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Of Melody

Music hath no boundaries, no faults, and no enemies. It doth not lie and is innocent within every form, untainted by men of greed and material dynamism. Music hath the capacity to refineth that which has been composed by man; the melody of any and all forms of music ring with the power and control directed in the lyrical composition. A melody doth not compare to men because melodies shall not encounter love, shall not experience fear and shall not adventure pleasure. A melody to grant comrades eternal rest, being also a melody that lacketh the experience of emotions, and yet, a melody that hath qualification to portray bounteous emotion transmitted through an arpeggio of thirds. Melodies contain a story, a moral, different to every man, The Song of Ilium being an interpretation to each his own. Every note concerned in melody is innovative, clean, existing purely within the moment, which containeth a virginity known and upheld only by a newborn. Man maketh mistakes and cause accidents, threatening humanity, though melody embrace, through the lovely harp of David, competence to drive away foes of the Lord. People exist through decades, annexing knowledge of higher order, while music lasteth but a moment on an improbable strength of pure existence. This moment containeth the power to topple great cities of the Canaanites through trumpet blast, or provideth a resilient anesthetic for brilliant physicians who perform tasks such as the enucleation of a cancer. A melody hath aptitude to transform messages and feelings that ordinarily taketh a human years

to convey. Music hath lasted for centuries, since before humans, and yet humans have the endowment to feel while music hath only the dexterity to provide despondency and euphoria by way of a melody. A melody that shall proclaim victory to the blind as morse code ringeth throughout the fifth of Ludwig's masterpieces; a melody that shall console Mother Nature by way of Pan's pipes. For whom doth music play? For King Solomon? For sailors stroking toward their paradises? For God himself? Melody is for humans without titles, surviving with intent of simply being; through existence, people experience emotion after thou heareth the teachings of music and being educated in the affections of life. This is the power of music. Power beyond that of human understanding, yet blindeth of capability to truly feel as man does. Melodies control emotions, have mastery over feelings and compose waves near tangibility of humans, but yearn for embodiment of experience, providing music with the skill of Apollo and the affinity of a resident in Tartarus. Music hath dangers, such as that of love. Love is patient, love is kind; music is strength, music is blind. They are brothers, closer than Remus to Romulus or Jacob to Esau, often correlating through lyrics and melodies. The brothers, blind to reason, innocent of understanding, existing simply to exist for the human race. They have no purpose, no mission other than educating people of the important aspects of life: conscious awareness toward relationships of life. What hath music contributed to history? Music maketh a melody; a melody createth emotion, but those born of men shall be gifted the ability of experience.