

Variations on a Theme: Thus Played Zarathustra

written by Guest Contributor | June 20, 2016



A Child of Rock & Roll

A farm boy from the Wisconsin cold

I didn't like classical music at all

Till I found myself in Movie Theater

Thinking I was about to see

Another Sci-Fi feature

But there were no

Monsters or Aliens

Instead a troupe of Apes

Screaming and chattering

Till the breaking of the dawn

When one of the creatures

Discovered a bone

Could be used for a tool

Or a weapon of war

When he began breaking bones

The Vienna Philharmonic began

Playing the theme song

I felt my hair stand up on end

Goose bumps rose on my skin
This was more than a Sci-Fi fantasy
This was 2001 A Space Odyssey
From that day I believe science
Does not contradict evolution
For Humanity has, and will continue
To evolve both physically and spiritually
And when I look up into the starry night
I hear 'Zarathustra' playback in my mind
I am overwhelmed by the mystery
Of what we do not yet know
And in my wonder, I find spiritual ecstasy

When I was a farm boy I seldom saw friends unless we were doing field work together. The exception was Saturday night, when we'd meet at the old Gem Theater, in New Richmond Wisconsin. At that time my view of the world was limited. Till the night I saw 2001 Space Odyssey. Since, I've come to realize that there are no limits to my life or soul. 'Zarathustra' was more than an inspiration, it is a cosmic hymn.

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 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)



Kimmy Alan is a poet from the land of Lake Woebegone. A retired steel worker who was diagnosed with stage 4 cancer, he pursued his love of poetry as a distraction while undergoing chemo and radiation. For him, poetry has proven to be a powerful catharsis as he is currently in remission. When he isn't writing he spends time with his four wonderful nieces, whom he says, "are driving him to pieces."