



**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."