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Bare Ruined Choirs

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Jane Springer

Bare Ruined Choirs

When a Blues band shops for real music it may cost a walk, an hour or year,
a man left by a woman, a chest of guns—

two suns.

*

So this longneck gets her own war. She can't believe the fireworks parading
through her chest.

Her table so changed:
the Army-issue breakfast—she pees real bullets.

She's Happy, but there are times her apartment window combusts.

*

Last night two sons of guns shoot bullets at an army of doves. But it's dark,
they miss—& a Blues man becomes

a changed woman.

*

So this man, a real firecracker, parades through the door holding an Iraqi boy
across his chest. Tells me he can't believe war

is good & puts the little boy to sleep with a shot of music. Who am I to tell him what to do?

We make love with his gun, then breakfast.

*

No combusted doves, here, or bullet breakfast—changed times left the Army in a rock bar, happy.

The doves? Sometimes Eve lets them sleep beside her cheek.

*

So this woman in a Little Rock bar walks up & tells me about her son she loves who returned from the Iraq war two years ago today.

Two longnecks cost a dollar; it's Happy Hour.

She lets him sleep with his Army-issue gun across his chest—who is she to tell him what to do—he left a boy, now a man, the gun aids sleep.

Sometimes when making breakfast—she can't believe it's him at her table so changed. He's ok, but there are times.

Last New Year's Eve they made it through the afternoon parade, were window shopping when firecrackers combusted, & he dove

under a truck, would not come out. The time she got up in the dark to pee, he shot a bullet through the door beside her cheek.

They play good music in this bar, a real Blues band.

How can she tell him—time he get his own apartment? This is the truth, plain as I can say it.