

# INTRODUCTION TO MUSIC

Your conceivers  
exist no more--- but

their memories awake  
to superior ranks---

through the range  
of soundscapes--- of

which you appear. In  
front of you--- i sit

folded legs--- eyes closed,  
arms down, hands up

towards the heavens--- who  
accept my praise for

receiving your offering.  
You are music--- introduced in the

most common & extraordinary  
remastering--- bringing

peace, connection, &  
Love (for you are my

first). You choose not  
to believe--- but remind

me--- i'm no stranger to  
hurt--- no alien to forgettable

worlds--- no unforeseen  
diagnosis. Meditating---i inhale

knowing you've shared  
secrets--- i haven't kept---

unraveled lyrics my bass  
focused mind wouldn't

hear--- signaled my dawn  
awake--- which i'd receive--- &

fall back asleep. 'Til this  
antenna & static free mind

could exhale for your reflection  
to rise to superior ranks---

through the range of  
soundscapes of

which you appear--- not  
just in forms of jazz, gospel,

r & b, or hip hop--- but in  
humanistic rhythms &

poetic tempos from  
the music of existence. For

you become human--- in full  
flesh & soul--- here to

show me the way. In front  
of you, i stand on

strengthened legs, arms  
lifted high--- hands expressing

joy to the heavens---  
who accept my gratitude

for the common & extraordinary  
peace, connection, & Love

you bring. You are music---  
introduced & received

in ways that unshackle my  
dances--- move my spirit---

mediate my soul &  
arrange the soundscapes

for me to sing you  
your praise.

**Mark Anthony Thomas**

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From [The Poetic Repercussion](#)

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