

## WRITER'S LAMENT\*

I could have been a Blues  
contender!

A funky harmonica-howler  
tapping salt from  
my tin-plated shaker  
on the Big Slug's tail,

a cool downchild, blowing about  
bughouses, clip joints and train hopper's liberty.  
--Joy and despond beyond compare!

Oh Sonny Boy!  
Oh Little Walter! Snooky Prior!  
Junior Wells and Paul Butterfield!  
Great pantheon of Blue!

Oh poor subway strap hanger,  
me!

--A scribbler in day-job beige,  
a down in the mouth wannabe!  
Oh me!

But in dreams, zoot-suited,  
full pleated,  
pretty gal-treated,  
Blues-rooted,  
executing the deep bends true.  
Oh, lift off this roof!

\*An earlier version titled "Blues Funk" appeared in *Luna Moth*  
(DC Books, 2004).

Click on link to see and hear Steve's musical version of this poem.  
[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vx5jnnRegX8&ab\\_channel=EndreFarkas](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vx5jnnRegX8&ab_channel=EndreFarkas)