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## The Rave

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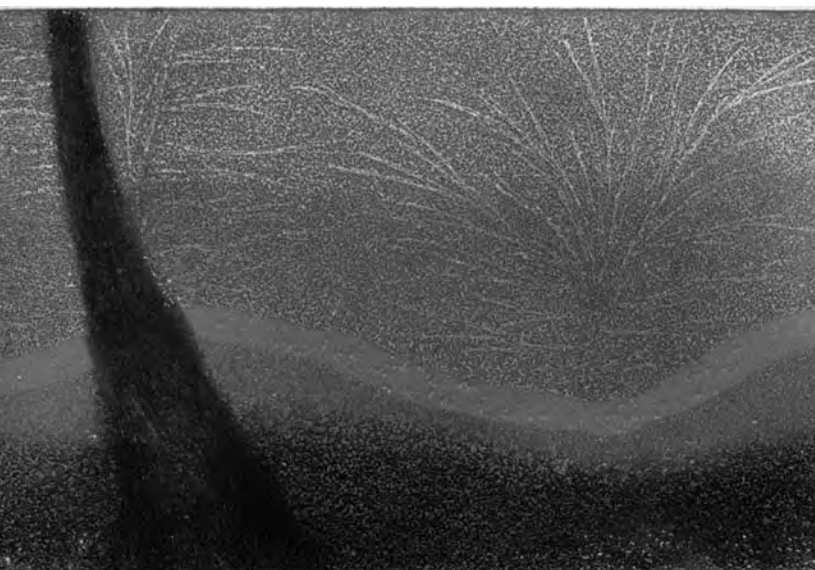
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## Tempus Noctem

K.L. Dryk

The barmaid grabs a bottle of Ruffino,  
Pulls the cork out with her teeth.  
A fallen god breathes violet smoke  
And sips absinthe from a straw.



Winter Scene 2 James G. Robinson

Wood nymphs and werewolves  
Form a string quartet,  
Conducted by the Austrian man-child:  
A baton in one hand, Schnapps in the other.

An angel and daemon dance  
Their hips grind in rhythm  
Her face pink with passion  
His face pale with fear.

A water sprite dances alone,  
Soaked beneath her rain cloud,  
And with a crook'd finger beckons  
The monster cowering in the corner.

The barmaid blinks at the doors,  
Varnished in white clover,  
Protecting her patrons from horrors beyond.  
She pours another round.

## The Rave

Daniel Sandoval

Spread the word, the Machine is coming, a  
circus of steel springs and combustions all  
grinding to the drums. Watch them waiting,  
every color, every clan; all wanting to be part  
of the system as it begins with a roar like a  
turbocharged engine they rush the door.

Inside, heads swim in a new found sea,  
unconscious are the dancing sparks and gay  
revelers in their glitter coated world. Limbs  
pumping, pounding pistons running full blast  
through the night, up creaking stairs into the  
radiator, cooling chamber, thick green haze  
passes over innumerable points of light;  
oxygen restriction. Drums persist pouring down  
white rain on melting minds. Thrilling, rushing  
euphoric rhythms flow like wine from fine  
crystal. Speak and you will not be heard, listen  
and you will hear no voice, for the machine  
stops for no one until morn.

Wasting away in the exhaust of a comatose  
state are some, eyes open seeing new worlds  
in clarity are others, while a select few crawl  
through Hell blinded by visions of terror. Still  
the electric pulses have yet to slow, numb to  
the deafening watts as they are now winding  
their way to the surface of a sleeping city.  
Whimsical youths will lay until afternoon, their  
internal timing chains hours slow, yet only eight  
rounds of the gauge have passed. The beating  
motion is still lingering as weary heads fall  
upon waiting pillows, headlight eyes switch off  
near six a.m. The last sounds fade for these  
who now dream anew, yet still worshipers of  
the dance rage against the coming of the light,  
would they be consumed in the warehouse  
flames before they saw the dawn?

Spread the word the machine was here  
and they called it the Rave.