

Troubadour

Thomas Daniel Valls

I read Elton performed Honky Tonk Woman
Sometime before the lines were no longer a thing,
at least the lines before we knew them,
six feet apart at least a gaggle of twenty
cramped merch tables and spilt Fireball,
pressed against the wall opposite of the bar, guitars hung, their strings, they're totems

Joni Mitchell 1968

Amateur Tom Waits discovered some time later, thanks to Herb
Some time before Miles brought back the cool sounds of jazz
and Bob plays for Roger's encore - keep the car going,
in this Sad Cafe, red neon into blue
and Eagles meet before they soar.

Persian rugs laid into plates of spaghetti wire
With the ladies of the canyon driving down in their trucks and double-parking,
Carly's worth the tow.
baths of sweat come with sines from wood
With pressed chests and shoulders making rested pillows for lovers' chins,
Until the noise rings only in the drum of the hearts
and is once released outside in the air of the desert basin,
the towering Oz of Century City, a reminder of footing outside euphoria,
and exhaust of Santa Monica Boulevard the standing fans that cake the sweat and plunges the skin
into a plaster of grunge.

New York comes to mind,
Troubadour the city of its own institution,
friends made hours in shared lyrics, sure, shared sips of course,
scattered into the night for good before ascending back up into Laurel Canyon or up the block
through Norma Triangle, where
billboard lights on Sunset Boulevard now gone LED
shine bodies turned mannequins fossilize
the forever ago of the set into a single moment, a single noise
out of the wood temple trappings amidst a town of the boys
lays the city of gold,
two doors through towards the stage,
Catching rocketman at age 2-3, his America sold.