

James B. Nicola

Album on a Turntable

A little this and that
 sprung from the coil
of wonder
 that is itself wound into a blackness
as pitch as nothing
 until something
is done.

 Conception:
the start, false starts and restarts,
 accidental and incidental
somethings on something of a highway
 that leads, in the end,
to the nowhere
 that is the center
by which creation is held.

Sometimes, replaying it, we'll skip
 dimensions, in a way,
like electrons jumping orbits
 or even smaller subatomic particles as they approach
the Void. Some have left behind a groove
 with a little this, a little that,
and a lot of something else which the diamond stylus

may follow to the hole to hear from Nothing
the sound of a lifeline unwinding round and round—
the somethings can't be seen, nor are they unseen,
but, once the jewel's re-lifted, are
rather like the
Common Silence.

When the jewel's replaced
the point scratches onward
through the delightful hazards
of occasion.