

Ideas turn on their heads

And spin around lifting the veil that hides them in the marrow of our bones, sifting through the rattles and rubble of old bonfires.

Extinguishing the rubber stamp bounce and rushing to defend the miracle of recycling the words swirling in experimental flow through the spaces we create for our young people to spit in.

Snapping instead of clapping clicking becomes dapping chanting a new song hinged to every other song that gave birth to the blues and bebopped into new decades hip hopped into new worlds past the shocking swivel of hips and moans and grunts that refused to live just in the music.

The beating drums pound out the truth, rushing the stage to free those held in 4/4 time dancing on the 2 and 4 ---calling us to hear the backbeat the hidden story and move in a new way.

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The young and young at heart hear the bold beat first before 80 year old ladies dance line dances to it at the YMCA.

But---youth soon grow old and buy houses and marry wives and rail against the music of their children ---too loud, too raw and too explicitly real, to specific a reminder of the ideas that used to spin on the turntables of their own primal screams and blast remixes of their once possibilities.

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