

Open Up to Love

Fall is upon us, barely visible,
felt. Sun at the Tropic of Cancer
slopes, avalanches its rays into
my eyes constricts my pupils no
larger than the head of a pin as
if I IV'd a quarter of a grain of
morphine, snorted a load of
Afghan poppies.

There are on the Midway short
distance from Linnaeus the
useless September ice rink site
of the Gog Magog Ferries Wheel
ingeniously erected on this
drained marsh one hundred
twenty years ago now a
plaisance not far from Lorado
Taft's Father Time whose back is
turned on us too concentrated
on women, children, soldiers,
weapons, children, soldiers,
weapons, horses, swords, axes
stumbling oppressively forward,
backwards in front of him,
silently unaware by arthritic
bones, joints are dancing in the
slant of solar flairs as they
hurtle towards the Equator,
Capricorn. He is unimpressed
with apogee, perigee of the sky
or me listening, dancing to a
ninety five year old son leaping
from the vocals of Tammy
McCann the beat of Jeff
Lindberg's Chicago Jazz. They
take the squeaks out of the
joints and increase the viscous
grease of my oldness. I am no

longer in my caves spooked
with concrete, whacked with
cement. They make clap my
hands with sharps, flats slide
me smooth with women,
children of many races, double
bass my feet white they stomp
on the drumbeat platform
below the stage. Melodies leap,
spring into locust leaves twist,
turn around limestone, brick,
corbels, mullions, buttresses
towers of Rockefeller baptism
urging carillons to erupt in
jangling playful gargoyle dogma
full of liberating theological
doctrine ringing, clarifying
turmoil.

Oh! Do syncopate me with a
woman her red shawl, her
scarlet skirt smashed with a
chartreuse bloom riding her
buttock, wiggling with each
shake yet never letting go like
bongo hugging cavalry on polo
fields.

Bicycle over to the Wagner
stage on Woodlawn, catch the
Yestet three saxes snoring tones
full of sequin squelch while
trumpet pierces shadows, slice
pick pocket fingers howls
melodies it knows not where,
double bass searches, grunts,
sniffs, deranged guitar
boomerangs from B flat to G
minor clammers thirty flights of
steps, soars roof tops hang glide

rays coming down 60th form the
Pacific settles on the brownish
orange velvet arms of Vocalist
Yvonne Gage whose heart is
breaking on Thursday when
she's in her sorrows because we
been creeping and can't be
true. Hold us in place you
tripping, trinkling, legating
piano like guitar. They all look
professional or convict like with
haircut trims or brush scalped
except drummer Dana Hall
whose tails carmelized corn
balasted on other side with a
beard.

Then as the autumn afternoon
dissipates and we are rooted in
place in row on row of folding
chairs, we luxuriate, feast in the
grinding panoply of piano,
tympani, bass spearheaded by
the scat of Dee Alexander's
wail, growl, gnaw, grunt, scream
a mountain lioness wolf on
campus with a voice traveling
beyond twigs, branches,
seasons, epics, rhythms,
melodies joining *Voyager*
beyond Neptune, Uranus into
interstellar dust. She wants to
go where she belongs where
there is a strange enchanted
boy who gives her the greatest
gift of all: love which needs to
be spread and to open up to
love in return.