

Joefiles 183

Jazz is your favorite myth

He played with Kenton /
And smoked in the jazz hoping /
To live through ever

He burned into KC /

Life a red trumpet in a /

Kansas tornado

Sam always had the /

Music in the home as the /

Cricket became cool

Strayer took him in /

The jazz fog and helped him to /

Breathe in the music

Lester Young is the /

Soundtrack to his dreams that come /

Alive on a stage

He was lucky to /

See Hendrix live as the rest /

Of us just dream on

Joe Henderson was /

The sage that made him hit the /

Drums in a big dream

Toronto seethes /

A jazz the world will seem /

To remember now

S. Coleman led him /

Up a mountain of music /

To eat all the jazz

He works with Captain /

Kirk as a piano jazz /

Cat in a space mist

The German jazz gal /

Invented a new language /

Made in a echo

Her P.h. D in jazz was /

The start of a chaotic /

Run into her sounds

Their jazz evolved like /
Like an old man's ears just /
Growing towards light

Dr. Billy said that /

The only real jazz ride is /

A solid journey

His sands are a kind /

Of minced jazz mashed in modern /

Takes of pure forlorn

Found jazz at five and /

Rode the blue train around the /

World like a found bandit

Hank Jones took him to /
Meet God and he never got /
A proper handshake

Her jazz killed off the /

Atheism rumored to have /

Made space and all time

The story of her /

Real jazz rumor is one and /

Only truth alive

Russia was his jazz /

Church that brought angel feathers /

Sprinkling to wet earth

NYC flooded his young /

Jazz soul with enough life to /

Fill 98 music minds

Improvising was /

A lopsided precision /

That led to all jazz

Mingus live in Boston /

For him was as close as he /

Could feel everything

He took the big band /

Car over the cliff into /

the pure music clouds

London jazz is a /

Mindframe that can again birth /

A solid Beatle

While she couldn't breath /

In a big hospital bed /

She still thought yessss

The joy of her old /

Lebanese culture made her /

Jazz a real miracle

He's the new KC /

Charlie Parker as he just /

Waits off stage to play

His horn KCs future /
In a million tiny notes /
That reign in perfection

The allure of his /

Future was democratic /

Jazz in a full shell