Mirage

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2006/iss2/8
Five guys, blue and white lights
Three amps, three drum sets and a Chinese man’s hat.

Empty Icehouse cans on tables
Next to an untuned, unplugged organ.

Fender Strat, Ibanez, Pearl
Nameless African djembe.

Numbers of Asian men are nailed to the wall
Protective barriers of dime-size slotted eyes.

Cords are piled on the floor
Like heaps of sticky, starchy, spaghetti strands.

Is it Buddy Holly on the bongos?
His black thick framed glasses think so.

Pedals, of rainbow floral hue, hide scraps of carpet
Howling guitar player’s wah-face.

Bradley dog cowers
Snares make his ears scream.

And Little Wing caresses the air
Resurrecting the spirit of Mr. Hendrix.

Moonlight reveals the
image of her beauty casting a
silhouette from afar she stands

silent perched on a narrow
ledge focused as a cheetah stalks
its prey I stare into the

depths of her being and tip-toe through a cloud of stolen
images only to find I did not exist.