

Market Street Blues

On a bench in front of the theater,
he plays harmonica, tin cup wedged between his knees,
feet tapping the rapid beat.
When he smiles with his eyes, I follow
deep lines in his dark face, a maze
that leads to some ancient secret.
Beside him a blonde man in jeans joins in, trumpet crooning.

Soon blues writhes its way through the coffee shop door,
circles the floor, sniffing like a coon dog
before it decides to linger and mingle
with the cash register's chit-chit-zing,
the spoons' clinking in cups,
and the cappuccino machine's hisses.
Human words swarm for space
as the line of customers grows.

Outside a girl and boy entwine and kiss,
their purple and orange hair blending
with vendors' bronze and yellow mums,
red apples, and the small suns of sweet potatoes.

Harmonica man looks around and nods
as though he's satisfied it's good.
I think of God and expect a miracle:
the corner artist's carved, wooden menagerie
of elephants, lions, tigers will rise up alive
and walk through these streets in and out of stores,
tame and unnoticed.