

On Green Dolphin Street
 (Coltrane Paris 3.21.1960)

Strange alchemist he
 Shifting shaper of the breeze
 A wrenching from time of brash and unrelenting grace
 He pulls at the center in his orbital ellipse
 Unspooling unstinting soul shatter sax
 Till the center relents and becomes that which circles
 All told although not that which is known
 Oh lord tear us loose from that which we are
 And remake us whole
 On Green Dolphin Street

Let us walk then
Our frail and failing forms
Hands interlaced in quiet comfort
Through the mist-shrouded early eve
Chary of purchase we shall descend
Over rain-glazed cobblestone
Of lichen-stitched lanes
Down to the village embracing the sea
And we shall make our wending way
On Green Dolphin Street

Coruscant chiasmus and incendiary bursts
 Trilling ululation and lapidary lilt
 Darting from and returning to the melodic core
 To core the melodies that dart within and without
 All revered in notes torrential
 The stuttering juddering thrill

*Not bound to this narrative
Our thoughts unwind like arrows taking cursive courses
As though subject to stray gravities
Pulling from a different place
An awareness of where is
A wondrous wayward way
Circular warbling broken notes
Slewing of flesh
Helix upon helix
We fall away and into
The uncertain dark
Lit from within*

*Our course ended yet open
Surrendered to the sea, we are
Now somehow of different hue
A strange iridescence captured and swallowed whole
Light playing off cascading scales just beneath our skin*

*And in the restive harbor
The surface swells and subsides
With an alien, scattered nodding
Of empty boats tightly-tethered the morning
Now laden, undone, and drifting
Away*