

and we become a hidden freckle on someone's lost memory

without clarity or words only a breeze on a cello string.

— Leslie Woolf Hedley

Cotati CA

## THE CHESTER BRIDGE

-- sometimes i take a great notion to jump in the river & drown/ leadbelly

was more john berryman than it's a wonderful life with chipped gray girders that shook like hell when a semi rolled by. whether watching papers dance erratically to the surface or crab apples belly flop into the cold river it was a liberating feeling that i never grew tired of.

## BLACK COAT BIRDMAN

of the washington bar & grill with the rust ridden voice swears up & down that he's not a regular, only slipped in for a quick drink. he's smooth as satin & methedrine the way he tosses out those twenty-five dollar words like they were nickels that had sprouted wings. he can buffalo his way out of the tightest spots & this woman thinks she has him backed into a corner.

## MUSICIAN

all those hours
of practice
frustrating chord changes,
developing calluses,
breaking strings
finally paid off
when i sang
my way into
her pants

## FAMILY MAN

these days he does all his wandering in his head but he has old road maps & a charlie parker cassette under the front seat of the buick in case of emergency