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Jenny Jump Boseman

Fiction

by Charles Talkoff

Jenny Jump Boseman played guitar and sang and she was getting somewhere touring months at a time and when I met her she had just more or less broken it off with the musician she had shared a place with in New York and she had recorded a song or two (it was not clear exactly) for a film coming out on an independent label and she sat next to me before the show and introduced herself and we talked and the next morning she smiled big said it was great here's my number if you're in the city by which she meant New York by which she meant I'd fuck you again she left in a rush of long flowing black hair rocket launch fast gaining altitude and gone she sent a postcard from Nashville and another from someplace in Texas called Pleasure said she'd almost broken her left wrist a near disaster that got her thinking about things like insurance and fate and asked me to write and I sent a short note and got a lengthy letter written on the road somewhere between Indiana and Colorado asking for something more than a short note so I wrote a long letter and told her the story of the night crossing from the Greek island on the Turkish ferry to Turkey to get my visa extended because I couldn't find the chief of police on the Greek island who could extend my visa and how the shrew who ran a hotel on the island told me that I'd never be able to find him because he was interviewing the new girls and it took me a minute and then I understood the long chain of girls spilling out of and being pushed out of Russia gone finished into something else forming into another thing called Russia-remembered and she wrote back saying she was in Los Angeles beside a pool getting a tan being a happy cliché thinking of me her letter on hotel paper with three palm trees in a row on the upper left time elongated because in the letter it is the was then and perpetual now of the moment she wrote it and also then the later and now of when I read it and she spoke of her second guitar being stolen and the second time I saw her we were in a bar in Baltimore she'd asked me to meet her and she came at me fast from across the room big smile and the next morning I listened to her cd and it wasn't bad at all and that night sitting on my stoop in the heavy slow heat of dripping undulating August a car rolled by top down a pretty girl in her summer dress listening to Jenny Jump Boseman live the crowd laughing then cheering the next song coming on from her performance at Runners Fast West in Los Angeles and she sent a postcard from Italy of all places saying she was there touring with a local band that did country-blues and sitting in a sort of club somewhere near maybe Modena she saw this guy she said he looked exactly like you and it got her thinking and she said I wish I could stop but if I stop I'll drown and the next time I saw her she was on a late late talk show looking good she gave a big smile and she said the thing that helped keep her on the road was getting long letters from people she knew and then they chatted and she played another song and she was good really very good.

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