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# Acoustic Revolution

You're my acoustic revolution  
Amidst electric guitar strings,  
Amplifying my soul  
Through the chords of your eyes  
In a melodic purity  
Only able to be captured through  
This softer, almost tangible, more sincere form of music  
Where I can hear the centimeter movements  
Create sliding metallic mini-music between chord changes  
Telling me harmony is born from the roots and not manufactured through wires

Bursting orchestras in the marrow of my marrow  
Incessant arrows pointing up  
As the cycle of my blood dances to bar chords and bridges  
In one motion starting from the souls of my feet  
To the soul of my brain  
Blasting off the crown of my head  
With a volcanic force so the music can caress  
My nerve center with light spectrum rainbow fingers  
And show neurons true chemistry  
And send my mind shooting through stars  
Among the heavens of white vibrating echoes  
Bouncing off the walls of my being  
In every direction  
Expanding it to digest more  
As my horizons multiply and nestle the amber glow of this music sunset  
Manifesting my beach front view into the color of energy  
Reflecting off the clouds that hold nothing back-  
Even Heaven itself-  
As these walls of mortality are evaporated with pulsating invisible white mist  
Emitted from the crashing scenic waves of this guitar  
Landing on my tropical black sand  
But painting the entire scene with Michelangelo strokes,  
Creating the perfect form of moving air from something anything but hollow

Gliding through my senses,  
Propelled by the cadenced nodding of my body,  
And finding every joint and filling it with rhythm  
Until you inspire my entire body into its own music-  
Snapping fingers and  
Humming lips and  
Nodding head and  
Tapping feet  
So that the world stops and drops whatever the hell it is doing  
To turn their heads in my direction  
As your acoustic revolution propels me into a full-fledged  
World War against silence  
Creating earthquakes with my feet  
And hurricanes with my voice and  
Maybe a little tropical rain

(But hey, it's not my fault my saliva glands want to get involved)

So get your umbrella if you're scared of a little weather  
Because this forecast spans longer than seven days  
And it's a great day to be outside

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I'm 19 years old and attend Pierce College where I'm looking to start an open mic reading, although my last attempt somewhere else was short-lived. I started writing poetry during high school when I would try unsuccessfully to woo women, but I never performed any until a year ago at the Cobalt. I found out about the Cobalt through Eitan Kadosh when he performed at El Camino for my English class. My influences in writing poetry include life experiences, dreams, and dreams about life experiences (which are dreams themselves and do not necessarily deserve a separate category), and music. I write a lot about girls and the beach because they are my favorite things to look at, but a lot of the times inspiration comes from creative phrases that pop into my head. I like to be a loud and strong reader mainly because I like attention and it takes me back to when I used to act. If I didn't write I think I would spontaneously combust. I rule.

## Danny Scuderi

