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We Dance.
They Dance.
Everybody Dances.

I intend to record songs,
at least two,
after too long
without recording anything,
arrange table,
so messy.
Is messy table from messy mind?
Computer monitor slides to this end,
facing out so I can see the graph
sound makes as it becomes a file,
when I play my guitar and sing.

Clumsy, I misreach,
knock bamboo pencil-holder
Gregg made for me
to the floor.

Pencils and pens and eraser
scatter and scramble,
alarmed,
high, cylindrical voices
at the lowest edge of hearing,
floor level,
talk to each other,
“Is he mad at us?”

“It’s not our fault if he can’t write right,
right?”

“Most of the time, he uses that effing machine, now,
anyway. I don’t really give a damn anymore.
My lead is all broken to pieces inside,
shock of hitting the floor so hard.”

“Ineffable.”

“Effing. I say effing, and effing it is.”

“Ineffable. Look it up.”

Big eraser tries to scrub everything, leaves it all smeared,
so long since she’s been used, hardened, won’t erase clean.

Marking pens say “We left our mark in this world,
then stood upside down in a damned tube of bamboo

for months.
 maybe years. I quit, dried-out felt.”

I gather every one together.
 “When washing machine
 under this upstairs room
 stops
 I’ll record two songs
 then use you again
 never again leave you like this,
 unused,
 neglected,
 long ignored.”

They sing, dance in a long,
 actively curving
 choir line,
 “Promises, promises, promises, that’s all we hear from you.
 Quit making all those promises. They never do come true.”
 on table top, ignoring bamboo holder.

I grab my guitar.
 “I can get these chords.
 Keep dancing.
 We got it now.”

“Promises, promises. promises.
 That’s all we hear from you.”

I knew there was a good reason
 I put this strap on my guitar.
 We dance around, do-se-do,
 spin in a tight circle,
 two circles,
 one inside the other,
 opposite directions.

At last, we have found our purpose.

Dance faster. Dance faster.

The washing machine lumbers up the stairs,
 joins in the dance.
 The drier unplugs itself,
 heads for the stairs,
 “Wait for me.
 Wait for me.”

Sun shines in my windows,
 dances with pencils pens, guitars,
 me.

Clouds gather together.
“Dance.
Join in the dance.”

Thunder rumbles.
Lightning dances from clouds.
Earth dances with the sun,
the moon.
The universe dances.
We dance.
Dance dance
dance.