

Hipster hotel lobby bar music
By Theo Konrad Auer

A sheet rock stimulus
One punch handshake
Are we done now?

One way mirrors
Are cliché stop motion
So slow the beat
You wouldn't be at fault
If you were a
Confused emergency responder
imagining hope was easily quantified.

In one car crash I got anew/scar,
In another someone dies,
We forget their sex and then name
in minutes turned seconds then mostly forget
I'm in a hospital room post coma
Wondering what music was playing
and what else was interrupted and why I'm here
Hear where memory fails me
The sound is a bleating incessant metronome
That reminds me that
Before during and after have now
become bitter convicts and
only now I've realized I'm their cell mate
I'm freely associating
While on drip and catheter,
I was stuck and reset with a epic headache,
I wish I knew
It'd take 10 plus years to write this
and somewhere shy of 10 to understand the need to actualize defeat.

Time dilation
There is a plan
We didn't know
We too old
And then too young
To relearn what we had forgotten

It's viral
Tidal, the return department
Is overwhelmed
With us, the versions who refused to accept that
We trust the turnover

Will work out well
It doesn't but it did
Once the coding mattered
Now the language fails
The lies used to be easy
Not so undercut
I guess the marketers won
Unless you were the one
Who was forgotten
A copy of (a) copy is more or
Less authentic than that sum?

This was supposed to be a list of songs
recommended for a hipster bar jukebox
In a place now mostly frequented by yuppies
True Story, no lie,
I guess I changed my mind,
Because the words were the songs
and I'm sure both will be co-opted in time.
It's a thing.