



Black Coats and Blue Notes

It's raining on the streets of Montreal.

But under the stairs leading to a much cleaner bar,
and through the tiny tunnel of blackened bricks,
which holds the door,
The house band grooves.
The club, a collective trance, room
with a grey cloud floating relentlessly
the dim lights from the smoke stained ceiling.
Regulars, wearing their worn black coats
and dress shoes,
listen;
sipping pine gin and tapping toes.

The thick strings of the mahogany bass
resonate,
possessed
by a ghost,
Ivory keys fall in and out of consciousness, and
silver buttons up and down, fly
interwoven
with
creative spunk.

Beneath a drooping ceiling tile two men play chess
and in the back corner, near the lonely pay phone,
ladies in red dresses
eye men with golden tubes
and Charlie speaks of the good old days
"when Parker played at Minton's." All the while

blue notes wear black coats
and rain
beats down on the streets of Montreal.

—Richie K.