

Crescent City

by Brooke Elliott

The greatest joy on this ship
Is sinking,
Stopping, watching the water roll by,
Drowning in some gentler form
Of hedonism.

Absinthe, whiskey, vodka, bourbon.

Cities leave their own impression
On voices,
Velvet accents drip and puddle
On the floor of wood-shop stores
And cabaret bars.

Singing streets, cracked and cobbled.

There's quiet in constant noise,
Buzzing signs,
Trilling jazz and bottle-eyed students
Tasting violet freedom before
Trickling down away.

Absinthe, whiskey, vodka, bourbon.

The city smells of wood and
Powdered sugar,
Brandy trickling over beignets
With a hint of spark, nipping
Red cayenne pepper.

Singing streets, cracked and cobbled.

Sit with your back to the lights
Face the river,
Shut your eyes and let night
Wrap your tired scatter-soul

In a gilded shawl.

Absinthe, whiskey, vodka, bourbon.

The streets are bright enough
To see the way,
Yet not so blinding
That you cannot see stars
Like corner diamonds.

Singing streets, cracked and cobbled.
Absinthe, whiskey, vodka, bourbon.