

Victrola: A Song In Two Voices

By CumGirl

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

<https://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!