

A simple melodic line is more than just a single note followed by another, the progression never allowing any neighbors to touch. There is a whisper in between the notes. That single moment, more slight than a breath, in which the music is heard is the space in which intervals, whether major, minor, perfect, or diminished, can be found, all of which have an impact on the single melody. The shape, the feeling, is produced not from one solitary note on its own, but from its interaction with all others. It is the consonance and dissonance within a line that creates something bigger than one tone played at any given moment.

A melody is similar to a person in this aspect. An individual is more than just a single event followed by another. Just as a melody is not a random collection of pitches, a life is not a collection of random experiences. A life is lived through progression. While all life comes to an end, it is the living before the cadence that is remembered. It is the body of a piece that is heard. It is the climax of a dance that is applauded.

What is life? Is it not a dance through trials and triumphs? Yet, the dance must originate from some source. The source for life's dance must be music, for what is more powerful than the beat of a song, which is so akin to the beat of a heart, of a life?

The music begins, a simple melody at first. The dance begins, the inhalation of a breath that fills lungs for the first time. The life blooms and blossoms as the music builds with harmony and increasingly complex melodies. In turn, the dance complicates, changing from simple twists and turns into leaps. The music quickens; the dance responds. Unavoidable dissonance can be heard in the music. The dance nearly stumbles. The life, from which both music and dance spring, weeps with pain.

Gradually, peace appears. The weeping ends, the dance continues, and the music resolves.

The sound begins to fade, growing slower with each beat. The dance becomes more graceful. The life is reaching an end. As the cadence approaches, the dance slows to a halt. It is only at the conclusion of it all, when the dance has no movement, the final chord no longer sounds, and the life exhales its last breath does the realization dawn; music is the dance of life.