

## THE CANDLELIGHT LOUNGE

---

All the little doors unlock  
in the brain as the saxophone  
nudges the organ & trap drums  
till an echo of the Great Migration  
tiptoes up & down the bass line.

Faces in semi-dark cluster around  
a solo, edging toward a town of steel  
& car lines driven by conveyor belts.  
But now only a sign stutters across  
the Delaware, saying, *Trenton Makes*

*The World Takes*. With one eye  
on the players at the Candlelight  
& the other on televised Olympians  
home is a Saturday afternoon  
around the kidney-shaped bar.

These songs run along dirt roads  
& highways, crisscross lonely seas  
& scale mountains, traverse skies  
& underworlds of neon honkytonk,  
wherever blues dare to travel.

A swimmer climbs a diving board  
in Beijing, does a springy toe dance  
on the edge, turns her head  
toward us, & seems to say, Okay,  
you guys, now see if you can play this.

She executes a backflip,  
a triple spin, a half twist,  
held between now & then,  
& jackknifes through the water,  
& it is what pours out of the horn.