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Momentary Musical Healing

Pattie Milheron
Grand Valley State University

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Patti Milheron *Momentary Musical Healing*

Sometimes a song's energy will shock,
will enliven like electricity starting its
surge up through the toes, shooting up
the calves, sparking through the torso,
until the soul, the human soul starts doing
somersaults, no longer just a body,
it becomes a living, breathing
dance machine, jukebox box of flesh flipping
through an auditory diner, a living
instrument gloriously forced into
unstoppable movement. like every time
"My Maria" comes on the radio. "When she's
around she take my blues away, sweet Maria"
and if she comes on when I'm driving, the car
will be speeding under the smooth strumming
of that electric guitar, going past the speed
limit of ordinary musical feeling, wanting
to burn like gasoline, a real firestarter,
that Gypsy lady's song is so strong, sending me
into motion, treading water, baling hay all around
the living room floor, a human compass circling,
circling the inner globe, because when "My Maria"
releases my wild, crazy horse heart out of its
stable, there is no world, no mastercard bills,
no term papers, no hit-the-snooze-button-three-times
mornings, no remembering playing strip quarters
the night I got so drunk and almost, but didn't,
sleep with a stranger, no remembering all the things
better forgotten, there is only this moment,
only this song sweetly invading the here and now.

everything is okay, the world is perfect
just as it is.