

# Getaway

*Paul Grant*

for Pinetop Smith,  
1904-1929

Mr piano man he playing  
dirty with them tricks  
night leaves for you only  
& after a crowded day  
your river alone still  
laughing over the bottom  
of a burned field  
honeysuckle taking over  
every fence you'd built

& Mr guitar man  
storyteller

*This creekbank moved  
here from the South 20  
years ago already furnished  
with deadwood & speckled  
leaves brittle with lies  
are history bright  
with what music kept  
its warm heart ever  
from learning to pump  
cold blood*

wishing down his pet country roads  
sleeping in the snow with old  
& older wood taken with pictures  
all guilty of love

Mr piano man in the dark  
listening to his hands  
wanting words to hang in air  
while the shack burns down  
around him & his downtown friends  
eating oysters for some  
reason that left the state  
& won't be home for Christmas

*Ya see I don't mind playing  
anytime that ya'll  
can get me drunk  
but Mr Pinetop is  
sober now . . .*