San Antonio Review

White With a Little Shade

Joel Fry

Published on: Jun 05, 2019

Updated on: Jul 21, 2020

DOI: 10.21428/9b43cd98.f7f76a2e

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"National Shrine of Blessed Francis Xavier Seelos, New Orleans,"
 Photograph, [William O. Pate II](#).

She was a white girl, to be precise,
 with black hair, who never said anything,
 but walked ahead of me in the fog —
 this girl like me — who was taken from my reflection —
 a face so bright it shone like the moon.

There was a warm place then, with no words.
 We lived there together.

Duh — duh— duh — DAY
 Duh — duh— duh — DAY — DAY — DAY
 Duh — duh— duh — DAY
 Duh — duh— duh — DAY — DAY — DAY

That was my soul too — a spicy Creole jazz
 that can be eaten with a spoon —
 a light not seen since August
 that permeated the locks of my curly hair.

She featured herself in this light,
resplendent in the crushed glow of velvet.
She knew how to transform the streets
we walked down to a letter sounding
in the night.

I enjoyed her world and mine together,
her voice as dark as molasses
I dipped my tongue into.

Joel Fry lives in Athens, Alabama. His poetry can be read online at Eclectica, Gravel, Ghost Town, The Avatar Review and on his blog, Susurrus Waking.