

Saxophone

Brian Skinner

In a dry season
In a dry city
Under the silence
 of dry
whitewashed skies,
 we listen
for the bubbling
 of the saxophone.

In a soundless place
In a desert
 that glares
In a desert
 that waits,
its mouth is a cool
fountain gushing;
we close our eyes
 and wash
our ears in the soft
swirling waters
of its song.

On a dead night
Under dead stars
we lie in the sand
 and dream
of underwater worlds
wild and symphonic
beneath us, and listen
for the bubbling
 of the saxophone.