

Joefiles 239

Hip Jazz Astronaut Trot

Fresh from Alaska /
and fulla Chicago grit /
to shred like it's Ok

The king of Podcasters /

is a deity that will /

stay hidden forever

Ezra lost his coin /
and gained an album as the /
jazz anthem grows up

His cool business DJ /

hair makes the ladies wake up /

to a newer 2023

His dad turned down a /
Buddy Rich dream to stay out /
of bad history

His steady trombone /
chops hustle in pure light to /
keep out the darkness

Henry was a god /

of common earth weeding the /

future & wishing well

Martin predicted /
normalcy as his crazy /
went on vacation

Chancellor never /
had a plan to find you and /
always return home

Jen wanted more but /
the gods took her wine and said /
she was the 1 queen

Olivia the /

playwright had us all in her /

golden and used scripts

Hinson hailed a cab /
to the moon and found that it /
was too big a dream

She lost her true love /
but never stopped singing her /
true love songs galore

Dafnis played a king /
in stage as the TV sat /
lifeless on full mute

Carlos is a the /
busking champ with enough change /
for all the big worlds

The duo landed /

the plane in your heart and was /

set to find unknowns

Legends lauded his /
very heart with the best kind /
of elixir known

The Vanguard was his /
own church where the ghosts of a /
god would return anew

Ron Miles was his own /

jazz deity in a sin /

bath of used gin glass

His love of live play /
was the jaunt of the angels /
ready to arrive

Clifford boomed over /

Frisco like a new fog horn /

polished like good knives

Amos rescued the /
last queen on earth into a /
net of lost magic

Staci farkled with /
the devil to sip the wine /
of all the angels.

Lucinda bought a /
whole mountain to brag to her /
pals that she is tall

She loves to give a /
rebirth because do overs /
have been better off

Dylan lives for this /

Mississippi boiled peanuts /

in a dry era

Her midwest art from /
Singapore is her dream life /
come true in real fiction

Mike is the jazz cat /
who will never flinch at the /
stage ever again

Dennis rifles on /
in the LA sin like a pure /
saint with sugar sails

The big band man is /
named after a bad Joe yet /
he shines like the best

Marshall loves his cold /

Japanese sushi as he /

always really can

Naranjan is the /
genie in your tea cup and /
hope is the steamy

Casey found pebble /
and have it the best name that /
we will never know

Butter field was his /
muse in a meager world of /
hero potential