

F455i Writing and Practice: Art-ing Across Genres

Week 5 - April 2021

T Holtham

Hybrid Epistolary No. 1

Forms:

- Epistolary
- Haibun in the form of Flash Fiction (5 lines)
- Epigram

Dear Radio

Dear Radio

I can't listen to you without having a way of identifying the songs you play. If I can't ascertain a song I love instantaneously, my heart falls into detriment. You are my creative blood. I would be lost without you in lockdown, or within life itself. I really would.

I hope that you can keep it locked into my words, as I want to share with you how much you have assisted in shaping the contours of my life. I'll keep the tempo upbeat where I can, but admit that I may fall below the bassline at times, into the minor registers. I appreciate the way I can be myself in your presence – laugh, dance, cry, question.

Whatever my mood, you have been there for me ever since my memory was initiated. I feel bereft on the days where it is not possible to be in your presence – I feel like my purpose is misplaced.

I've tuned in to you in many changing formats – clock radio, high-fi, Walkman, MP3 player, mobile, and computer. I remember feeling excited when using a remote control was an option. The years light up my ears. We overcame the temperamental aerials, frequency signals glitches and audio fuzz.

Whether I listen to sounds or words depends on my ambience. You're familiar with the fact that I always minimise any adverts, as I want nothing to disturb my listening experience.

Thank you for being my unspoken therapist. Thank you for introducing me to a multitude of singers, bands, books, late-night advice, and events in other lands.

I wish I could be unfastened from my current bearings and take on the role of a DJ.

Collect record stacks and gatefolds deluxe.
Play out from my lounge to a unique crowd.

I look forward to our ongoing auditory companionship, and to see where else my life can travel due of your input.

Thank you – as always.

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I press play each morning as part of my daily ritual.
You are as essential as viscera.
Surround sound incentives create a uniform precedent.
You illustrate me and help to draw my way through.
To interrogate the facsimiles of fictional truth.

Unidentified
Songs lead to panic gateways
I become DJ

I'd like to entertain the idea of playing in an alternate galaxy
Listening to Top 40's pop on a Sunday whilst attempting my GCSE's
Disappointed the song ran out before I could press record on my double tape deck
I miss those times but am grateful song diagnosis can now be outsourced to the tech
I became a DJ that plays out at late night galleries or long weekend retreats
Founding The Museum of Radiotelephonics collecting shout out requests