

My Spotify AI DJ

My fingers are signs of awareness,
rising before me, showing off
like the missiles
of the silos in the horizons of Nebraska mono cultures;
signposts
in a curious version of the Present,
hung with shreds of a Past
propped with sharp ignitions of the Future

I curl up in a travelling position,
swung around, off with the Earth,
holding on to the bed,
while my AI Spotify DJ starts up
Playing For Keeps for me
from my Elvis Presley early youth
down in the living room,
me recalling the smell & sight
of those black RCA EP records
with those gray, star-shaped center pieces
all stacked up on the record player,
automatically dropped down onto the turntable,
one after the other,
in the order you'd placed them;
the heavy, yellowish tone-arm
with its cartridge & stylus moving in,
descending down in an erratic robotic motion,
finding its position in the groove
with a loud noise just before the music began,
performing the operation in reverse
when the side had been played through,
moving out of the way
to let the next vinyl drop from on high,
transforming the little boy of 8
into a countryside rock star from Memphis, Tennessee,
imitating the lyrics without any prior knowledge of English

Meanwhile, the coffee sharpens my senses,
dropping me off for a while

in Joan Baez's Diamond & Rust Dylan lament,
him out in a booth in the Mid West,
with eyes “bluer than robins' eggs”,
“already a legend, the unwashed phenomenon,
the original vagabond”

Perhaps my Spotify AI DJ is my best friend?

The 15th of April
is a sun-drenched flow of time;
the Present a snow-garnished sine wave
without duration, but fresh with air
while Nibelungen Ring in the distance
gives me the feel of Folke Rabe's “What”
and other stretching drones
from the middle & late 20th century minimalism,
seriously surprising me,
having me run down the stairs to find out,
my bare feet flying like Hermes' winged tootsies

Horse feeding is drawing near,
the roads wind through the vicinity,
trodden or left untouched,
empty-gravelled in the morning light,
silence roaring
without those internal combustion engines
making faces,
stillness rushing, matter closing in on perception,
bodies showing up for a split life

I have to ask Anna
how she thinks of the land she owns;
the woods, the houses, the meadows,
all the walls of all the buildings,
the insides & outsides of them,
the gravel of the driveway,
the soil of the fields, the birds that come and eat,
the roofs that rise up like ships
on the horizon,
the nearness and the farness
when she leaves & returns,

the body attached
to the name her parents gave her
in another age,
still crowning her presence
and all her dealings,
me calling out through the rooms: "Anna!"

When I've seen to the horses
I stay for a while
leaning up against the stable door in the sun,
watching Moses, Russin & Torre in the meadow,
chewing away; their grinding noises
cosy and calming,
my eyes closed, the warmth reddish
through my lids,
benign thoughts circling low around me;

I let them

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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