

STEVE LUXTON

LISTENING TO PAUL BUTTERFIELD'S "THE THRILL IS GONE"

Butter, your masterful licks in the sweet,
forlorn key of D, with their warbling, heart-wringing wails
collapsing into superlative sobs, reassure me

that for you the thrill wasn't entirely gone, despite
the drink and drugs puffing your gut and congealing your voice.
I remember seeing you play in a small, half empty Brooklyn club,
taking a break at the bar. By then, you were a case: a swaying,
blue-lipped woebegone on the fast track to routine Rockstar "accidental overdose"
—the saddest song!... When it came time for you to mount the stage again,

I hurried over, afraid you'd fall. But, staggering, you waved
me back, climbed up alone, and blew "The Thrill Is Gone".
It was a shimmering, unforgettable, righted wrong. Still is!

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

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uYOv1xms2V0&ab_channel=AndreFarkas