

Sound System

I hate concerts

The whole concept of the intermission makes me sick

When the soloist says something endearing and waves of warm feelings

ripple up to the balcony

hit the back wall and return

I feel hideously taken advantage of

But to be in

the traffic and parking of everyday life

the ATM's and the BBC's, no,

to have turned off the BBC and put in a CD instead

to drive my irritating stoplighted route

the sky sour and the storefronts dour

while Claudio Arrau does something to the piano that climbs to a mountaintop

and there unleashes wild extreme and world-commanding gestures

of emotional self-assertion

and it is ME up there, repeating flinging commanding

among the edelweiss

while a helicopter circles and gets it all on camera

is like wearing scarlet underpants.