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It's all the magic horn, mama, that golden fetish, possessed and possessing, that haloed concubine, caressed and polished, surrounded with plush. And you—chapped, smacked, earning your master's degree in martyrdom, sewing clothes out of mill ends, that eternal alloy suspended between you even in bed, that icon he hocked once to buy you an emergency doctor in Dayton. And you sold your mother's ring to get it back.

And the man, mama, with the hard harsh mouth, dead weight in the bus seat, little slivers of life telescoped in battered cases and collapsible stands. Trumpet man. Pitched all shades and angles like shadows, worse for women than drifters. Gone too high too often, a pile of singed feathers dripping wax on the downers, always patching to fly one more set too near the sun.

Was there a man at all?
Or just a flared gold phallus that seduced you and crammed you in the gears of a music box on wheels, hurled you across the bad-weather map into broken-john motels with lint bedspreads and the boozy corners of never-quite-level halls full of lurching bodies and bad acoustics?
Trumpet man. Composite of flesh and reed-and if you separated the instrument, cold spite to your touch, hot pipe to all we know of paradise to his.

Tears emptied, he mounts the god syndrome like mercury, surpassing sound, no longer protoplasm and metal but some new alchemy entering the last panging tunnel you sealed and secured. Driving deeper, blowing down your barricades like Joshua, playing what no mortal ever played. Peeling off new notes like bright blisters, exorcising the orchestra, resolving each chord with light, nebulizing fire. White consumes you, turns you immaculate, unhurting anymore.

The trumpet fluoresces with his phosphorous eyes, confetti light orbits his head. His image blazes beyond seeing.

You open your eyes as the waiter pours champagne, hear something shut like a latch, focus absently on an alabaster herald you hadn't noticed before.