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.
Coastlines

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