

REDBONES AS NOTHING SPECIAL

It is 1960 and a crowd is
at Redbones. There is a jukebox, don't
know why I didn't say so before.
The music, the talk, the cuesticks
are all percussion. The rhythm
inculcates that something is stirring
underground, a funky subway.
It can be so dark and dusky in there
teeth, eyes, red lips seem to have come
unescorted. And this is nice.
All the rear ends at Redbones are convex.
This too is nice.

While the good deacons, the fine sisters
boycott W. T. Grant's, they can still
go to Redbones' booths that become pulpits
when the deacons and sisters commence the
laying on of hands. I like the men with
gold teeth, I like to call them paydirt.
The Alabama clay slowdragging with bicuspid and
incisors.