

# STEVE LUXTON

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## **“GOT MY MOJO WORKING, BUT...”**

Back then, the famous Blues lament wailed  
at me in a beer-splashed, Spadina Avenue tavern.  
I was a fresh migrant, not come north from  
steamy Mississippi cotton flats, but south  
from Toronto’s suburbs by downtown bus.

Up on stage, the performers included  
a harmonica player, belting out accompaniment  
to Muddy Water’s great song. –Like myself,  
just a kid, though with a big  
head-start at acting “cool.”

‘Cause he could play! –Suck and blow that  
thing like a twelve bar Rimbaud. Whoa!  
I sure wanted to be like him, so smooth and world-weary.  
--Maybe even a match for the dude who stole  
legendary bluesman Robert Johnson’s Willie Mae!

With his harp, I figured he could have  
it all. –The guys buy him drinks and the girls  
swoon. Good times—blue heaven!  
But, then again, maybe not....  
It’s a pretty tricky world. A great act, they say,

will often get you a big act.  
And what does Muddy lament? "I got my mojo working, but  
it just won't work on you!" Nothing doing!  
There's no charm or song, I'd learn,  
that sweeps all the snags away.

The years brings the Blues.  
Still, now and then, I pull out my harp, and, sure,  
the World doesn't come hurrying,  
but I find a little comfort when Life, that web-handed  
lead guitar, once again gets it all wrong.

Click on link to see and hear Steve's musical version of this poem.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b-mQbWDgQ74&ab\\_channel=EndreFarkas](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b-mQbWDgQ74&ab_channel=EndreFarkas)