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## Your Harmonica

*Mary Bremer*

emmett

i stole your harmonica  
from tom  
on his birthday

we were drinking  
at the hole in the wall  
he brought it out to play  
i asked if i could borrow it  
and when he wasn't looking

slipped it in my pocket

i took it out  
every night  
holding collateral  
while strangers sang the blues  
i could have walked away  
with about seven wallets  
it made a frenchman dance  
to 'the fields of athenry'  
it has been played in dublin  
cork killorglin and galway

in a hostel in stockholm

it flew to los angeles  
through newark and phoenix

then road tripped to the grand canyon  
spent a week stuck in gallup, new mexico  
waiting for a new fan belt  
it stayed a night in amarillo, texas  
it drove through a tornado in oklahoma  
and was hit by a drunk driver  
in missouri

i brought it back to chicago  
where the windy city  
lived up to its reputation  
it has been to the loop  
old town evanston gary  
and everything in between  
but sounded best  
as everything does  
on the south side

i gave it away  
to JAM-aica  
the resident jam band  
at the commune  
where i spun the potter's wheel  
and learned to smoke weed

one day  
it may find its way back to you  
until then  
listen closely over your next pint  
maybe you can hear it wail