

The Men Who Play
Jangar Tokpa

There is a man who looms,
and when he plays it moves you.
Pulls you by your spine.
Pulls you by the ends of your hair.

Spirits enter through the slits in your teeth
and your body synthesizes
creating indents in your bones.
Bending your soul.
Sending you over.

There is a man who peels my fingers back.
Teaches me to snap necks
and roll heads,
place them on stones.
My heart beats at unsteady rhythms
and veins vaporize in the midst of music.

He plays a pulverizing kind of punk.
The type that causes vessels to pulsate.
Where hands slam organs,
when men play chords
and screams tear through your core.
You enter reprise and resurgence
and there are men who play.