

*Self-Portrait as Blues Guitar*

The first best blues guitarist in the world  
led a blind man by the hand  
through the sweat and swelter  
of summertime in Dallas,  
and he saw right away

that what began in his mother's parlor  
was destined for roar and roadhouse.  
There was gospel and there was music  
the way God *wanted* it.  
This never was the devil's.  
This is every love story ever told

before you get to the unhappy ending.  
This is the hottest part of the year.  
This is what faith wants to be

when it grows up. This is  
you and me in a room,  
lights out, "Travelin' Blues" playing,  
tomorrow a million years away.

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