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)