

Miss Treated

Smoky, stagnant air hanging.
Anxious movement. Legs crossing,
uncrossing, waiting for a song.
Spotlight dancing across the stage.
A slow riff breaking the silence.
Big black beauty belting blues.

I wonder what make Koko blue.
Did a lover leave her hanging?
Asleep, then waking in silence.
When was the pivotal crossing?
What drove her to the lonely stage?
Who made her sing such a sad song?

Swaying, sweating. This ain't no love song.
I focus on her top. Blue
sequins floating on the stage.
Harmonica notes hanging.
Whole audience crossing.
Everything but blues is silence.

The last note. Amazed crowd sits in silence.
Then an outburst. She got pride for a song.
Quickly, I leave my seat, crossing
the empty stage bathed in blue.
On a door a crooked star is hanging.
Asymbol of her life on stage.

Is this the same woman I saw on stage?
I stare, confused, complete silence.
A brown curly wig is now hanging
next to her teeth. She hums me a song.
I lay, drifting to sleep in a blue
couch. Gazing at her broken cross.

Lifting her body she crosses
the room as she would a stage.
She says, "Your daddy can play the blues."
I sit, wishing that she would break the silence.
I remember her quiet song,
she rocks me to sleep, dreams hanging.

I dreamt of a hanging, lighted stage.
She crossed it in silence
The song begins, Mean Mistreater Blues.