Momentary Musical Healing

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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, bailing 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.