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Jon Remmerde

Burned-Out Blues

I burned out late this afternoon,
blew up the motor in my pencil,
fried the brain cells of my typewriter.
Everything I'm writing is garbage
garbage garbage garbage.

Walked out the front door,
down two flights of stairs
from the deck,
walked in snow
down the mountain
out of snow into mud,
rocks,
trees,
high cliffs above me.

Streams run clean and cold below me.
An eagle above bluffs
coasts on thermals.

Jet planes shake the world
from above clouds.

Raucous jays in pine trees
celebrate the death of winter.
A coyote on the ridge watches
the man on the road below
try to walk down
disruptive thoughts,
loser's moods,
low money,
scattered-energy blues
blues
blues.

Cold wind increases,
and I turn for home,
kick through mud
to melting snow
and walk into the house again,

take my shining guitar from its black case.

My hands are music.

My fingers are dancers.

Blues, blues, Good morning blues.

“I lay last night, turning from side to side.

I was not sick. I was just dissatisfied.

Woke up this morning, blues walking round my bed,

had the blues in my breakfast, blues all in my bread.

Good morning blues.”

A man singing blues
sings himself up out of
the low-down blues.

My daughter

rap taps my abandoned typewriter,

writing her own life,

says, “Sing Mule Skinner Blues,”

and I do.

Blues about walking away

and leaving blues behind

don't give a damn for troubles

or money

or the world itself.

Man with a high-stepping walk

and a dancing mind,

“been working on the new road

for a dollar and a dime a day.

Carry the dollar home to Rosie,

and I throw the dime away.”

Clouds drift east.

Sun sets into snow on the ridge

throws golden light high into the sky.

Golden tones from my big Gibson

rise into the darkening blue sky.

Damn old blues never end,

but deep blue sky never ends

Sun sends golden light into the sky.

I sing into deep blue sky,

and my daughter, for whom

every song is a happy song,

rap taps on her story.

Water falls
over waterfalls
behind our house,
rumbles through mountain rocks,
mingles with other waters
in a deep song
that carries this day away
and brings us night
with all its glory.

Stars shine brightly
in the vast sky above us.