

jazz listener

by Zack Malloy

Wire brushes move
 across that snare drum
 and make my head move
 involuntarily
 while the bass guitar pounds out
 it's melodic sound and gives my
 smoke more flavor
 Lungs filled with nicotine
 with the bloodstream flooded with
 caffeine
 And the blind man with his German
 shepherd
 snaps his fingers and shakes his head
 with a smile.
 My mind wanders and my gaze
 around the smoke-filled microcosm

in search of the next contestant who
 may hopefully play the role of my of
 my soul mate in this
 never-ending performance of life
 In this life
 In this world
 In this Mecca of shielded truths
 and caged desires
 But to no avail
 The evening ends
 and I prove to myself
 once more
 that monogamy is the caffeine
 I drink tonight
 and every night after