

JAZZ

is counting bricks and cobbles  
on a green day, echoes  
in the alley way.

Motion  
of light on the water, ducks  
on the lake in the park,

paddling, dabbling, trying  
to mate. Not a candle,  
but the reflection of a candle,

caught in the diamond  
of a woman's necklace  
caught between her breasts.

A city of streetlights.  
A single brick building  
lit by a single bare bulb.



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