

Joefiles 218

Jazz Found Your Yesterdays

The kittens gather /
around the jazz lion for /
a morsel of cool

Unassuming kind /
of swagger down an old road /
was his new sorta way

Top down and it was /
his mustache that curled like a /
jazz origami

She shot down the old /
traditions with her sexy /
blend of jazz sheikness

Dan took his horn to /
the devil and said he did /
not speak the same words

His Austin jazz club /
is where Harry made more dreams /
like a new genie

He was told it was /
gonna be too hard as he /
would define big easy

His day job as a /
lawyer made his jazz knife so /
sharp it cut all us

Parker fooled all on /
earth with a sensible touch /
that made him full mad

The jazz duo would /
be the envy of trios as /
the quartet slept on

Her Chicago ways /

sing like she does like a mist /

in your AM coffee

His Hawaiian calm /
comes through his piano as /
it sways softly now

His legendary /

UK jazz motion is akin /

to Harry Potter

His Chicago way /
is an organ of skill that /
pulls you into space

NYC is her muse as /
her lover waits in the cafe /
for her song to begin

His legendary /

stature is calm & cool as we /

talk all small big things

Tom told his mom all /
about a jazz he sought as /
she gently smiled on

He leads the big band /
through a tin valley into /
a grand music way

She wades through our talk /

like it's a new jazz set that /

will end spectacularly

Coming from big jazz /
royalty he smiles as his /
words heal all around

They made Charlie Parker /
boss's nova a real fiction /
that is a polish miracle

Her young bones twitch with /

optimism as she talks /

pandemic music

Making his country /

proud as the space clouds form over /

his notes & music aura

Jake found jazz in his /
remote wonder of our /
world as if kismet

Old KC organ legend /
was honored like a king as /
kids played his memories

Keshav was the one /
chosen to survive a jazz /
game he will finish

He rides avante jazz /

around like a car with deep /

fuzzy dice & much life

His Canadian /

chops slice notes in fifths as the /

crowds roar in silence

Masters laughed as I /
asked who he thought he is & I /
waited to hear it

He's a modern kind /
of freedom fighter in it /
like forever song

His New Orleans /

chops will be what saves our /

ears in the end times

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