

Joefiles 212

Jazz Never Dies

Her voice is one that /
is female angelic but /
that day it was man

She saw Ella at /
age 7 and it was the best /
agelessness ever

Jazz is the rock life /

he had been going for in /

a big freedom search

He feels life as he /
does because jazz taught him to /
finally let go

His Irish ears love /

F. Hubbard as it serenades /

the ageless onward

His post COVID kind /
of revival is the pure /
fiction in reality

The legends taught him /
how to tend a flame as the /
Ice never melts off

She doesn't miss travel /
as her guitar smiles and the /
virus is dying

Her dream of Ella /

live is always real when she /

finally falls asleep

Miles led him to the /
big band dream as his eyes shine /
in beads of pure now

His mentor said be /
serious as you improv /
across funny earth

Jazz music is his /
survival skill in a world /
of blood & bad musics

Duke on TV was /
his gateway to an entire /
world of nothing wrong

Sam saw Branford live /
and it pushed a huge door wide /
open to the known

He keeps his two lives /
separate as the jazz does /
a dance on the 3rd

He hates Zoom as his /
real works wins full of a rare /
improvisation

Bill Evans put the /
music in his brain & swept out /
the used worlds of old

Avant Chicago /

man spills music like a kind /

of needed moment

He giggled like it /

was laughter and rode the night /

like it was the day

Wes plucked his way into /
his inner soul and made sure /
jazz would live on & on

His therapy is /
music & he doesn't have to leave /
his home to just heal

He would love to see /

Bird like to see how jazz was /

officially born

Teenage jazz prodigy /
has always sang as the tempt /
of fools is silenced

She never fit in /
anywhere as the kids watch /
her on TV now

The stage is her core /
as the jazz ghosts ponder her /
fate in pokering

He's a type that has /
to play the music & there is /
nothing more to say

OP on the keys has /

born millions of jazz hopes with /

his Canadian

Toots brought him to the /
tears and he knew then that the /
jazz would be his truth

Mara loves Earl & his /

Fatha ways on the keys as /

she makes her audio