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Dukas

R. Kirby McCraney

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R. Kirby McCraney

Dukas

He took a right and hurried down the narrow sidestreet.
The rain had quit and the sound of water dripping
Echoed up and down the cobblestones.
Fog slowly climbed out of the black river.
He passed a shopfront over which hung a sign
With fading yellow letters on a fading red background
And a one inch border all the way around.
Across the top of the sign were the words:
 "We shape words like metal."
And across the bottom were the words:
 "Our vibrations have color."
In the center was a painted scorpion.
He walked quickly, hat pulled low, hands in his coat pockets.
And hurried for the iron footbridge
That crossed into Sachsenhausen.
But he never made it to the iron footbridge.
One of the last things he thought about
Was that the drops of water coming off the buildings
Reminded him of the last movement of Sorcerer's Apprentice.

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