

A Scratch on the Record

The passage of our life keeps spiraling on ahead
Like the words of a song in the grooves of a record.
The downbeat of the song, like birth, is at the outer edge
While soft melodic strains, like death, fade as the track ends.
And so it should be.
Like a song's crescendo, our best moments are celebrations
Offset at times by diminuendo, when tragedies befall us.
But always with glissando we move only toward the future
On a winding one way path our lives create a symphony.
And so it should be.
But something is amiss now in nature's familiar rhythm
Unbeknownst to us the song's lyrics have been changed.
The melody once harmonic, now jarring and discordant
A scratch has been gouged across the grooves of the vinyl.
How strange and confusing
A short stanza of our lives keeps repeating illogically.
Stopped in our tracks, we are afraid and isolated.
Craving desperately for things we used to do
Before we couldn't, lest we pay the unspeakable price.
So very odd and upsetting
Anxiously we search for ways to reach a familiar refrain
Where cozy safety waits in tight hugs with those we love.
Who will lift the stylus to finally set us free?
To put us back on track, so our life's tempo carries on
As it was always meant to be.

Brenda E Smith

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