

Magna Vox Organum

by Rhet Lickliter

We were rusting,
Like the hollow shell of a burnt out chevrolet.
We were falling like flies,
Spiraling to the floor,
Screwed into the ground
With every turn of the earth
Drawing us closer
To our knees,
Giving up gyrations
To gravity.
We were waltzing
While our springs wound down
Like little toys on tabletops.
We were records playing
As the turntables were unplugged,
And Lene Lovich
Became a dying Billy Eckstein.
We were sucked into the picture tube
As the set went off
Becoming blurred
Colours and shapes
Beginning to shrink
Into a monochrome circle of light
Inside the 21 inch diagonal.
And the circle of light
Grew to a dot,
Into a point
We vanished
Within a simulated wood finish
Filled with solid state micro circuitry,
Only able to return,
With the pointing of control,
And the pressure of a thumb.