Music is. . .

Music is like love; it all comes from the heart. Music is like a magnet, pulling every organ in your body against your inner skin. Music is like an energy drink that keeps me going all day. Music is the air we breathe; it blows right through us and around us. Music is like a dream that you never want to wake up from. Music is like the feelings you can never say. Music is the sound of our culture. Music is as lovely as a hug from my mom. Music is like a Christmas tree; it brings life to a lonely soul. Music is a maze of thoughts waiting to be discovered. Music is movement; it gives you chills and simultaneously causing your blood to flow. Music is the person that understands all of your feelings.

Writing is. . .

Songs full of hate, like essays full of bullshit. Writing is the open door to one’s emotion. Writing is like water, it is clear present and necessary, but without a distinguishing flavor. Writing is like my former teacher, you know you better get it done.