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.