

Reality Remix

Written on vellum, black and white past,
My stories narrated through silent film,
Edison's phonograph, crackling breath last,
Needles gliding gently across ebony history,
Music playing fluently, a reality remix.

Mother's touch soothing weeping wounds,
Crystal beaches, filtered through vivid current
Blue Ridge smoke taste thick with picturesque sound,
My families warm summer sunsets, flashes current,
Cold Christmas mornings, warmed by my niece's smiles,
Music playing fluently, a reality remix.

Bitter earthy fresh flavors of a football field,
Screams of respect chanting throughout a crowd,
Deafen sounds, a symphony as thrills collide,
Clashing modern day titans, against steroid induced youth
Music playing fluently, a reality remix.

White coats delivering a message of determined dark,
Internal suffocation, as I sway about sterile white halls,
Eyes display the raven that engulfed the lark,
Bones brittle splitters spread, like a shattered Gibson
Music plays...plays my reality remix.

Final scratches carve deep into vinyl,
Music fades out, on reality remix.

— *Brian Wilds*