

Chris Stroffolino

After Brian Lucas

the heady

is heavy

till

the skitter of drums

breathing through

discordant stumps

allow

the soft purr of sax

to rise from the mist...

ravens sing the blues

through the crystalline air of psych-folk

till

a spectral haze

burbles & bubbles

so the vocals

get lost

between

the creases

of the tapestry

in the light lap

of noise.

It's not all calm in the cocoon,
but it certainly is beautiful.

radio on the phone;

headphones cupping ears

bass panned slightly
right lower corner

piano islands or clouds
cluster left

space down
the fill
turnaround
after chorus
the only symmetry

gentle, almost, feeble

voice top & centered

"One for my baby, one more for the road"
a version never heard before
in a style not characteristic
of Chuck Berry

2.16. 24

String Quartet Ears

...hammer, anvil, stirrup
cello, violins, voila!

no drums here, ear strings

standing musicians
dancing arm muscles

polyrhythms

bowed with right hands

countermelodies

plucked with the left
fingers of sound

like breeze breath

across sun heartthrob

ears acted out visually

the power of G minor compels
a movement's ferocity
a violinist's determined look

a slower movement

at the 4 minute mark
raises a musician's eyebrows
yearning curious reverent

wet earth from the waist up

did I detect a glance of mischief...

unguarded tenderness

Is this what Beethoven heard

more aggressive than Schubert

beautiful lyrical moments
in his Eb major too

but they never last long

like they're almost too pretty to bear

Aeolian Cadences

As the valley is high the mountain is low
metronomes & waters down
the higher you fly the deeper you go,
one little beat you don't expect
between verses of *All I Gotta Do*
can make the song

call you on the phone. Now I'm
a two-chord groove piano trance
Don't Let Me Down flowing into
the earlier *I'd Rather Go Blind*
for ten minutes so it forgets
the *I'm in love for the first time* bridge.

I hear the melodic phrasing
of *Femme Fatale* in *Hurt So Bad*,
& xylophone riff of *Under My Thumb*
in the vibes of *I Can't Help Myself*.
You could read loneliness into this.
I guess you could also read math.

For some singers, the word soul
and thing is interchangeable. It's
your thing. Do what you wanna do.
Everybody's got a thing, but some don't
know how to handle it. Soul finger.
Soul Explosion. Memphis Soul Stew.

& I still cannot think of better
keyboard layering in a pop song
than the wonder of *Boogie on Reggae Woman*.
Tell Me Something Good?
Until you come back to me
that's what I'm gonna do!

4--7-24

Café Pick Me Up

(written by Chris Stroffolino and Steve Carll)

I take my coffee cloudy with dreams
so pour me another cup of Carly Joe

Tex I Gotcha! Simon The Chokin Kind!
& in 95 many coffee shops had Portishead ambience

armloads of ink and earsfull of Low and slowcore
to expound your aesthetic within

the slide guitar in Dionne Farris's "I know"
and Justine Frischmann's voice in Elastica's "Line up."

blurring into jungle's impossible drum clatter
clear across the hazy brain of winter

"that leaves me with a twisted view of the whole wide world as I know it,"
as Aceyalone sang, "and I guess I got no choice but to be a poet."