

Joefiles 217

Secretly lost in the Forgotten

Superman was just /

hiding in his Sax for the /

final set of notes

His immune issues /

led him to art and now he /

can heal all the ears

Jared melted an /

ice pond with the heat of his /

horns going like mad

His worldly bones just /

ooze with a truth that only /

jazz can validate

His KC dreams are now /
a NYC jazz echo that is /
screaming full worldwide

As she heads to a /

tour in Sweden she wants her /

old life back again

His dad's legend has /

given him a 1/2 tank /

into forever

He found a ball of /

old hope in the dryer with /

new music abound

New dad jazz dude is /

the future you will hear of /

as silence crumbles

Ed grilled his last solo /

all slow and needed while the /

ducks went all kinda south

His veteran jazz /

acumen was the youth he /

almost forgot about

New Orleans was /

the oasis her NY mind /

fell in full love with

His steady jazz gig /

with a KC legend is the /

dream he was whispered

Billy made his jump /
into music like a flame /
just ahead of water

Ches & Brevil tore on /
through their jazz set like fire /
searching for good air

His old KC batch of /

memories laugh like a jazz /

dream that never ends

His crystal clean jazz /

ripples over the vinyl /

like KC lives n & on

Avant- Sax cat went /

to S. Dakota to end /

his pandemic solid

Blaring down a new /

road to sonic raw is a /

story he repeats

Emulating a /

jazz bird was the hardest thing /

he would ever do

Old Japanese pop /

star is a jazz hero in /

better kinda clothes

He ran into the /

middle of jazz ave. /

and popped his horn loud

He told his wife a /

long album good bye as the /

doves gave birth again

His veteran chops /

led him all over earth to /

To hear him forever

She knew Pat Metheny /

as a kid in curiosity /

and now an idol

His legend hit the /

stage with Miles and spun on to /

a modern big lore

He wagged his bald head /

in unison as the sound /

grew & his smiles became us

Canadian guitar /

cat flew his kite into the /

best possible storm

Experimental /

jazz cat crawled around loudly /

trying to find it

Rufus played the old /

bass so much it would try to /

whisper when alone

He backed up all the /
legends and they said he was /
their strongest of bones

That tall head moved on /

as the piano flavored /

the food on the mode

The LA world became /

his KC home of dreams as the /

tunes piano sang