

Ode To A Jukebox

ROSEMARY HAVILAND

Oh fat gleaming monster reposing in the corner
With your soul glowing like satan's fires,
Whence have you come to destroy life's peaceful existence;
To tempt youth and put new lines in the seers' brows?

Like the roaring blasting furnace, you require nourishment,
Taking pity on your pangs of hunger, I'll feed you a nickle,
Ungrateful one! There you sit with your polished sides gleaming,
Smug and satisfied like a fat Buddha.

Slowly you devour my offering,
And as it reaches your digestive system,
You gr-rr-owl and gr-rr-ind;
Instead of a soft crooning thanks, you stab at me with a crescendo of noise.
Wailing and screeching, you pour out your thoughts in anguish,
And I sit amazed at your suffering.

I am not the only one touched by your plea,
Look, there is a group of jolly young folk
Partaking of nourishment at the soda fountain;
They have heard the cry and have come to help you.
What's this? "Lets jive!" "Get hep!" "Come on worm, let's squirm!"
What manner of speech is this?
Now see what you have done, you have caused them to lose their senses,
Swinging and swaying with your wild, throbbing, jungle rhythm
They have forgotten their powers of reasoning.

Then you die out and settle down to vulture-like waiting
Safe in the arm's of "Ginney's Jive Joint" you know you are protected,
Beware, for if I had my way I would smash your leering grin,
Reduce you to scrape iron and donate you to the government
For national defense.

Along with cokes, milkshakes, saddle shoes and lipsticks,
I rank you as one of the deadliest vices —
Yawning, gasping Juke Box.
Jiving Juke Box!