

Poem in Your Pocket Day; April 29th, 2021

Elegy for the One Step Down

Where did the jukebox go?
Its scratchy discs older than time.

Each song a séance
Bringing Count and Billie back

To the clarinet narrow room
Where I blew shy variations into the holes
Of onion rings.

Did you hear them over the din of yawing cymbals?

Ice cubes rattling like the nerves of gamblers
Who bet on this club's immortality?

Memory is a kind of jukebox
In which you took to me
Like Ben Webster took to ballads —
And I was as dapper as the evening sky.



Alan Squire Publishing

Poem by Reuben Jackson
from *Scattered Clouds*
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