

If music can be passed on like brown eyes or a strong left hook, this melody is my inheritance, lineage traced through a title track, displayed on an album cover that you pin to the wall as art, oral history taught on a record player, the lessons sealed into the grooves like fact. This is the only myth I know. I sit on the hardwood floors of a damp November, my brother dealing cards from an incomplete deck, and I don't realize that this moment is the definition of family, collective memory cut in rough-textured tones, the voice of a horn so familiar I don't know I'm listening, Don't know I'm singing, a child's improvisation

Genetic

Love
Comfort

family

Youth
Child

Dark Tone Time Past

Struggle

Poverty
Poverty

= fond
Memories
Comfort

a child's improvisation of Giant Steps or Impressions songs without lyrics can still be sung.

Shift

In six months, when my mother is 2,000 miles away, deciding if she wants to come home,

I will have forgotten this moment, the security of her footsteps, the warmth of a radiator on my back and you present in the sound of typing your own accompaniment, multiphonics disguised as chords in a distant room, speakers set on high to fill the whole house with your spirit, your call as a declaration of love.

Shift

But the music will remain. The timeless notes of jazz too personal to play out loud, stay locked in the rhythm.

comfort
Block!

hard
pick

Jazz
relax
Symbolic

Scars

mother
father

time
pain

struggle
Hustle
Wall
been

Warmth
family

Pause/Ref

emotional
connect
1.2.1

stay locked in the rhythm
of my childhood, memories fading
like the words of a lullaby,
come to life in a saxophone's blow.
They lie when they say
music is universal—this is my song,
the notes like fingerprints
as delicate as breath.
I will not share this air
with anyone
but you.

Conner
Jazz/
fan

Marsh
SNAP

Ownership

Fragile

Father