

# **The True Sound of Peace | Iyanuoluwa Ayannusi**

## **Break free from the bounds of your mind and accept the gift of reality ; true and total peace**

On the bounds of fabrication and materiality I stand on the border of both worlds. Mind wandering to worlds my physical body could never bear witness. Worlds no other living matter could ever lay eyes upon. In times like this when all the world has dispersed to nothingness, then, and only then will I finally hear the true voice of peace. I'll keep on fighting till then. I tell myself this countless times but I never quite accomplish the feat. True Absolute Peace; the hush angelic murmurs of pure innocence amidst the great burden of reality. We all yearn to obtain it just once in our lives. All hope to listen to its steady streams of enlightenment, but never quite reach its shores.

In my mind I rot away oblivious to what's happening in my own mind. I'm in a constant battle with myself. In an unending loop of war. I stand front and center on the plain, an unimaginable silence raging, charging like an angry bull. The once lush emerald and innocent grassland was now poisoned with deep red blood, like that of wine. The reminisce of a battle of the mind. We're blind-sighted by our search for peace, I look for something I'll never find, at least not in the place currently called my domain. Drunk in my unruly ways of life, with-drawing from the world. An eerie silence passes over the field of war. "Peace embodies silence, yet in this silence I only feel pain and heartache."

This is my reality, or really the reality of mind, a distorted place with the exclusion of peace and inclusion of chaos in the form of silence. Many more stand in the same light. Is this my life? Will I live in a world where I'll never know peace? Where my mind is constantly at war with itself? No, I won't give up, I'll keep wandering, searching, heave and listen for anything, anything at all. Then I hear it, in the distance, faint at first but then it grows louder, stronger with each step taken forward. Drums, trumpets, bass guitars, the whole ensemble. Walk on. Faster and faster as the music chorus louder and louder. Then I stopped. The music heard, the one whose song promised peace, was beyond the bounds of fabrication and materiality. Beyond the borders. On the other side layed a world where my mind yielded not to be constantly at war, where "true peace" rang. Just looking beyond opened my eyes to see the shackles bound to my hands and feet. For the longest time, imprisoned in my own mind. The peace I reached for so

desperately turns out was never in the world I tried to find it in. The reason I walked so far but never reached peace's shore, peace could only be found in the real world, not in my imagination. So for the first time in my life I broke free from shackles I never thought existed. I step into the physical world with a new lens and this time the soul and spirit that liveth in my heart came alongside my body. I dream of finding peace, "true peace" in a world that promises more.

Snapped back to reality by the crash of a cymbal, I dwell no more in my wants for mindly peace, for I now know peace dwells in reality and its noise filled lands. I instead focus on the idea in which most of my comforts on earth reside; my Music. I pick up my flute letting its soft yet strong melodies fill the space. I breathe life to my steel instrument savoring each and every moment of its melodious presence. My dynamic shifts as my solo concludes, from forte to maestro-piano, and all is quiet and serene. Not a word is uttered, silence, a wave of calmness passes through the ensemble of instruments, then a chorus of bass erupts in full. Trumpets with their triumphant celebratory fest. The Trombones its with deep voice and soul full heart echoes the words of the trumpets. Saxophone, the odd one out. A Sax, a woodwind instrument disguises and veils itself to live among the brass. Every single instrument, in harmony. My measure of rest is over and my fingers flow freely, I reach a state of tranquility. Then comes forth an incredible feeling; peace, true peace. The song concludes and then another emerges then that one comes to an end and then a cycle is established until I finally finish my last song. Even after all is done and over the feeling of peace and tranquility the glorious music I associate with it still lingers.

After Practice I have time to think about the time I was playing my flute. In my solo, with the band, in all of it, I felt at peace; "true peace". Is this possible could "true peace" really be felt even in the absence of the cerebrum and the inclusion of reality? The answer I seeked was in fact to be dependent from my mind and connect with reality, hear the sound of true peace, find it within me and reality. Listen. I listen for the little things. The birds chirping their little song, the rustle of an oak's leaves, even the honks and rumbling motors of cars give me peace. I find peace in places I never thought possible. Listening to more attentively, being in the moment not only makes me more at peace, but I also feel free, joyous, happier and more poised than ever felt before. All that was needed for me to acquire this level of enjoyment was to break free from the false reality I made for myself and hear the melodies and beauties of our world. To listen for the sound of peace.