

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

An Ode to ‘on-the-one’

by Jamie Moore

Hard-wired to respond
Music does make humans of us all,
Bitterness adieu, it waves its magic wand
As powers of form form forms of power to enthrall.

Innate in our survival tryst
Consonant intervals strike cordial chords,
They kiss the neurological deficit
Sounds of babies weeks on weeks old.

One form alone denies us compunction
Sounds penetrate the body all told,
When the bass touches base it is done
Moving more than other human function
Intimate feelings, especially on-the-one.

Etymology indecent and coarse
Its rhythms hard-driving and insistent,
The funk is the smell of intercourse

Lest two humans should ever be so distant.

On-the-one, it's one and done,
The moment of impact
The funk is the redact
Of soul, jazz, rhythm, blues, the spring of groove
Just "Give it Up And Turn It Loose".

Bootsy Collins, Larry Graham
They slapped it on the bass,
Nile Rogers sniffed the disco line
And freaked out in their place.
JB and George they blazed the trail
To the Mothership Connection,
But Sly's the man so gravelled and stoned
On a road in my direction.

If music be the food of love, play on.
Just play on brother, play it on-the-one
Let love's music sail under the sun,
Play a garden of flowers in bloom fast motion
Funk's Get On Up blossom beating in devotion.

Timed Exercise – That smell....

Lynard Skynard wrote a song called “That Smell”. It’s a jarring chorus to the extent that, when you tune into the lyrics, as I often don’t as I lack the feeling to immerse myself in lyrics, but if you do, you realise a grown man, wearing bell bottoms, is singing about a smell. It seems rather childish and kitsch, and makes one tend to snigger, grown man reduced to simpering child. They also wrote a song called Sweet Home Alabama, they made a career out of that one song, and *there* is a rhythm guitar I can get into. If you’ve ever seen a picture of Lynard Skynard it would be apt to wonder about that smell, any kind of smell in fact. A right bunch of tousled bruisers they were indeed.

Anyway, I digress. It’s simply that whenever my most under-utilised of senses becomes alert to a foul smell, one that is steeped in stench, which it must be to resonate with my brutalised olfactory nerve, Lynard Skynard pop into my head and start singing about “That Smell”.

And so it was as I approached the boarded up Argos where Stipe, yes that is his name, rhymes with arse-wipe, would be waiting for me with his usual array of shamefully concocted baggies. I called his name and pushed past the buckled plywood into the rear of the store, the smell bleeding at my pupils, when I saw him, slumped in the corner, dribble in the corner of his mouth, his face a hue of purplish green.

“Angel of darkness is upon you, stuck a needle in your arm, so take another toke, have a blow for your nose, and one more drink fool, will drown you. Oooooohhh that smell. Can’t you smell that smell. The smell of death surrounds you.” Those lyrics took hold then, as that smell inhabits us all.