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Foghorn

John Warner Smith

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Foghorn

John Warner Smith

Ambrosia, fine wine, petals
on his pillow. On his mind,
the sound her body gives,
while fog spills and seeps
through an open window,
covering like a white silk sheet.
He's inside a dream:
a bar in London. Smoke
blankets the keys that mock
whining blue notes
of her cat-meow muted horn,
a rendition of Ella Fitzgerald's *All of You*.
A pitter-patter percussion drags
oily droplets of bass thumping
softly inside a damp mossy hush,
while a voice scats feathery
in the distance. He feels a bite,
a burn at the cliff edge of pain.
There'll be blue lights,
doors she can't unlock,
a song she'll play forever,
but she wants to go all the way,
cross the line, hear him moan
like he did their first time,
when the record scratched
and he screamed for mercy.