

A FIREFLY

A firefly once led me to a bookstore
riding tobacco smoke on a summer night of lazy
lingering
pulling me out of my labyrinth.
Broken scooter as my boat
I was looking for distraction
waiting for the day,
until the firefly saved me
deserted its friends and led me on
Pop, pop, pop
over the pavements
dragging me along, captive
a burlap sack
of Brooklyn haze dissipating over me
my magic scooter
suddenly is not as broken as I thought.
Light summer breeze steams my
glasses
I can't stop to clean them...

A chime burbles
Miles Davis smiles down
From the speaker
Into the sweet and sour
smelling sanctuary
a temple, worshipping the art of arbitrariness.
Neon fingernails tap to a swing beat
weathered, leather loafers shuffle to the bass
Shrill swishes of a dress, readjustment of the poetry
aisle
Transports the scene to a smoky, downtown jazz bar
two step, to the blues scale.
Show me the
Ukrainian poets, whose names I
can't pronounce
The deconstruction of the assassination of Malcolm X
Marjane Satrapi sings of Free Will
Only \$20 dollars. Use it well, the firefly whispers.
It is gone.