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The Depth of a Song

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The Depth of a Song

By Christie Maillet

A song breaks into a million gasps
The moment you touch its vocal chords,
The slick disc sounding like down pillows and silk tresses,
Creeping down your throat as you sink into fragments of sleep.
You run your fingers down the smoothed edges of its face
And envelop your arms around its last refrain,
Broken pieces falling into a pile of mirrors.

The jagged riffs and rounded voices encompass
Shining, intricate bands of data, songs bound by a neck
Of solid fibers, as the bridge twirls around your finger
Like the curl of a wave, cracking like the peal of a scream.
The shards of aluminum flash moments of light,
Reflecting into the eyes of the chorus, strings rippling,
And guttural keens bounce off the remnants of crushed narratives,
Thrown away in a symbolic crash, regaining air in the last accord.