The Quest

Ten Foot Pole

Watching old home movies, the seeds so evident
Little did I know back then what my tapping fingers meant
A compulsive urge to hum a tune, to touch a piano key
In every sound and rhythmscape, I found a piece of meThe picture began to become more clear,
my purpose more firmly grounded
The day I sat at my brother's drums,
picked up his sticks and pounded
I felt the ceiling open up, heart and mind were lifted
This primal force convincing me, my goals in life had shiftedThen I learned a few guitar chords just to seal the deal
The power of music I could not ignore, the surge inside
me real
I plucked away at Misfits' tapes 'til I could play along
Then came the happiest day I've known- when I wrote my first songA few interruptions since, I'm back where I belong-
pen and paper, sticks and strings, the quest for the
perfect song

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