Blues Diety: Leon Russell

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Looking up to you
old white cascades
intense musical brilliance
I wish I were you
my dream alive
of a life and a legend
Is there one more superior
making love to a keyboard
as if she were Rita Coolege
and she reproduced
two child percussionists
from the depths of her MIDI cables
and you float above the rest of us
who strive to taste your beard of snow
where you hide your melodies
which hide your love delta lady
If you made a book
I would color outside the lines
just to prove my imagination
to a god icon
in a Hawaiian shirt
walking with a cane
up to a heaven of red and green lights
where you inspire my open lips
to breathe a verse
nowhere similar to the
southern gospel preached
from your sheltered eyes
If only I was your child
a soft inaccessible Rita incarnate
I might emanate some of your light
your incredible
blue virginity
so pure and radiant
such a talented deity
only comes once in a thousand eternities.