

PLAYING SAXOPHONE WITH
THE STATUE OF LIBERTY
BY JUSTIN SAU

In the history books,
you would never hear her doing anything of the sort,
blowing into a brass woodwind
Her torch forgotten
the perfect musician.

She must get tired
from standing all day long
looking solemn.

But sometimes
You need to relax
The statue plays a soft jazz tune
to do just that.

Her fingers tickle the keys
and I join her,
blending smoothly into an old song,
I don't know the name of.

The notes tell a story
Of Thomas Jefferson
'All men were created equal,' swore he

We must
To all be benevolent
To none be malevolent
Do we not hold these truths
to be self-evident?

With any person
Color
Does not matter
Gender
Does not matter
Sexual Preference
Does not matter

Upon what meat

Doth straight whites feed upon
That they have grown
Greater than others?

Tears
Sting my eyes
The music brings
Hopes and wishes
Of a simpler time.

We take a break, my breath misting in the
December air. This is better than listening
to Coltrane, I say.
She does not respond. Perhaps
She is contemplating the poem inscribed on her,
Providing light to the huddled masses yearning
Yearning to breathe free.
Or maybe
She is remembering
her days in France.

She returns to the saxophone,
honeyed notes
lingering
long after being played.

The immigrants of Liberty Island
Sing along
As I watch the sunset.

As dusk approaches, the last
notes trail off. She packs up her saxophone
and smiles gently.
She is the strong silent type.

Thank you, she murmurs, stretching for a moment
before she adjusts her crown,
takes up her torch,
American liberty lighting the world
and is again
a beacon in the dark.