Turning the Tables
By Joel Dias-Porter

For Eardrum

First hold the needle
    like a lover’s hand
Lower it slowly
    let it tongue
    the record’s ear
Then cultivate
    the sweet beats
    blooming in the valley
    of the groove
Laugh at folks
    that make requests
What chef would let
    the diners determine
Which entrees
    make up the menu?
Young boys
    think it’s about
    flashy flicks
    of the wrist
But it’s about filling the floor
    with the manic
    language of dance
About knowing the beat
    of every record
    like a mama knows
    her child’s cries
Nobody cares
    how fast you scratch
Cuz it ain’t about
    soothing any itch
It’s about how many hairstyles
    are still standing
At the end of the night.

Source: Poetry (April 2015)