

Joefiles 203

Bass Cat Arm Wrestles Drummer into 2043

Healing one tragedy /
and ending another in /
his deeply jazz boots.

Cooking good during /
the lockdown is the jazz way /
as the belly smiles

NYC jazz cat is a /
fixer of things as his horn /
is a grand weapon

COVID was never /
gonna hurt the jazz world that /
heals with every song

He dreams of live gigs /
like Christmas Eve kids going /
on a fluffy cloud

Our saving grace is /
the hope we speak of and the /
real kids eat all day

Jazz is the one that /
is most forgiving on a /
train ride to forever

After Blue Trane he /
knew that the Jazzmobile was /
his only true way

They channel gypsy /
dreams like jazz Robin Hoods to /
nurture the fragile

Blue collar jazz man /
grew into a giant to /
blast the music wide

Gigged at a joint /

called The White House in a swagger /

made of the angels

Her Berlin bones do /
revere Ella & Louis like /
the miracle they are

Lost all her 2020 gigs /
in two weeks and still finds that /
way of laughing free

He smiles while talking /
bebop as if he has just /
arrived to nirvana

He wants to improv /
until he's 108 years old or /
when he gets younger

Chet was his first live /
jazz show and he never looked /
behind at his luck

S. Jordan is the /
savior of the jazz universe /
as we all get by

Slam was the man that /
opened every door all /
wide and soundly filled

Her gut is the one /

instrument no one knows of /

as she shines onward

Pandemic dreamers /

roam the jazz stage like lions /

waiting to eat up

His Hollywood chops /
wait fir the world to begin /
again as sun wakes

He's a legend to /

the works but a blue collar /

kind to my open ears

Hi freely roaming /

jazz beats back COVID like the /

virus is beatable

Artists need to fight /
as if jazz is the only /
music left on earth

He embraces time /
away from the stage like a /
song he just made up

His friend has thousands /
of LPs that bore and bred a /
million new dreamers

Resilient jazz folk /

roam your streets making music /

from metal signage

He hopes on the big /
post COVID luck as a good /
omen he nurtures

His big pandemic /
album release is the one /
chance he has to live

He's finally in /
tune with nature as the world /
shuts down and now remains

He loves NYC as if /

it's a lost child needing one /

more good song to hold

Sydney was the show /
that Liza made him a king /
as gravity ran

Chick showed him how to /
dig humanity through the /
keys of pure lore

His Ohio tone /

said new pandemic bebop /

is gonna come soon

The emptiness of /
pandemic NYC is a pall /
no one can explain

A world void of art /
is the real black hole we have /
to save like water

The equalizer /

is our soul bathed by a /

glow of pure music

He's gonna get back /
on that stage like a hungry /
explorer finally found

His big band arms led /
all ears into a golden /
future of no fire