

## ON THE STREET BE SINGIN

pork pie hat  
 towers above the endless mass  
 the brother's rancorous music box  
     and short defiant strides  
 turning heads  
 a woman's greyhaired  
 dark glass composition  
 and a restless executive's  
 mordant sigh  
 a japanese woman's tattered dress  
 the remnants of yellow peril indigenous  
     sistersoul kicks back radiant like oil  
     that sheik caught her eye  
     he strutting down main street  
 cool  
     but on this granite sidewalk  
 mama's barefoot chile put 'em in the fountain  
 for relief.

—Jeff Langford

## MY UNCLE PLAYED THE SAX

Brown face glistening,  
 Eyes dancing,  
 He be-bopped through my childhood,  
 Carrying Dizzy, and 'Trane,  
 And Bird, and Dexter,  
 And all my heroes,  
 In that same beat-up, black case,  
 Where he carried his saxophone.

—Louis E. Bryan

## MRS. CAMERON'S BABY

Every day she'd pass by,  
 Pushing an old baby carriage,  
 "Mornin' Mrs. Cameron!"  
 I'd yell from across the street,  
 "Mornin' young man," she'd answer politely.  
 What more could a small boy say,  
 To a poor old woman,  
 Pushing the memory of her long dead child?

—Louis E. Bryan