

JACQUELYNE MALONE

The Wednesday Night Trio at Sculler's

A table by the stage with wide windows
on the Charles. Mem Drive across the river
and the headlights coming, red lights going.
In the water they double, ripple, waver

like obligato notes. The bass man thumps down
the long strings, throbbing till even the snare,
untouched, catches a blue funk buzz.
The old standards set is half-way gone

when they hit, "When I Fall in Love..." Hear it?
I hear it. Summer, and from the dark walls
comes the ghost of King Cole before
the movie starts. The promise: "...it will be

forever." A blue spot hits the piano
man and turns his fingers ashy gray,
the light playing on his face like a truth drug.
He pumps the pedals for a fall

into a melancholy minor key as a steady stream
of jets takes a path across the city sky,
and the Charles – black mirror – repeats,
repeats their glittering goodbyes.