

The Man

difficile est Latino sermone illustrare the beauty of sound. How a symphony can make colours dance. I often give speeches of the experiences that The Man provides me. He can overwhelm me when he provides too much for my senses to handle. I sometimes find myself frozen in a moment, looking at the sounds of the busy streets of the city. Luckily, neque quisquam oratori veniam denegabit like me, so I often find my friends gently nudging me forward rather than unmercifully mocking my face of awe, snapping me back into their 'reality'.

I don't believe I am different. After all, we are all born with the ability to see music. I simply believe that The Man who has bestowed the gift of mixed senses upon us is a vir tenero vegetoque ingenio pollens. He finds ways to make the worlds of certain people like me who see the universe differently intriguing. Beautiful. They sometimes mean diem aestivum ibi conterimus¹, in the gallery of paintings my mind creates as a result of The Man's gifts.

haec ars non silvas et feras, sed criticos, sed 'horribiles Britannos' tenet and their pieces written to praise patriae suae dulcissimae decus atque delicias. The Man does not approve of this music, so he hangs the dull grey canvases my mind paints of their pieces cynically next to the vibrant paintings full of colours crossing in elegant streaks and ribbons. cum Melpomene placido lumine videsset how I viewed the world, she visited me, sending me down the psychedelic rabbit hole of music through the centuries that weep of catastrophes and tragedies.

The Man, however, does not stop at controlling my senses. He also assists me in my attempts to make sense of my gallery. Quin etiam ipse veterum fabellarum modulator. He is the mediator between the canvas and the fables of the ancients. He allows me to explain the chaos as a storyteller. I link the crimson and mahogany streaks to death approaching the old man, unwittingly wishing for something he did not want.

You may now be asking about the identity of this man. He comes to everyone in different forms. He can be a concept or a god. But to me, he is my companion in a world which can be awfully dismal.

I call him synaesthesia.

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¹ Translated as we waste (rather than grind up) a summer day there