

## See This Play, The Air Guitar.

Make music on the wall.  
Broom stick fixed, washtub.  
Then string it up with a gut.  
Rib bones rattle in the hand.

Tap-it-tea-tap, bottle cap shoes  
Listen to the bayou blues.  
Smack on a lonesome lap.  
Ham-bone, flip-it-tea-slap.

Mo-Jo root in a locket jewel.  
Tiny tinny perfume tools.  
A new sound, liquid mud.  
Smack it with a new thud.

Accordions quarrel, phalanges  
Napoleon fiddle in Franceangaea's.  
A thing in the swamp, shallows.  
Shell necklaces, eating shallots.

Hurricane wind, hot sauce espresso.  
Trumpets blown for those that've gone.  
Air guitar in the bayou, when singing song.

—*j.a. cummings*