

## Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4

*Taryn Moore*

**Bruce**

“a voice drifted up from the radio  
and i thought of a voice from long ago”  
and i, as well,  
touch the face of my stereo  
and remember the wild Street  
swaying saxophone,  
knees sliding across stage -  
the wake of sweat and romance  
sent spraying, cascaded,  
glittering under harsh yellow light.

you must be remembering  
back at the Stone Pony  
where my father stood mesmerized in the crowd  
and you belted out those words  
you'd been dreaming up

the sweat soaking your tee shirt  
lining the veins in your neck  
and your wild hair of youth  
tossing recklessly  
about a mouth stretched wide  
with confessions of grandeur

when you took the hand of my aunt  
and kissed her tender  
and i, as a passing thought  
felt the echo of vibrato  
sending sound waves through my atmosphere;  
your carving never faded  
from my family tree.

## Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4

i want to write you a letter, though i  
wouldn't know what to say  
i only want you to know that  
i've been here through it all  
since i was a little girl  
with your slow rock  
rocking me to sleep.

though my blood rests in a memory now  
left sweetly in the past  
you've been my uncle all this time  
raising me from afar  
with strong hands gripping your microphone  
and words of rising conviction.

something keeps me turning back to you  
each year that i grow older it never seems  
to change  
lead me back to E Street, Boss,  
keep me walking steady  
never let me forget your promised truths

"rising from a long night as dark as the  
grave  
on a thin chain of next moments  
and something like faith."