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Saeta Sunday

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Saeta Sunday

Miles Davis hearkening the lost
sensuality of Spain, you at the stereo
toning the volume of his trumpet,
blissfully dripping in your shower towel.

What else do I need, my own
backyard cabaret, my personal quintet
of Harlem heroes sweating, straining
at their art to please me? When you,

cheeks the hue of cherry wine,
hair glistening more sweetly than Monk's
piano keys, sway before me
in a syncopation unique, sans melody.

Carl Boon '96