

# 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 me  
The 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 shifted  
Then 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 song  
A 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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