

That Old Radio  
Alissa Booth

Childhood was filled with sound.  
Laughing, yelling, talking, screaming  
But mostly singing

My mom always had the music loud.  
Every moment filled with the verses of  
Luke Bryan, Newsboys, Pitbull, Sugarland-  
A woman of a million tastes.

Music attended every moment with her.  
Dancing through grocery store aisles,  
cleaning and humming,  
crying and swaying,  
and even a song she made me promise to play...after her last days.

All introduced to me on that old radio.  
Dings and dents everywhere,  
it couldn't pick up a signal,  
books of scattered CDs from reckless daughters,  
and a handle that when used had to be attended to with care.

That stereo saw everything.  
The songs it played made all the difference.  
No matter how good  
or how bad it got,  
I found support in its soft soothing rhythms.

My soul moves along to the melody of that old, busted music-playing' box.  
It's the home to my childhood sounds.  
Even as I grow and listen to the noise of Zach Bryan, Coldplay, Foxtide or  
Lumineers, Its static hum has become ingrained.

I hope one day I plug back in that dusty, old memory and it hums alive.  
Although if the spark isn't enough to revive the past,  
I know what my mom has taken with her to enjoy our favorite tunes.

Until then, headphones will be my friend  
playing the soundtrack of me.  
Supplying the singing poet's words to get me through,  
with reminders of her as I go.