

Joefiles 213

You Jazz Candles Are Ready

Diego digs a /
good improv burn as the big /
clouds of music ice

Luckiest kid in /
the room got good piano /
lessons from dad

Lionel on the /
vibes was all he needed in /
high school to relish

After he saw the /
big Ari show he was gonna /
jump hard into it

She plays the music /
of hope as the silence is /
huddling loudly

NYC record store in /
the 1980s led him to a jazz /
heaven we all see

Ignorant of NYC /
jazz culture but open to /
the whole of future

Unrestricted in /
freedom is how he crafted /
the big sound anthem

The peace of hearing /
McCoy was the lasting calm /
that would heal fully

Jihee hits the big soul /
with an army of darts you /
can never evade

Her dark song is the /
light that twirls in a mist made /
of candied air vents

His destiny was /
humanity and that was /
a jazz piano

Lucky to simply /
permeate again is the /
wish we all realize

Contact music has /
been her muse in a world of /
comedy and wit

Chops mean you have the /
moly no one believed in /
but now understand

Vibrations of his /
sound dissipate but he will /
always be forever

His reverence of /
black music will always be /
bigger than his notes

Leading the folks from /
crazy times into the jazz /
was his solo roll

Chick was his first show /
to dip his brain into the /
warm jazzy fires

Sabir pulled out a /
big jazz sword and stabbed the full /
future with pure might

The Irving Berlin /
rumor took over her life /
and made fiction real

The cool of jazz is /
S. Jordan & when she speaks out /
everyone is free

Doug and the Vinyl /
Coltranes change minds as no /
horn ever could dare

D. Lord from Wichita /
is a guitar man with a /
dream bigger than Mars

A lucky kid in /
New York is a huge winning /
lottery in Kansas

His be-speckled big /
city notions fueled the /
train that keeps you up

Ellington was the /
made who cured a national /
disease with pure ease

Young jazz cat I'm the /
middle of Bangkok sounds like /
he's high but it real

Kamasai is his /
real evolved jazz hero in /
a fake world of now

The magic of the /
return to stage is the big /
miracle hiding

Kind of Blue turned in /
an Oscar moment that made /
him play the magic

Her improvised genes /
made her Japanese magic /
come fully alive

Constantly amazed /
by her career that merges /
with your big blind ears

His constant celebration /
of the abstract is the one /
specific bug thing

The purpose of his /
life is the music that goes /
about like water

He's angry and his /
horn is helping a bit in /
the chaos of Trump

Bill Evans live at /
13 was the freedom that will /
never leave his world

The famous music /
man told him to never hotel /
by an ice machine

Joanie is the fun one /
who saves all with the life raft /
she hides like a spy

She's just a simple /
jazz musician who holds 1 /
meaning of living

He speaks of a new /
world like books did as a young /
mind scared & fascinated

The love of jazz may /
just be enough to ruin /
your heartaches gone

The jazz quintet formed /
like a squad of soldiers in /
a foreign country

He only knows his /
music in a land of jobs /
and many noises

Pandemics prove that /
live music will never die /
in the land of life

His album notion /
was like a dream most never /
have in here regular