## BAND PRACTICE Glenna Holloway

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

pouring out pander songs.

Listen, acid-rocked, candy-rocked, rooked citizen-swinger,
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!