

Time Machine (an Orchestra of Trumpeting Ears)

don't let my ears fool you:
this is a poem.

when i play the piano so loud
(like the finale to last night's thunderstorm),
it is an inspired act of compensation
for the hushed voice of my soul
that was quieted by the behemoth
gait of society
which so rudely crossed my life path
with the foot stomp of a million wandering eyes.

when my finger digits tinker
with the black and the white keys,
i am tinkering with ying and yang
spinning the ultimate paradox
into a sonic vortex vehicle.

sound familiar?
i told you this is a poem.

now i spend my spare time
making this time machine
that delivers the present moment
to a place
where lightening strikes the same soft spot
a billion times in silence.

[continued ...]

Inner Ear Reprise

do you hear me?

we were on our way to that place ...

that place that has babbled and moaned since memory
first recorded itself onto that solid gold wedding ring

we were on our way to that place ...

when your soul and my soul collided in love
like a train wreck that gracefully tumbled off the cliffs of shangrila la ...

oh, it was a beautiful catastrophic god death
just waiting to happen at the beginning of time ...

i want to go back there now
(along with my little ego)
and i want you to go with me
(bring your little ego too)

and all together we can rebirth
this mother of god.

we can give to her
a climatic bolt of poetic inspiration:

or offer her praise of witness
with an orchestra of trumpeting ears.

—*Michael Gaio*
March 2, 2006