

THE STATE OF EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC (A METAPHOR)

Adam Overton, Feb 2006

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In the laudromat washing clothes, meditative...

A mother strolls in, no expression,
4 or more kids swarming around.
The kids are screaming,
are running in circles,
are pushing laundry carts around the room fullblast,
are play-shooting at each other and at passersby.

Mom washes away, not just one cycle, not just two cycles,
but three full cycles of clothes.
Forever. Silent.
Her demeanor never changes;
she is oblivious to the turmoil being ravaged around her.

Those in the laudromat are on edge;
the screaming is too much, too long, too loud...
... Except for one person, one other who gaily remarks,
"My, what cute little ones you've got there."
The mom manages a tiny, silent smile and goes back to tending her laundry.