the most minimalistic things in life, sounds.

Pitch, high or low;
Rhythm, fast or slow;
Dynamics, loud or soft:
Texture, thick or thin;
Structure, intro to coda;
Tone Colour, depressing or cheerful...

These outstanding objects, voices, people, nature... all equates to music. Music has been all around me ever since I was born. It began with the laughter and cries of my

parents and siblings, the camera shutters. Even though these may be sounds to most people, it is music to many others.

If I hear a sound around me, like a tap, a cough, a sniffle, a creak, a thud, just any sound, I will hear it in an orchestra, a song, a voice. You see, sounds have been evolved over time and turned into masterpieces, and it is because of this that what were sounds before, are now music.

I'm not saying that the purpose of this text to change music, I am just stating a point that music is what makes up the world, that's why our hearts have beats, we can sing, and people can blow, hit or strum to create sound.

Golden and shiny,
Black and white;
Air and lungs,
Touch and tap;

An example of my never ending passion of music is my ability to make music from blowing and tapping with my hands and lungs. The trumpet, when thought of, may seem like a the giant in a fairytale, bold and powerful. Even though it can be, it is also a very gentle and calm instrument. The piano is easily expressed from volume, touch and sound. It can be interpreted as many things, such as a fluttering butterfly, an evil villain.

When I play the trumpet and the piano, it lifts up my soul and touches my heart. From chords to single notes, *piano* to *forte*, minims to crotchets, quavers to semibreves. It makes me feel special and true to myself. It feels like a parent who hugs you tight when you are scared.

As I write the words above, I listen to the magical compositions by INXS, Ennio Morricone, Denmark + Winter, Ludwig Goransson, Dustin O'Halloran and Hauschka. Music matters to me, and to many people around me. The human race has been gifted with the privilege to experience such extraordinary power and emotion.

It is music which relieves us from stress, it is music which expresses our emotions, it is music which helps us sleep, it is music which helps us wake up.

Sounds are music
Words are music

Touch is music
Breathing is music

Music is all around us, sometimes people don't realise it.