

The New Criterion

Poems

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Pop music

by [A E Stallings](#)

for a new parent

The music that your son will listen to
To drive you mad
Has yet to be invented. Be assured,
However, it is approaching from afar
Like the light of some Chaldean star.

On what new instruments of torture, through
What waves, lasers, wires, telepathy,
The same banalities will play
Systolic and diastolic as before,
It's hard to say,

As for the lyrics, or the lack thereof,
About love or about the lack of love,
Despite the heart's reputed amputation,
They will be as repetitive as sex
Without the imagination,

The singers will appall you, yes,
With their outlandish dress or lack of dress
Or excess hair or lack of hair, tattoos,
All aspects of their hygiene, because they remind you that he spends
Too many hours with hooligans called friends,

And while ...

A E Stallings's latest collection of poetry is *Hapax* (TriQuarterly).

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