

Joefiles 184

Jazz Until It Works

Youthful jazz is the /
Old sage that finally made /
Yesterday brand new

Jazzy organ cats /
Donate all their big parts to /
The small birds flying

He wants a bigger /
Sponge to soak up all jazzed up /
Leftovers forever

Reginald wrote a /
Letter to his future self /
As NYC shines hard now

Coltrane taught him that /
Being a positive force /
Is the only Star

He simply never /
Got tired of jazz as the /
Wheels spun like pure mad

He played in a big /
Parade for 15 bucks as the /
Jazz muse told old jokes

Chip's cousin was /
Alice the author as his /
Jazz future swirled up

Miles' loud silent ways /
Shipped his head to a universe /
We all get to hear

He said Toots loved the /
Music in a way he never /
Knew could be possible

He grew into the /
Music like an old jazz root /
That never said die

Jazz is an epitaph /
If spiritual reincarnation /
That will visit again

Solving the mystery /
Of sure healing is the jazz /
Song in the background

He played the B3 in /
A dime store and saw that his /
Life was expanding

The big gig risks would /
Stack small moments into a /
Grand tower of yes

She penned out a full /
Parisian jazz mystery /
Song that might kill one

Her Kind of Blue love /
Turned into a legendary /
Garden always aglow

Betty Carter gave /
Him the stone cold dead look that /
Will live on forever

McCoy cheered on his /
Tall jazz shadow as the skin /
Hands cheered so madly

Dime store jazz vinyl /
Is the holy water we /
Sip to find music

Jimmy Heath is a /
Modern marvel to him as /
The echo roars up

He got told by Billy /
That the key to practice is /
Just living the life

Transcendent live jazz /
Sets are never filmed the way /
We understood them

The world still misses /
Roy and the deep glow he could /
Never quite hide away

M. Hinton was a /
Pure force that opened his big /
Curtains to feeling

The Coltrane sounds led /
Him into a TV jazz /
Life in a Conan dream

The basement KC stage /
Houses a million echoes /
Of brilliant jazz sound

She dresses up for /
The stage like the way Elvin /
Popped the snare loudly

He wags his head by /
The glow of the Hammond B3 /
Saving all the souls

Artists are the real /
Reporters who will justly /
Overthrow the Trump

His Chicago soul /
Grooved with the legends like /
He really belonged

She began at 6 /
To hit the keys as Kenton /
Waited to see it

Drummers write the jazz /
Tunes that generations will /
Never let go of

His happy tone is /
Enough to save the planet /
For one more fine day

Yuko now can be /
A composer she dreamed of /
In complex jazz fog

Cecil Taylor leaned /
Over her arc to save the /
Future only he saw

Wayne Shorter built a /
Glass jazz hut for his ears to /
Roam freely abouts

Jazz was his prayer that /
Replaced all the hate folks could /
Never quite predict

Clark Terry was her /
Savior in a jazz dream /
That became reality