

Rebecca Leah Păpucaru

Mash Up

If I were a record and you played me backwards,
Checking my RPMs, here's what you'd swear I said:
I frequent dirt bags. Drop the needle and play me again.

Do you still stay up all night playing oldies?
Still store your weed in that scorched wooden box,
Still keep Visine handy? That first morning,

On your way to work, you paused at the door,
Head thrown back, unlit spliff between your lips.
I asked, *were you bumming a light from God?*

"Welcome to the real world," you said, blinking hard.

If I were a record and you played me backwards,
Checking my RPMs, here's what you'd swear I said:
I frequent dirt bags. Drop the needle and play me again.

Now weigh the disclaimer implied
By my pairing of *frequent* and *dirt*.
Belied, in turn, by that coupling
Of same-sex parts of speech.

At this hour, I still get up
When the beat comes back,
Hard.