

## Barak Hill; Wheel's Won't Roll review

by Kat Minx

Haven't felt sad in a while? Do you want to? Joplin native, Folk-Americana singer/songwriter Barak Hill's latest album "Wheel's Won't Roll" will help either  
a. help you grieve your loss if you're feeling lonely or  
b. make you want to hang yourself. Either way, if you have any creative muse in you at all, the songs will touch that artistic masochistic side. Don't believe me? Just listen to the album's first song, "The Sweetest Sound" with its opening line,

/I like the sound/of heartache/

Yes Barak, it hurts so good!

Having recorded the album in the upstairs of Lindbergs, one can hear the deep echo of the room, almost lending itself to that symbolic, overarching tone of a person trying to fill an empty space. And it's done so well. With the help of local musicians Dallas Jones on banjo, harmonica, back-up guitar' Molly Healey singing back-up vocal and playing violin and cello; Kevin Cott on vocals and guitar; and Brandon Moore on resonator and mandolin the sound comes alive.

Each song stands alone as its own story, but also weaves together as a tapestry of experience.

Barak's use of simple metaphors is a poignant use of figurative language that allows listeners to easily resonate with the intended messages. In "Once I was a Hurricane," Hill uses the imagery of a hurricane, rattlesnake and a house on fire to explore the timetable of his experiential learning, offering insight into the folly and foibles of growing up.

Without musical context, it could sound rhyme-y and sing-songy, but with the melodies, his deep rustic voice, and guitar, it resonates.

/Once I was a hurricane/I owned the wind, I own the rain/

/Once I was a rattlesnake/Leave me be, just walk away/

Once I was a house on fire/I burned down walls with my desire/ torn down the roof to see the skies/

Finally the song ends with an expression of the acceptance of self we long for, and a lyric that is definitely an understatement to his lyrical skills and musicianship,

/I am just a man these days/ my story all caught and tamed/

There is no cause to be afraid;/I am just a man theses days/.

This is just a small sample of what the album has to offer. So, grab a Kleenex, a pint of ice cream, and let it out.