

Everyday Blues

Scott Brewer

One regret, added to my growing pile
is that I never saw Yank Rachell
playing live, nibble fingers flying
across the Pythagorean fence posts
of thin stretched wire
to give us the music of a life.

Ignoring the importance
of *"She caught the katy
and left me a mule ta ride"*,
I squandered my opportunities foolishly
pretending that living legends,
even ones of a minor key,

once obtaining immortality in song
would remain forever immortal,
until things suited my schedule.
Not so my friend Joe,
who jumped to share the impromptu
stage wailing his blue notes

to mingle with the man-dolin.
After, with black leathered hands
encircling Joe's white wrists
in that voice daily weathered
by constant sorrows and too few triumphs,
Yank grinned, "**THAT'S** the blues, boy!"