

STEVE LUXTON

Harmonica Bum

Under a sputtering streetlamp, by
a manhole, he chews winter wind,
puffs a raw solo.

He's a hand-to-mouth nomad
scantily wrapped in sewer steam,
and his low-down, tear-away sound.

There but for God's grace go I.
Nearly did....

If I'd my harp with me, I'd join in:
two lamp-flung shadows
shaking out a mean tune.

.
Instead, I dig him
some coin.

From his stack of frayed collars, he grins,
takes his iron, blows a lick
that grabs my ear,

swirls me with him
down the wind-tunnel
of a near bottomless Blues bend.

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

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UQDM1LV7fNE&ab_channel=EndreFarkas