

Ella Cherie

“Click-Clack”

Click-Clack goes the horses marching down St. Charles, atop them police united with the people

Click-Clack goes the soles of a young boy’s feet, of his makeshift taps from his daddy’s cans

Click-clack goes the spare change thrown in the box of a performer who sits near the historic steeple

Click-clack goes the Abita bottle, being tapped by a lost drummer’s hands

Click-clack goes the tractor sinking into the pothole, taking the brunt of damage so the float lugged behind it rides smooth

Click-clack goes the beads aimed straight for the drains, green shiny plastic meets hard metal

Click-clack goes the tambourine off the hip of a Mardi Gras Indian, who feels the groove

Click-clack goes the spoon, stirring the tea to awaken New Orleans creative minds, brewed straight from the kettle

Click-clack goes the cruiser bike switching gears, as it approaches the bustling colorful Frenchman street

Click-Clack goes the track of the ruby red Canal Street streetcar, dropping off local and tourists to the river

Click-clack goes the succulent crawfish poured atop the table, an aroma Catholics on Fridays adore more than meat

Click-clack goes the spray paint can marking a Katrina- X, as the national guard plays the role of a giver

Click-clack goes the lights of the Superdome, a place of refuge and unity, for the first time since the storm

Click-clack goes the hammers of volunteers rebuilding our homes

Click-clack goes the sounds of the heartbeat of resilient city reborn

Click-clack goes the door of our newly built fence to a home built from love and a yard for us to roam