

Variations on a Theme: Not at the Bottom Yet

written by Guest Contributor | June 2, 2017



& there's a lake/ & at the bottom you'll find all our friends/ they don't swim 'cause they're all dead

where did you learn to float?

wish i could tell you, give you instructions, but here, i'm bubbling. sometimes, i tie rocks to my wrists and carry myself to lake michigan. i name the rocks. this one, covered in moss, is my heart. the one i left last week has withered. i named her selfish. sometimes, these strings budding from my wrists are red and so are my eyes and so is my tongue and so are you. i want to float, i do, i keep whispering. i want to help you float, i do. but i'm only knee deep and a tide is coming in.

'cause i make little lies & i pull them apart / think something dark's living down in my heart



Music can hold enormous power in memories and experiences, transporting us instantly to an age, location, or person. What sonic joys, mysteries, disbelief, and clarity have you experienced? Identify songs of influence in your life and explore them like variations on a theme, melding syntax and song structure, recalling the seriousness or levity that accompanies. Whether it's an account of when a specific song first entered your life, the process of learning to play a song, teaching someone a song, experiencing the same song in different places as it weaves through your life, unbelievable radio timing, sharing songs with those in need, tracking the passing down of songs, creative song analysis, music as politics, etc, I am interested in those ineffable moments and welcoming submissions of your own variations on a theme, as drawn from your life's soundtrack. Please email submissions to meganentropy@gmail.com and keep an eye out for others' [Variations](#).

("song" is a broad phrase: could be a pop song, a traditional tune, a symphony, commercial jingles, a hummed lullaby, 2nd grade recorder class horror stories, etc)



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