

ADMIT ONE (OR, THE TROMBONE POEM)

In retrospect, I do support a weakness: approximately,
the trombone I embody.

So much at arm's length I push away. That, I accept.
Every scale depends upon how attuned to listening—

my lips, pressed. But how much of this instrument am I
willing to learn?

After dinner I clear the table and throw away the bones.
A thoughtless thing. All the contacts I let slide.

All the notes, their approach: haven't yet figured out
why I still need to remind myself to relax my shoulders.

I often wonder what my skeleton will become.

Just last week I passed up tickets to Trombone Shorty.

You'd think I'd loop in—*absolutely*—but
just wasn't able to quit closing my case from the crowd.

To quit closing my case from the crowd.

From the first position to the seventh, I was trombone-
born to get my trombone blown.

And I mean that, raunchy as it *clangs*.

For I, in order to kick the funk/express: *telescopic paper-
clip broken-levee crazy-straw ejaculations of breath*,

have to allow the accompaniments of life to pass through
me, glissando onward—& slide, arms open, out of my solo.