

## Heather Skye Irvine

### How'd we get here? (Jazz club)

Café rat by morning, bistro cat by night;  
Kitty's gonna watch you twirl and fester  
By lamp-light. So look. There's a jazz band  
Under the table, by your knees  
(Look, and look close, 'cause they're  
Playing what you need).

There's a band in Istanbul,  
A band in New Orleans;  
This one's called Blue Cinnamon,  
This one's Ol' Janey B.

Buzz and thrum and twang—  
The drummer makes you grin.  
He smiles as big as you,  
His face a little hymn.  
Bet he'd look just like Orlando Bloom if  
You could kiss him.  
But you've moved on (but you've moved on).  
(An ode to jazz is just another song).

Suddenly you're old enough to drink.  
Cigarette smoke no longer makes you sneeze.  
Suddenly you know when to clap: you clap  
Whenever you please.  
Buzz and thrum and twang—  
Can't be sure your old English teacher would like  
This kinda scene.  
(Suddenly the bassist's a mermaid in jeans).

Oh baby baby how you've grown—  
They offered free dessert and you said no.  
Watch the audience, hope they're  
Listening full and true.  
Anyhow, sweet coffee, spiked and spicy, will do.

Buzz and thrum and twang—  
Oh baby, kitty, haven't you grown such a lot?  
Buzz and thrum and twang and croon:  
'Is it an earthquake, or simply a shock?'