

OK COMPUTER
RADIOHEAD



Radiohead

"Airbag"

OK Computer

06/1997

Parlophone / Capitol

My Uncle David Derails My Fourteen-Year-Old Mind Introducing Me to Radiohead

Stephen Briseño

"In a deep, deep sleep/Of the innocent/I am born again."

--Radiohead, "Airbag"

After it has blossomed into
its full potential, the airbag
falls limp next to crumpled steel and plastic.
Too exhausted to exhale again,
it is cut out and cast aside.
A cancered lung.

I imagine that my face
now resembles
this collapsed sack,
wind sufficiently knocked out.

See, you never warn me,
never mutter
Prepare yourself
like an oracle prophesying nearby doom.

Instead you teeter on the edge
of the couch next to me
hands on your knees,
eyelids sealed,
head bowed
priestlike towards an altar of sound.

In preface, you say:
*Listen any other way
and you'll get distracted.
Honor the music;
yield
an attentive ear.*

You press play.
Sleigh bells slice over
low, pulsing cello
(I had no idea that they could be played
outside of Christmas time)
A voice peels in, and

for the first time I am aware
of an eruption,
of the holy sensation
of being born again.