

Out of Reaches

Cassandra Caverhill

*I can see you hiding out
Shrinking like the daisy that you're born to be*
-Stephen Malkmus & The Jicks

I was attuned to every pale
beta-male in Essex County:
Scruffy faced record-raters
reaching for more depth
than they possessed, who
got hard just thinking about
their own discerning tastes.
It was considered important
whenever they said they
were willing to fuck me.
Thrilling to be the latest hit
they couldn't resist
pressing REPEAT on. A tidbit
traded between collectors
searching for the next
singular sound. I drifted
toward them in harmony,
a needle ingraining a groove:
All those easy targets
with their slouched stances
and mum mouths, waiting
on the periphery. Their brand
of aloofness belying more
than they'd ever avow—
the hope of being prized
like a rare 45 when pegged as
a bargain-bin one-hit wonder.

STEPHEN MALKMUS
& JICKS



Stephen Malkmus &
The Jicks

"Out of Reaches"

Real Emotional Trash

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Matador Records