The Church of the Holy 33

Clarence Wolfshohl

Movement 1

He lifts the disc above eyes
into the realm of light
glints off the polished
surfaces. He squints at the edge
of the disc's thousand cosmic orbits
inscribed decreasingly toward the hole,
the center to wrap around
the chromatic chromium spindle,
the unmovable prime mover. Not a speck
of dust, not a smudge
of finger, not a scratch
of needle; it is
immaculate and ready to conceive
heavenly melodies as the rhythm
of the spheres da-da-dums
into the bodies of true believers.

Movement 2

The disc now held at its edges
between prayerful palms, fingers splayed
so not to violate the platter's
surface, is lowered in swaying
genuflection onto the stereophonic
altar. The stylus is raised,
the disc revolves around

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the unmovable prime moving spindle,
electricity begins the cosmic hum.

And as stylus touches
softly vinyl eucharist, CRACKLE . . . .
then deep throb of cosmos
dum dum dum dum dum dedum dum
bass and organ set the line
all must abide. Heavenly harp
choogles off the walls, and the atomic guitar
explodes mushrooms of visions
in the inner eye of they who worship . . .
Wow, man, wow!

Movement 3

It is passed around
holy weed of sacrament
one toke over every line
as the communicant
drops from knee
to knee with tender
words and touches
some sway
and crescendo
with the cosmic jam
others sit cross-legged
in navel contemplation
or recline in the arms
of blessed mother ROCK . . .
Far out!