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11th Grade

Mr. Reich

Recognized Sounds

Music plays,
Flows through my ears,
Loud and proud,
rushing through my eardrums
Exciting, alive.

It's the music of my past,
The sounds of my childhood,
A chorus of memories,
Happy, warm, familiar,
Sounds which shape my childhood.

I was a child,
Hearing these same songs,
Sitting, smiling, watching
My family laughing,
Feet tapping, hips swaying,
Dancing without fear,
Moving in ways I wished I could.

Now in the present,
These songs still play,
Bringing back joy,
But something feels different.
The happiness fades too fast,
Like a decrescendo,
Leaving a feeling I know too well,

One I recognize,
One I can pick out of a crowd,
One I can't ignore.

Yet the music continues,
Changing, growing, guiding me.
The same songs from before,
Now shaping what's ahead.