

Forwards

Forwards, always forwards!
Focused, always alert!
Learning the giants language,
a musical language, one that speaks from the soul,
from a deep urge within.
An urge to say the unsayable!
Express a deepest feeling!
Something that can not be grasped, or explained.
Something that just is and must be accepted as is.
A language that connects to the past,
a language that can only be heard in the present,
a language that creates an image and sometimes with luck
leaves a mark in the future.

The Scene

This language he wanted to learn.
He wanted to make it his own,
to satisfy that deep grinding yearn,
to say things coming right from the bone.

And learn it, he did.
And his peers they all heard him.
They called him a cat.
Not even a bit
did the music sound slim
and the sound was real phat.

While working, learning and playing,
not sleeping and weeping and staying
his ground on the battlefield, night in and night out,
we call it the scene and that's what it's about!