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)