

To The Man Playing The Accordion

I came for fulfillment of pink camellia buds,
the swaying sculpture of ornamental grass,
a glimpse of the quiet river,
a reason to like this desolate place.
Instead, you gave me Paris in the 30s,
a cabaret in Berlin, a street market in Spain.
Had I come to meditate, I could never
have emptied my mind of the smell
of sweet black coffee, the taste of ruby wine
in shining goblets, the sight of holy spires,
the light touch of a mid-summer breeze,
the sound of poets reading aloud to poets.
I never saw your face, never thanked you;
I just watched your shoulders
move effortlessly against the sky
as you faced the water, oblivious to my awe.

Diane Elayne Dees © 2012

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Diane Elayne Dees's poems have been published in many journals and anthologies. Diane lives in Louisiana.