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"Against Punk, New Wave, Avantgarde & Minimalist Composers"

Stepchild

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**Against Punk, New Wave, Avantgarde &
Minimalist Composers**

Licking labels
 like "ambient fourth world music"

Hearing sounds
 the final appropriations
 of all the men who have blown each other
 down all the tubes of creation
 molimo of millenia
 dijerido of the dead and down

Mocked out
 Mechanized
 Made ambient airport art
 for recreation of celebrities

It excites the white boy mind
 more than Jack Barth or Frank Zappa
 to create a whole hip tribe on tape

Aboriginals of third world die
 Originality of first world individuals
 make heap big fourth world
 beyond 1st, 2nd, 3rd,
 and all mere labels

Filtered winds
 Recycled ululations
 Snipped vocal cords
 Bottom beats stolen from battered Burundi
 by punk posers and Composers
 aware of the administrative massacres
 so sensitive to suffering

They die and die and die some more
 While corporations have their way
 No need to name the Nambikwara
 or any other people fading fast
 We have the myths, the dream theories
 the songs on LP records

Any creative Artist
 with 16 tracks of tape
 and the appropriate technology
 can replace the people
 amendment by total substitution
 Make water
 Add insects and peeper frogs
 (digital and analog)
 Modulate mouth piece
 Dissect dead birds
 Grab gamelan and bits of Afro-xylophone
 Above all
 blow down the tubes
 Fallopian frustration
 tuned test tubes cracking pan pipes
 turning world's last tendernesses
 into echocatastrophe

 From clock springs
 Hacksaw blades
 Bobby pins
 Nails
 Agidigbo!
 Kalimba!
 Mbira!
 Old and new names
 for sounds from scrap
 Do agidigbo and piri
 Do the do stay put in you
 Accept no substitootings
 no substasquatings
 no dub rastafartings
 Do agidigbo till fingers bleed
 or the steel is softened
 Certain that thickened skin is skin
 not the enfolded skin of calloused mind
 Hold on to names
 of all the plants and pipes and peoples
 All the softness is still ours
 All the gentleness of small sounds
 chipmunks in fall leaves
 clay flake wind chimes
 mosses growing
 snaildarter darting
 Every motion has its sound
 every sound its emotion

Every animal one track all its own
and not 16

Without lamps
We spend more time awake in darkness
Looking into fires and trees
Without motors
We hear all of nature's drones
Feel the slightest chirpings in our bones
Bring the outside world into our homes
Commemorating with rhyme and reason
mime in season
The source of every sound

Step Child,

Other Villages Other Voices

Village voices in Nigeria
Muhammadu Marwa's people cry out
But are not heard here in Manhattan
Children in mass graves outside Kano
Small news arriving late in New York City

But Sunny Ade's smile is front page stuff
Yoruba minstrels bringing the original jive
The prototype shuffle, aboriginal cakewalks
Big winks and rolling eyes to the big city
Serene smiles blind to all corruption
Wicked cool ices memories of Biafra
Or any meditation on Nigerian crude sold cheap'
The Bonny crude, pure, clean, sulphur-free
Black gold, black futures sold to Seven Sisters
While Sunny smiles and takes his little steps
The hip bro wonders if "Bob may have been forwarded
So that Sunny could save the West with juju music."

According to some mysterious cosmic mastah plan

I like the man, I love the music, I put five
On the wet forehead of the talking drummer
(amplified to sound like Western cannon)
For playing nicely to the baby girl
So chubby and fine she should have been twins
But I am not fooled