

Joefiles 179

god is saxophone player

His legendary /
Dad taught him how to talk to /
In golden jazz hits

All accidents led /
To him now as his smile heals /
The curious kids

KC is his pure jazz /
Mecca Of shrine as echo /
After echo meld

He said Prince was the /
Definition of style and /
Grace In all colors

His horn would make all /
Who say the word 'no' believe /
In saying a yes

The band by the lake /
Fooled the birds and would lull the /
Pure fascination

They perfect the KC /
Jazz sound in LA sunshine as /
The world becomes warm

Django led his ear /
Through a velvet parting of /
Jazz to infinity

Miles taught him that a /
Love you feel is the only /
Sound we will honor

Sinatra came to /
His dreams with a Phil Woods kind /
Of jazz thunderclap

Beatles mixed her stout /
Drinks as Cecile tucked her in /
Bed like a new saint

That old microphone /
Was a vintage glint in the /
Wide array of now

Of all the things in /
The world he could have picked and /
Done he chose the jazz

The hints of French got /
His blood oiled for the real of /
NYC in the sun rain

Jazz cats study the /
Laws of chemistry because /
Science is pure soul

L. Armstrong taught him /
How to eat cool and take all /
Harmony in style

Eddie is a big /
Cosmic dream still stewing in /
Our tiny world

Art told him what that /
Man Miles could never quite say /
In the right high notes

Miles loved Eddie in /
A way the outside world can /
Only tuck in dream

She adorned KC jazz /
But the evil of the world /
Looked like a rumor

Mr. Rogers was /
A real jazz cat and she is /
In love with his sound

D. Brown gives the big /
World her KC as those pipes do /
Praise to all before.

Fathead opened up /
His jazz case to his young brain /
As the flames roared up

Stage is his school and /
When the horn registers high /
The doves become one

His music genes are /
A fit that will never wane /
As his sun shines on

He gives jazz as a /
Gateway drug to all hipsters /
That did a u-turn

English Eddie rocks /
The jazz organ like a thief /
Looking into gold

Bill Evans said that /
Family was piano /
And friends a good drug

Quincy gave him the /
Key to all as the women /
Wait on hushed & breath filled

His last album was /
His best as all forgot how /
The first EP started.

He lost his family /
By 25 and it was the OP /
That led him to ease

Wayne S. Gave him a /
Wandering eye to see what /
Is magic & pure jazz

The NY baritone /
Cat saw Monk as a kid and /
Became a man fast

His big Kind Of Blue /
Youth turned into jazzy shades /
Of red and orange

Detroit boppers were /
In the Buddy Holly vibe /
And magic would find

Wes M. Had a time /
Machine shaped like a guitar /
And purred like air