The Ex-Girl Begins to Remember That Riff

They called it fur so we would think of cats, flanks for horses, born for trumpets, rhinoceri, or high school jazz band boys in scratchy polyester barely mustaching reeking testosterone & hope. The first who held my hand played soprano sax. I jammed scratch-n-sniff stickers in drawers now crammed with lingerie & whips, lost track of that creature filled with grace-notes, formed of light, not ordinary or even disco shine but what electrons spark in each other as they pass, what arcs between the seven million suns,

what jazz I mean real jazz would be if I’d had ears & not just eyes to see it.