

## Trumpets

By Josh Thompson 9/11/2018 4.45am-5.15am

I woke to the sound of trumpets  
Night before this one  
It was mariachis out my window  
Mariachis on my lawn  
The sound of trumpets woke me then  
(Not Gabriel's horn or the Rapture or His 2nd coming)  
Yes, I knew they were mariachis before I heard the strings sing  
Before I heard the counter-tenor yodeling his trill  
I knew the joy, the sheer bliss of being woke by something remarkable  
Even before I felt the deep basso of the Guitarrón  
The oompah-pah of this iteration of the waltz  
(My favorite actually, for its visceral feel more than vocal finesse)  
I wondered if maybe deis y seis could be celebrated early, on September 10?  
When morning came, I asked around but no my wife didn't wake  
"No," said the four-year-old. "I didn't hear it. Do you wanna play with me?"  
"Yes!" said the neighbor, smiling, glowing actually. "Did we wake you?"  
"We invited them to play for my mother's birthday."

I woke to the sound of trumpets  
Night before this one  
I woke to nature's call this night  
Seventeen shuffles to the pot, then wash, then dry  
Shuffle back to lie down again  
To wait for sleep again  
No! To wait for trumpets again  
The joy, the sheer bliss of being woke by something remarkable.