

## ON THE STREET BE SINGIN'

pork pie hat  
towers above the endless mass  
the brother's rancorous music box  
    and short defiant strides  
turning heads  
a woman's greyhaired  
dark glass composition  
and a restless executive's  
mordant sigh  
a japanese woman's tattered dress  
the remnants of yellow peril indigenous  
    sistersoul kicks back radiant like oil  
    that sheik caught her eye  
    he strutting down main street  
cool  
    but on this granite sidewalk  
mama's barefoot chile put 'em in the fountain  
for relief.

—Jeff Langford

## MY UNCLE PLAYED THE SAX

Brown face glistening,  
Eyes dancing,  
He be-bopped through my childhood,  
Carrying Dizzy, and 'Trane,  
And Bird, and Dexter,  
And all my heroes,  
In that same beat-up, black case,  
Where he carried his saxophone.

—Louis E. Bryan

## MRS. CAMERON'S BABY

Every day she'd pass by,  
Pushing an old baby carriage,  
"Mornin' Mrs. Cameron!"  
I'd yell from across the street,  
"Mornin' young man," she'd answer politely.  
What more could a small boy say,  
To a poor old woman,  
Pushing the memory of her long dead child?

—Louis E. Bryan