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Soul to Soul

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SOUL TO SOUL

Fluid

may just be natural,
smooth enough
to give you a notion
of that boy's miraculous motions. His
twiggy lightnin' fingers
stroke that pure american axe, making waterfalls rhythmic
rockslides in comparison. The sounds are
all blue
country air and clear sky;
the passion a lead-spitting six-shooter
evoking the latent spirit of an old ghost town.
His eyes cry the sound
of the birth of the Blues
onto his listeners, bathing them,
purging their pain...

the pains were real, mind you

don't let the spontaneous modulation
or tale-tellin' jazz inflections blind you
to that fact, 'cause he'll
set you straight-
sticking one soulful note
after another into your
spine
until you beg to mingle your tears
with the sweat on the stage
and the round black pool that turns the world
at 33.3 rpm.

C. Bradley Jacobs

Winner of the Margaret Haley Carpenter Prize for Poetry