

Vinyl Night

Put the needle on the record – when the kids are in bed, people get ready: a real fire. Real music. Real whisky. When that needle hits the groove and the sound flows like it should: rich and creamy, folksy and steamy, the crackled log that hits the coals, a glorious slug of drink in your throat.

Put the needle on the record – damn your MP3's fat-brained memory, all it offers is tinny facsimile. Damn your tax return and bills: I want music as it's meant to be. Put another album on, eat too much grease. Make love and keep the lights on. The early discs of Van Morrison, The Specials; 70s funk; the Stones, Coltrane and punk.

Put the needle on the record when the drum-beats go like this: digital life's too binary-simple: information overstuff makes me feel sick – let's have a single-speaker version of Joanie's greatest hits. Instant access? Shuffle off – things were never meant to be so easy. We're here to cherish fire after chopping wood,

to deserve a drink after hard work,
to pass time with lovers after struggle,
throw an up-til-sunrise parties when clothes drop
and bodies muddle. Fire, music and booze:
that elemental peace you can't carry
in a pocket. Take your smart phone and drop it –
kill its apps, it's an abomination. Get back
to vinyl, pop pickers: scratch your wax across the nation.