

## BAND PRACTICE

DRum your fingers to static, watch the leaders:  
smoke-eyed, star-eyed,  
hot-eyed, misty-eyed,  
in huge halls swaying  
to something-for-everyone lyrics  
anyone could have written in flats,  
snagging any handy pumphandle for  
yea-yea choruses. Folk-rock-op-  
portunity racking up the people  
always clapping for a new rhythm,  
clasping anything that changes key,  
even chants by professional virgins  
singing pander songs.

Listen, acid-rocked, lullabye-rocked, rooked citizen-player,  
whoever leads the magic combo,  
sheep shuffler, shibboleth-dancer,  
tunes coiled deep in the horns won't change.  
Watch the big sound break decibels,  
shatter eyeballs  
while your hearing trickles  
down the slot where echos go,  
hung-beat in your brain, afterbeat  
in your bones, and clap, damn you,  
but come on hard with your hulking  
homemade drum and your own sure tempo!