

the woman Miles Davis turned down

she was that bruised
note
he was
looking for:

something to put into his mouth

a sound as blue as Sugar
Ray Robinson's shadow
dance before crushing
LaMotta against the ropes

but slow, round
as Jack Johnson's barreling
moan when he met a woman like her

oh, yeah
she was a match for him

and there he was
walking along the edge
of a lake front

thinking of her
the taste of her lips
before he told her maybe
another time
he knew what he was doing

she was the jass in jasmine
the last opiate of flesh

the leaves of mullein –
no, the green purr mullein would make
if it were a sound

from *blue crow*