

The Record's Caress

The turntable turns,
the record scarred,
every emotion yearns
for the turntable bard.
It mellows the pain,
enhances delight,
not a note played in vain,
every word sung with insight.

No matter the chore,
changing the record
is something to care for.
And in accord,
the anxiety ceases to live,
relaxation sets in,
the music gives what it has to give.
You spin.

The music dances around you,
and you reciprocate.
Very few
remember your current mate.
Aretha is accompanied,
the old needle caresses the vinyl,
the scratch not a fiend,
but an orchestra so very primal.

You are trapped in a dream,
you'd hate to be woken up,
so, you start to scheme,
how to fully lock this lock-up.

What used to be feels
much better than what's real,
Aretha and the glockenspiels
easily surpass any reel.

You love, you hate,
you obsess over the screen,
but in the Aretha-state,
only your feelings are seen.
Reality connects you always to others,
your feelings lost in the crowd.
Here the records are your sisters and brothers.
Aretha never too quiet, never too loud.

Halt, stop, she is interrupted!
You shake, unwilling to wake.
Your dream suddenly disrupted,
brings back the true ache.
Why has it stopped?
What is this sound, disrupting your healing?
It has yawped,
the music no longer appealing.

Aretha suddenly sounds like a banshee,
accompanied by an orchestra of pings,
ever so wannabe,

unlike the Aretha healing your heartstrings.

You wake.

Too late.

The headset so suffocating once awake.

You face your fate.

Ms. Franklin and the record are history,

your reality returns.

The pain sets in swiftly.

Your heart yearns for the olden days.

You never lived them, yet you miss them.

Everyone has become so intentional,
raw feelings cease to exist as the outcome.

If only the old times were conventional.