

Impressions from The Bottom Lounge

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A sweet voiced boy with an acoustic guitar sings sharp lines
And it sounds like irony when he says fuck.
He hides eyes that they admire behind a mane
A shouted name
But he bleeds from the strings
And his soul spills from vocal chords
Onto the pitted cement floor littered
With paper ticket stubs
And crushed plastic cups.

If I saw him
Here in the harsh
Light of day
I could not neglect the naked
Insulation hanging
From rusted wire
Above damp concrete and
The cobweb of cords and chains
That secure the stage
And amplify
A melody.

But tonight we are only
Crescent reflections of blue
And pale on long hair
And the angle
Of a face

THE 2010 ANALECTA

While the cameras flash his silhouette
On the black curtain
Backdrop
And these stop-motion shadows of
Him in context
Fade too soon.