

Disc Deluge

Michael E. Stone

High stacks of backs
plastic with cracks
hold music encased
in bright CD tracks

voice and bassoon
oud and duduk
encaged in the burns
of the disc that turns

burst open the door
let sound flood the floor
and tuba's boom-booms
flow through the rooms

music surges in ears
sound drowns out fears
ears mind and soul
submerged in one howl.