

lowlands reader

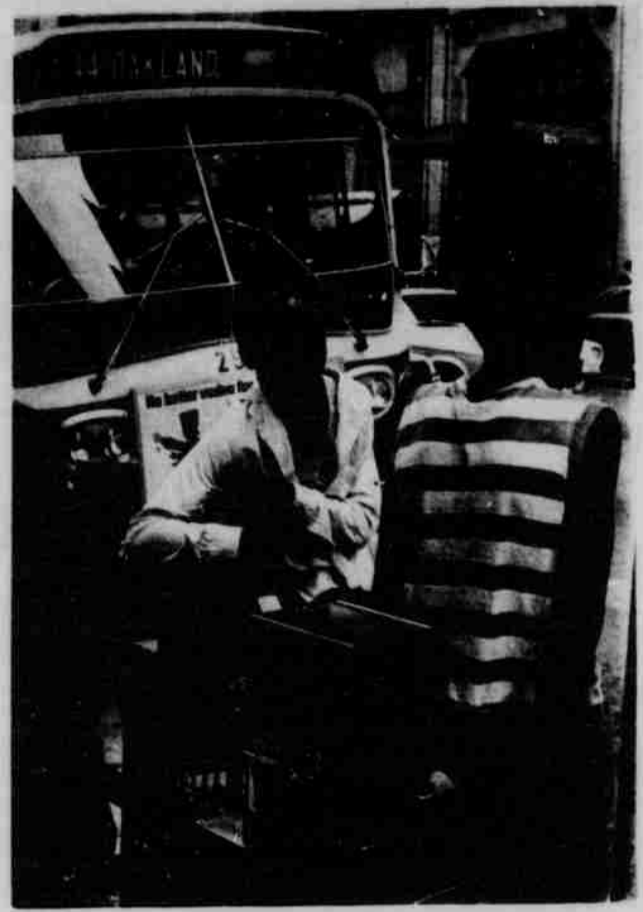
Bluesman

Hunched over gnome-like,
he wails his ballads
that taste of rusty water and rock
salt.

His harmonica shrieks
and spits out solos between verses.
Dust bowl talkin' and Louisiana rags
make his tarnished silver ring crackle
like lightening over the moaning
bottle-necked strings.

Those hands have done most every
job;

but even in their scarred age,
the combination of chording and
scratching
blues runs exhibits a genuine crafts
of earthy origin.



I have spewn out my eternity
on street corners
with faceless women.
I have payed for stockings
I had no desire to touch.

I walked
rock her
in the rifts of my dreams
perched her
like a bird of prey
watched her
wings spread
talons sharp
bloodless
her feathers sleek on her back
white feathers on her breast
soft to the touch
eager

I'm not sure of destiny.
It runs like a lame puppy
through the streets of my restlessness.
I am afraid to follow.

Credits

Bluesman by Bob Clemmer
Other poems by Robert Rolland
Stelmach
Photos of Dallas, Texas by Gail
Folds

