

The Crescent Caretaker

by Peter Erich

Enter Tipitina's — the rotation hole
where electric, shoeless uncles
allocate their copper goulashes
to catch white dripwater.
In the predawn,
in this open window asteroid awareness,
ballet chimes spinning, ceiling, sink
& doorbell.
For the crescent caretaker, the overcoat,
the impalpable void having an affair
within the rain soaked arteries of New Orleans,
we are running down the stairs - snare drum,
snare drum,
snare drum —
squeak & turn on the banister rail,
Because Professor Longhair is on stage
whistling, a lamplit Moses laughing
with filthy vigor and toddling fingers.
He's playing an electroscope blues like a hurricane,
a frenzy which stirs our drink clean.

