

Joefiles 230

The Ballad of the Jazz History

Winning over the /
non jazz folks is the honor /
she finds in playing

Brubeck was his first /
dip into jazz waters and /
that feeling is forever

Brooklyn folk woke and /
tethered their future to the /
right now to be alive

Dave used his big axe /
to slice through the notes as if /
there was truth abound

Marta said she will /
never take live music for /
granted ever again

His hope is a world /
made of trumpet solos and /
birds in full free fall

He cried when Trump was /
elected because his skin /
is dark & evil is real

Tassos made many /
songs as the world was quiet /
and the loud was him

Jazz is a thing of /
divinity for his heart /
as world rage takes off

He does music void /
of ego because it's his /
breath, air and red blood

If he could go on /
back he would take every /
& all gigs possible

Miles met Dottie in /
her dream and said all would be /
just excellent & so

Jazz doodles of chalk /
keep their note and form as the /
right now is a king

The pandemic of /
volcano was the horn in /
unison for yes

His esoteric /
reach of jazz sound wakes the full /
future into now

Luba is a star /
that sings jazz as if all of /
our lives matter

Her friend is Sting and /
they laugh over coffee as /
new songs come about

Her low voice will not /
paint the power of her piano /
fingers a moving

His vibes song over /
the hospice ward stopped time and /
healed the animals

Vibrations of his /
past ride the ponies of the /
musical futures

Music was his one /
thing that defeated the COVID /
as of it was dead

Her vocals swish out /
like an ocean empires /
blessing dry all lands

Roddy blends his own /
jazz into a cocktail that /
will heal human ears

First time in a few /
years and his freedom feels all /
brand new yet again

He was 22 when jazz /
became a voice he simply /
could never quite shake

He sat under his /
legendary dad at piano /
and knew the future

Fame always meant a /
pure talent to him as the /
shadows fell away

His jazz life is like /
a vacation of pleasure /
as the squares push on

Coltrane was the jazz /
waters he was dipped deep /
down into as diety

Ornette was the zig /
zagged line he chased in new shoes /
and fresh light batterie