

In the Chinatown Galleries

Autumn night has a tune to strike
a match to, snap then swing your fingers to –
the chortle spit sparkle of city sounds
the fountain makes where Buddha sits to watch
aloft the rush of landscape. Paintings hang
on gallery walls, people crowd the court
in between Hop Louie and Mountain bar –
raising the ante of our sudden lunge
forward toward possibility, our leap
toward the coin that has fallen from your purse
to roll into a market's door jam,
our scurry to recollect quickly: self,
coin, demeanor, the hither and thither
of jazz notes floating from the balcony –
all is let out of the bag and we throw
our heads back to laugh into a sky bright
with paper lanterns as a string of light
from above, a string of life from above.
It's blooming in our hands, a way to hold
together. Grand. Grand. A piano
plays from a lit upstairs window.
We stand in the expanse, keys in our grasp.

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