

INTERLUDE OF ICE CUBES

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The backward toss of a sweaty brow
Under dim lamplight
A puckered pout kisses B flats

Bebops and back-beats
Heroin and heroines
Soul sliiiiiiiiiding down the reed

Catapults
Out of the brass
And moans through a haze of Camel Lites

Seeps under the window
And crawls along a sewer rat's spine.
Inside, there's

Grit in the keys and dust in the mufflers,
The only sort of dirt such evening gowns would swirl through,
An audible cocktail straw.

The bass smooth as jack
—Interlude—of ice cubes
And the clink of broken meter, breathy sips

Cheers to the melodic melt of lipstick
Glazing a crisp white collar
From the smirking, to the smoldering, dancer

Rasp and rhythm
Wheezes and whispers
Secrets escape his saxophone