

## Nightcrawlers

There's a Coltrane kind of smooth swing breeze blowing through these oaks,

high-brassed whines of a slow  
moody sax, lips girdling woodwind reeds, *Green*  
*Dolphin Street* slink

as black & white & blue in mood as this low grove  
where the cold charity of dirt yields foot-long worms  
to our blunt spades.

Sharp Arcana jut  
from the moss: Star, Tower, Wheel

of Fortune, luck in the dark of our jazz  
 vespers, our trump-loaded houses of cards.

We find fontanels in the earth,  
     fill Folgers cans with worms  
                     while filament-thin cicadas sing

*Blue Monk*  
to the bass voice of the bullfrog.  
Their notes smoulder like a last glance  
as we turn back toward our cottage.

The lake is a Tarot tonight,  
full of Fools and Devils riffing  
over the slow surface of cool blue.