

## 24HR OST

It's 4:45am.

I groggily reach next to me for my phone to turn off the blaring alarm; it's been weeks since I've switched from the default ringtone to the Death Star battle siren first heard in *Star Wars: Episode IV – A New Hope*. Call me a nerd, but something about it inspires a sense of urgency. Sometimes I lay there for a minute or two, but usually the next move is to slip on my headphones. I haven't been using them for very long, but I've found them effective in avoiding falling asleep again. Electronic music fearlessly owns this moment ([Horse – Salvatore Ganacci](#), [Music – Lars Klein](#), [Thought It Inside Out – Deadmau5](#)). If it's got an upbeat tempo, pounding drums, and a thrilling drop it'll get the job done. The energetic score follows me outside on my morning run and back inside when I fix myself something to eat. It's with me as I take a quick shower and while I get ready in front of the mirror; my reflection does a silly little dance and I'll join in because I'm feeling vitalized by the music.

It's 7:30am.

My Bluetooth speaker sparks to life followed by the sound of my phone pairing. In a moment, the music playing in my ears fills the inside of my car. Engine ignites and windows roll down; I sit for a moment deciding what to listen to next. The mood has shifted ever so slightly. There's a craving for a coarser melody. Rock music violently possesses this moment ([Mercedes Marxist – IDLES](#), [Rabbits Foot - Turbowolf](#), [Trash Metal Cassette – Dinosaur Pile-Up](#)). Smashing drums, ecstatic riffs and shrill vocals culminate in a sound evocative of controlled chaos; head banging to the rhythm is an inevitable side effect. I flirt with the speed limit, envisioning being in a race with the other cars long enough to sell the dream of being a reckless metal head.

It's 10:00am.

The morning rush has been brewing for a little while now, bubbling over as peak business hours are reached. Customer interactions and conversations, the chime of our front door opening, the sound of the Marzocco heaving with each espresso pull and pitcher of milk steamed all come together to form a beautiful cacophony of mayhem. Teamwork is key and I have arguably one of the best selection of individuals to confront the roaring chaos with. They are as unique as they come each with their own distinct musical taste; they confidently lead this moment ([Burn The House Down – AJR](#), [Pool House – The Backseat Lovers](#), [Beige – Terrace Martin](#)). Poppy melodies, wistful vibes, and a contagious funk provide a comfortable backdrop for the inner workings of our coffee shop. Undulations in business affect each of our moods so the choice of music is ever changing throughout the day. Each shift is musically different but something that remains the same are the great conversations I have with each of my coworkers. Hearing about their weekends, their excitement about upcoming plans, their laughter over a silly joke, and their gripes with life's woes remind me of how far we've come as a team and how grateful I am to call them my friends.

It's 4:00pm.

By now business has eased into a comfortable quiet accentuated by the few remaining patrons clickety clacking away at their laptops. The sound system can be heard clearly in the shop, like a symphonic canopy blanketing over the almost empty space. There's about an hour

to work on pre-closing tasks; focus is required. Funk music passionately fuels this moment ([Music Takes You Back – Modjo](#), [Collision Course – Amherst](#), [Right on Time - Vantage](#)). Groovy synths, playful drums, and a bumping bassline act like a shot of adrenaline to my decaying spirit, infecting it with a last surge of energy to close out the day. Like a puppeteer, the music exaggerates my movements turning washing dishes and mopping floors into an improvised dance. With each sway of the hips time seems to jump forward, bringing me ever so close to the sweet release of my capitalistic dues.

It's 6:00pm.

The walk to my car is usually silent; with the workday over all that's left is to drive home. The mood has deflated into an exhausted daze. Indie music gently envelopes this moment ([Boredom - EVNTYD](#), [Polarbear! – Strawberry Milk Cult](#), [Lo Que Fuimos – El Zar](#)). Acoustic strings, haunting notes, and melancholic lyrics weave an intricate tapestry for my thoughts to latch on to; this is the perfect time to ruffle through my filing cabinet of memories. Inklings of the good old days and people I haven't seen in a while are punctuated by each strum; somewhere along the way I'm reminded of her. A yearning for what once was is gradually coaxed to the surface with each shift in song; a bittersweet reminder that time moves on.

It's 9:30pm.

The day is almost at an end, just a few more waking moments. Emotions have subsided and I'm at peace once more. There's room for another song or two before I go to sleep; it's usually a repeat of something I heard earlier in the day or something new that has yet to get stuck in my head. Soon it's time to switch my headphones off and drift away awaiting the sound of battle sirens to wake me once more.