

Rheostatics, I Am Drumstein

Dave Bidini

I'll push them around, black dots on a page. Relay that together.
Impossible tools, taught badly at school. The children would stay.
Was a humpbacked whale, was a leopard with spots. I knew I was rare.

In Popopolis, wingophone zubicus drums.
I am Drumstein.
Scenes of music, lush. Waxing words over belt lines.

Two hands on ten strings, three pigeons who sing. We stand here together.
By wing or by fin, this melody's skin. The rhythmic weather.
Crane, lily, and witch. Brain man in the fridge. Yes, everything is real.

Cue the violins. Brings the cellos in. Pianos twirl for all the boys and girls. Hear the choir sing. Listen