

Direct orders

By Anis Mojgani

You have been given a direct order to rock the f*** out.

Rock out like you were just given the last rock n roll album on earth and the minutes are counting down to flames.

Rock out like you just won both Showcase Showdowns.

Rock out like the streets are empty except for you, your bicycle, and your headphones.

Rock out like your lips were just placed onto a break dancing muse with legs that go all the way up.

Rock out like Publisher's Clearing House is ringing at your front door.

Rock out like you'll never have to open up a text book again.

Rock out like you get paid to disturb the peace.

Rock out like music is all that you've got.

Rock out like you were standing on a roof top and the city is as loud and glowing as a river flowing below you.

Rock out like the plane is going down and there are 120 people on board and 121 parachutes.

Rock out like the streets and the books are all on fire and the flames can only be extinguished by doing the Electric Slide.

Rock out like it's Saturday afternoon and Monday was a national holiday.

Rock out like somebody's got a barrel pointed to your temple saying

Rock out like your life depended on it fool! because it does.

Rock out like your eyes are fading but you still got your ears

but you don't know for how long so rock out like 5 o'clock time meant pop n' lock time.

Rock out like you've got a pants full of tokens and nothing to do but everything.

Rock out like you are the international Skee-ball champion of the entire universe.

Rock out like you just escaped an evil orphanage to join a Russian circus.

Rock out like your hero is fallen and you are spinning your limbs until they burst into a flaming pyre of remembrance.

Rock out like you are enslaved in the South and dancing is all that you have to know who you are.

Rock out like your dead grandfather just came back to take a ride with you in your brand new car.

Rock out like the table was full.

Rock out like the neighbors are away.

Rock out like the walls won't fall but dammit you're gonna die trying to make them.

Rock out like the stereo's volume knob only has the figure 8 of infinity on it instead of merely numbers.

Rock out like it's raining outside and you got a girl to run through it with.

Rock out like you were playing football in the mud and your washing machine ain't broken.

Rock out like you threw your window open on your honeymoon because you want the whole world to know what love is.

Rock out like you just got a book published.

Rock out like you just went to your high school reunion to find out everyone even the women are all ugly and balding except for the former homecoming queen who has just been divorced by her impotent husband and who only has eyes for you.

Rock out like you've got a date with Heidi Klum.

Rock out like the shadow of man passes behind you, drops you to your knees, you're buckling in a sweat, cold metal's pressed to the back of your skull, the trigger is pulled, and the gun jams.

Rock out like you got an empty appointment book and a full tank of gas.

Rock out like Jimi has returned carrying brand new guitar strings.

Rock out like the mangos are in season.

Rock out like the record player won't skip.

Rock out like this was the last weekend,

like these were the last words,

like you don't ever want to forget how