

LEGACY — Mr. Juke Lightning

I've been writing songs for as long as I can remember.

Before I knew what a song was, really. Before I understood structure, or genre, or even what I was trying to say. There were just sounds, fragments, feelings that needed somewhere to go. And somehow, they kept going into music.

This collection isn't a "best of."

It's a trail.

A record of a voice learning how to recognize itself.

Some of these songs were written when I was very young—open, impressionable, completely porous to whatever passed through. Others come from later, when things became more defined, more complicated, more fractured. And some are recent—where something begins to settle, or at least soften.

Listening back, I don't hear a single person.

I hear states.

Versions. Movements. Conditions of being.

At times, I sound like someone trying to become something.

At times, like someone resisting it.

At times, like someone breaking under it.

And occasionally, like someone who forgot there was anything to become at all.

What connects all of it isn't style, or skill, or even intention.

It's continuity.

The same current moving through different forms.

Like a drop of water falling—thinking it's separate—changing shape as it moves, until eventually it meets the river and realizes it never left.

These songs are moments along that fall.

Some are reaching.

Some are holding on.

Some are letting go.

All of them are true to where they were made.

Nothing here has been rewritten to fit the present. Nothing has been polished into agreement. This is how it sounded, at each point, to be here.

If there's anything like a "legacy" in it, it isn't the songs themselves.

It's the movement through them.

The fact that something continues.

The fact that, somehow, it was always the same voice—learning, forgetting, remembering.

If you listen all the way through, you might notice:

The distance between the beginning and the end isn't what it seems.

—

Mr. Juke Lightning