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Blues In The Night James Cushing

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James Cushing

BLUES IN THE NIGHT

Amelia, her name's Amelia, she lived on a small street three blocks west of here, two nights ago I met her here, and no one seems to have heard of her or seen her, and what's worse, when I see her running naked toward me, I realize I am naked too, and a sudden audience starts to laugh, to roar, to throw bleeding chickens and pig slops at me and my Amelia.

It's horrible, this abuse, can't anyone stop them, can't we sneak backstage, find our clothes and run into the warm New York evening, hide out in some anonymous bar where men play chess in front of an old TV?

The stage we leave doesn't leave us, Amelia. It collapses like a jerry-built cabin. Can't you see it down there in the canyon, in pieces, have you any idea what they weigh, how far we'll have to carry them up the slope, the size of the centipedes who'll be after us?

Amelia, did you consult with the man in the funny hat and shoes before you agreed to this hitch, did he tell you what you needed to know, are you strong, my love, or are you having second thoughts?