

TURNTABLISM

Turntable to the left, turntable to the right.
Turntable is the splendor and weight of thought.

If it dwells inside the fabric of the world,
it dwells inside the mechanical heart of the world.

Watch my hand study the vinyl, sentences of song
pressed upon the-the-the-the

darkness, my shroud,
quietly remixing commotion. Its message:

Reside among the torpid tar pits of the city,
sprouting towers of light that pray outward.

Reside, like the speaking star we gaze for
beneath its indignation.

Time feigns movement, time
camouflaged in a skin of twilight.

Voice, continuation, wet fire.

Lulled by sleep, its symphony of smoke.

Burn that reminder, love it, and pass it to a friend.

They that dance stand inside the sound: a trumpet break-
beat, where movement brings an attentive halt.

As a mass, our mind is an animal.
As a mass, we are the divine snail
waiting for a graceless, shattering punch to our shell.

Economy: a system that bullies the spir-spir-spirit

Samurai's hands wrapped around sword handles.

My willing head lobbed above the crowd like a beach ball.