Victrola: A Song In Two Voices

By CumGirl

Published on Lush Stories on 03 Jul 2012

**Copyright ©2011 CumGirl@lushstories.com. All Rights Reserved.

©2011 Cum Girl. The stories linked to this online profile may not be reproduced in any manner, without the express permission of the author.**

If music be the food of love, play on, give me excess of it.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/victrola-a-song-in-two-voices.aspx

Victrola: A Song In Two Voices

Frank Lee & Cum Girl

Author's Note:

"Victrola" is a poetic rendition of an exchange of Online Messages between Frank Lee and me inspired by a picture featuring a record turntable (the Victrola of the title). The exchange was instant and spontaneous, a call and response, each building on the other's contribution ... improvised freeform jazz through the language of words rather than music. The resultant piece is a near exact replication of the conversation with only some tiny amendments to preserve the dignity of the English Language.

Thank you for reading, and maybe, if you're feeling inquisitive you may wish to try and decipher who said what.

Cum Girl

Xxx Xxx

Victrola: A Song In Two Voices

Because it feels lived in, the vinyl,
Bears the marks of its life in its crackles,
And only when they meet repeatedly
Does the diamond know best
How to ride the groove,

Pressing discreetly down into the soft
Forgiving skin, scraping its way
Across with unique caresses; pumping
Each note and cymbal crash
Toward a glorious finale,
Dislocating rhythm…The Rite of Spring
Spiralling into frenzied emotion,
Shudders of blissful dissonance…
Pounding strike of the mallet
To the heart's racing tempo…
Kettle drums, tympanum, brass and woodwind
Throbbing in a crescendo of noise,
A choir of whispered howls…this music
Is the fuel of their ravening hunger,
Growing as it feeds…
Angels; seraphim and cherubim,
A pirouetting refrain ... Blessed Art Thou,
Throats open, voices entwined to strike
A hard chord of longing,
Sound dissolving into one, long, continuous
Note of desire thrust forward into quaking air,
An Ode to Joy sung in rabid gasps,
One voice rising off the floor of liquid dreams,
A singular note lost amongst many,
Bleating, screaming, crying, pleading
In twisted joy,
Everything throbs and deepens,
No more pulse but a tide of desperate lunging,
Rhythm becomes flesh…
Hallelujah! Hosanna! Fucking glory
To the highest ... Fuck! ... Fuck! ... Fuck!