O-pen Music Archive

By Louise **Fazackerley**

[www.louisethepoet.co.uk](http://www.louisethepoet.co.uk/)

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If yOu take a slice Of histOry

frOm the black of my eye

and cOunt the rings

it will tell yOu how Old I am.

The vinyl spin, spins.

We circle the sOcial club

danceflOOr, a disc-O,

the may pOle, the family tree,

nOtes to sOul, speaking tO me.

Spin the ParlaphOne pink,

steal a wink, B flat, have a cry,

spin the tape reel, the CDs, the MP3s.

Spins my fOOt On it’s heel,

when we dance, we are free.

Humans, kind, we’re just like OniOns

yOu C sharp, with Our decades Of skin

at the centre- the seed

the inside child dreams

in semi-breathe.

The inner child sings

and the vinyl spin, spins,

O, the vinyl spin, spins.