

"MUSIC"

The John Klemmer "MUSIC" CD Liner Notes

Music. The sound of my tears hitting my heart. The feel of my soul reaching, cracking, & breaking. This place of truth and perfection that no one can touch. My mind connected to my body. Swelling 'till it bursts. It's all for you. It's all for you. Everything I have to give until I can't give anymore. 'Till my head hurts. There's no price tag on it.

From the pit of my stomach and groin directly to your heart and mind. The sound. The note for its own sake. Just for its own sake. Nothing else. For no other reason. A symbol of the effort and work to stay in the love, stay in the love, stay in the tears that keep me moist from the cruelty of this world to find the tiny seed that is all of us. The whisper pulling us together into one note & one sound even if only for a moment. How much more could we really take? If you could only see what I see through the eyes of a child. Through the sweat.

To this place that is not of this world yet is all of this world. Music. The artist for whom the whole world is a lover and an enemy. It's all so unbelievably simple, it's just one thing. That note.

Music. If not for now then forever. Beyond greed, competition, jealousy, possessions, hatred, sorrow, mindlessness & destruction, where there's nothing to lose, nothing to gain but, for its time, just, what is, what's good, what's right, what hurts, what feels & what's real. My being bleeds for me and you. That's what it's for. The pain is as real as the love. Don't think. Feel. The emotions. The endless place of ideas. The music. Carved out of granite with bloody hands from fighting through the thorny bushes who lie and say, "I love you". The Music. This place we think is unreal is the real place. The real world. Surrendering & sacrificing it all, the ego and the pride, to surrender completely to the sound, to the music. It can't be what it should be, it can only

be what it is. Compared to nothing.
Uniquely itself in its own sound. Each in
its own music. In its own skin. The
"music". The oneness in the madness. The
madness of millions of "musics" not
hearing each other. The "music". The
frightening passion of being lost & gone
for a moment in the truth. "Music." Hope.
Higher & higher until it bursts in a
million pieces and rains and showers you
with the dust of sound. The beauty of
wanting and needing nothing except for
itself. Cut through. Cut through. Break
through to "it". To the place that
changes the moment you find it. Truly
alone for the terrifying moment where you
see it. You see it all and it overwhelms
you, It seduces you. It devours you. It
melts and calms you and gives you an
energy you can't control. You know. You
feel. You pulse with the unbelievable
awareness that...

"Music is in everything and everyone if
only we can hear it! "

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