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Santa Fe

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Santa Fe

Windows darken around the Plaza.
Turquoise and silver vendors,
wood carvers and chili pepper merchants,
leather workers and weavers
close up shop as the sky purples and blushes.
A solo trumpeter blows his horn from the band shell,
on his knees as if offering a prayer,
then leaning against the wall like a casual smoker
in a 1940s black and white B movie,
sending his music, plaintive and poignant,
into the rarified ether of Santa Fe
while turistas, foot-weary, over-stimulated and overspent
sip twenty dollar glasses of Bordeaux
on the balconies and verandas of chic restaurants,
paying no attention to the music filling the air,
though it would expand inside their hearts,
a gift of bittersweet melancholy,
if they would allow it entrance.
No money floats down to the trumpeter's upturned Fedora,
as if his music provides mere ambiance,
not the song the holiness each moment sings.
It seems poets are the only people who cry
when a trumpet blows blue notes at gloaming.

-Larry Schug
Avon, MN