

**Love That Jazz**

J. Elaine White

turgid blue chords  
push dancers together  
spread through the space in the room

fingers slide down the neck  
plucking tones that vibrate  
brushes pulled across skin

shimmering licks drop like  
ice from a cup  
as the sizzling piano hits fire

saxophone oozes  
molten sapphire  
dripping primal desire

all for the love of that jazz

**Voyeurs**

Writers on holiday in New Orleans  
Warm summer sun blushing our skin  
We find refuge in Café Rose Micaud.

We buy drinks and gather  
At an ancient, wooden table  
Heavy lumber molded into a circle  
Beneath a mobile of ceramic eyes.

Locals sit by the window  
Chairs pushed out from the table,  
Sun spinning dust around their heads.

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*Coastlines*

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We mold ourselves round them, pens pushing thoughts onto  
paper.

listening to their conversation

best caterers, competent servers, reasonable prices

Wondering about their professions, where they live, what they do  
at night.

For only a few minutes

We eavesdrop on their world

Transplanting ourselves into their exotic spheres

Scribbling notes and suppositions.

Then we gather our things

Clear the table, wiping watery spirals into the wood

Walk out the door and onto Frenchman Street,

Turning in circles to check street signs, reorienting ourselves.

---by J. Elaine White