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## Momentary Musical Healing

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## Patti Milheron *Momentary Musical Healing*

Sometimes a song's energy will shock,  
will enliven like electricity starting its  
surge up through the toes, shooting up  
the calves, sparking through the torso,  
until the soul, the human soul starts doing  
somersaults, no longer just a body,  
it becomes a living, breathing  
dance machine, jukebox box of flesh flipping  
through an auditory diner, a living  
instrument gloriously forced into  
unstoppable movement. like every time  
"My Maria" comes on the radio. "When she's  
around she take my blues away, sweet Maria"  
and if she comes on when I'm driving, the car  
will be speeding under the smooth strumming  
of that electric guitar, going past the speed  
limit of ordinary musical feeling, wanting  
to burn like gasoline, a real firestarter,  
that Gypsy lady's song is so strong, sending me  
into motion, treading water, baling hay all around  
the living room floor, a human compass circling,  
circling the inner globe, because when "My Maria"  
releases my wild, crazy horse heart out of its  
stable, there is no world, no mastercard bills,  
no term papers, no hit-the-snooze-button-three-times  
mornings, no remembering playing strip quarters  
the night I got so drunk and almost, but didn't,  
sleep with a stranger, no remembering all the things  
better forgotten, there is only this moment,  
only this song sweetly invading the here and now.

everything is okay, the world is perfect  
just as it is.