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Saturday Night at Rusty's: Samedi Soir à Rusty's

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Saturday Night at Rusty's

We sat in the front row of Rusty's Jazz
Café,
smoke forming a screen between us,
while we nodded along
with the bassist.
He moved from string
to string with such finesse;
he wove in and out of piano
and drum with timing and diligence.

While you sipped your drink,
I glanced up to see John Coltrane
Immortalized in a photo,
Smiling
at something I was just
beginning to recognize.

Between musicians is an understanding
of notes half and whole.
it is the struggle of where
their fingers rest
for one,
uncomfortable beat
before connecting it
to another
that produces music.

Looking back at your focused eyes,
I wondered
would you reach out to me?

Samedi Soir à Rusty's

Nous étions assis au premier rang
à Rusty's Jazz Café,
la fumée entre nous comme un écran,
nos têtes battaient la mélodie
avec le bassiste.
Il avançait les doigts d'une corde
à l'autre avec tant de finesse ;
se faufilant entre piano
et tambour avec rythme et diligence.

Alors que vous sirotiez votre alcool,
j'ai aperçu sur le mur John Coltrane
immortalisé en photo,
souriant
à quelque chose que je commençais
à peine à reconnaître.

Entre les musiciens existe une com-
préhension des notes
demi et entières.
C'est le dilemme d'où
poser leurs doigts
l'espace pénible
d'un battement
avant de le relier au suivant
qui produit la musique.

Me retournant vers ton regard fixe
je me demandais
me tendrais-tu la main ?

Written and translated by Molly Roscoe