

Every track I listen to. All this time, sifting through
torrents, mp3's, files, traces, vinyl, mission fueled
binge. To paint a smile on my face. Switched to new trends.
Miles Davis, Bitches Brew. Guitar string picked 'til it bends.
I Can See For Miles. With my new prescription lens,
thumbing through catalogs. The gray tinted film,
I've frayed and splintered the ends.
Plastic Ono Bands, Californications, nostalgia. I visit friends
on bloodshot hung-over days lost. Dazed, lost.
Led Zeppelin, teenage angst and the delayed cost.
Teenage Dream. Lush, the dream pop.
Phoenix, hipster scene. Crystal Castles, homage.
I Wish You Were Here. Drum kits blast, the barrage.
Baroness whiplash the garage. The Flaming Lips
skipped tracks as collage. College. Another fugue state,
Riff Raff and Minaj. The populists' due weight.
Eddie V picked fast, with guitars, and became God.
I'm hot for teachers. A cappellas and busted speakers.
Riffs from hell. Like the Sleigh Bells album, the front was sneakers,
and their chops are stellar. To be dramatic,
music's been tied close to the struggles.
And every music fan knows 'Repeat', always overrides 'Shuffle'.
I've had...four? iPods. And countless iTunes generations.
The boom bap me new track steez,
to the indie rock aesthetic and Classic veneration.
I wear out wavelengths.
Single song obsession, every interpretation my brain takes.
I eat every snippet I've found. The hisses, the pounds
off drum kicks or bass notes. The hunting of every
trick in it's sound.
Until I can't listen again,
Unless it's to relive. I said, I'm just visiting friends.
I want to visit again.
After another hundred rhymes.
After writing this little gem while gripping this pen.
After listening to Deerhunter's 'Spring Hall Convert' at least a dozen times,
I'll want to visit again.