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)