

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)