September evening in Iowa &

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September evening in Iowa &

jazz is making love to the stars,
each note’s
tongue tasting
the slope
of the neck, the
slant of the tips, the
shape of the hips,
the fingers of song slide
over a sweet world
of flesh like water,
rolling waves
of pleasure lingering
in bellies,
down thighs,
& up spines,
edges curl
& undulate,
dissolving in dreams
& melting in moonlight.

A saxophone’s
voice blows blues
to a lover which is
about to cast
itself on me,
with its eyes
closed
& mine open wide
the star leaps,
floating on a
melody
to the earth,
to the ground,
to the grass,
where I am
waiting
holding the night,
the moonlight,
the jazz,
& the wish
for you to be
this star.

-Amy Mooney