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## Lucky Boo

Matt Wanat  
*Denison University*

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# Lucky Boo

Diamond earrings illuminate back alley New Orleans,  
Where freak show drags and college girls play naked voodoo queens.  
Swamp mud scars the azure skin of rock 'n' rollers' shoes.  
The vacant suitcase molds as Lucky Boo plays the blues.

Satan waits in the reeds with Alaskan Brother Ben.  
Confetti buries Mardi Gras with biker czars of Zen.  
The box folk sell their children to switchblade pimp gurus.  
The vacant suitcase holds the rain as Lucky plays the blues.

Polaroid perverts line the street 'neath Gunsmoke overhangs.  
Pretty girls trip leg-hole traps of slicked-up, night-wolf fangs.  
VD sinners ask God to guide them through their colds and flu.  
A cigarette hits the suitcase as Lucky plays the blues.

French cuisine is garnished with an honest mask of black.  
A Cajun bites a crayfish, a mosquito bites him back.  
A blind Indian draws spirits from an Irish flask of booze.  
The vacant suitcase mildews as Lucky plays the blues.

The French Quarter is full of clowns and priests in jackal hoods.  
The sweaty chemist shows the gray suit his crystal goods.  
Black men bowl in crowded dives with Pollacks and with Jews.  
The suitcase is as naked as the howling six-string blues.

Torch jugglers build shadows from the fading iron lamps.  
Tap-dance echoes beckon ebony sheet metal camps.  
The winners tie, the losers die, the lucky always lose.  
There's bird dung in the suitcase, and Boo still plays the blues.

A gun spins 'cross the rooftop, a fists goes through a fan.  
Down below some colored kids kick their lonely can.  
A raven on a Gothic wire can watch the evening news.  
The starving suitcase decays as Lucky plays the blues.

A bottle races towards a face from a dead man's hand.  
The brimstone blasts are eaten by a funeral marching band.  
As blood rains on the canopy Lucky smells the fuse,  
And as blood rains in the suitcase Lucky plays the blues.

Thumb hooked in pocket, a poor boy's fingers keep the time.  
As he listens to the naked truth he pulls out a faded dime.  
Walking to the suitcase he says, "Here's something you can use."  
Lucky tilts his weathered hat, and then he plays the blues.

– Matt Wanat '95