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.