

# Robert Earl Keen, Gravitational Forces

Gravitational forces

The time is 8:45

Fifteen minutes shy of competing the 4-hour sound check

It usually takes an hour and a half

The room reminds me of a putt putt golf course

A twenty foot crimson alien stands in the corner

An airstream flying saucer juts out of the wall

Plastic asteroids the size of oil drums rain down from the ceiling

Someone pointed out they look like giant turds

We are here to play music

Music I have a relentless passion for

We are hurtling through space at 66,000 miles an hour

We have traveled over 247,500 miles

Since we arrived here at five

Maybe this is the wrong galaxy

Maybe we have broken a time barrier

And time is slowed by the gravitational forces of two fellow spacemen

Two fellow spacemen who were on this planet when we arrived

Who have no passion for music

Or anything else

In this tasteless solar system

Or anything else

In this tasteless solar system