

Joefiles 222

Jazz Reborn & Sliced The Virus Dead

Wallman fell for the /
music much the same as a /
Cupid for sugar

The alchemy of /
their jazz is a burn that the /
fire will celebrate

His KC axe is a /
resonate jazz guitar that /
will set us all free

A starlet with a /
luring voice even in sleep /
as the world runs hard

His dream would pass on /
by his mirror as the song /
slowly fades away

His Israeli chops /
ignited revolutions /
that form our jazz

All he needed was /
solitude to horn around /
and find his best place

She fights in a man /
world to keep the tune fluid /
and the peace calmer

Melzer hums the blues /
as his jazz outfit lights up /
a new round of smoke

Master Wadada /
leaves his mark on all of it /
as his trumpet hums

He fell in love so /
his jazz could inhale exhale /
like the butterflies

Planet Flippo is /
his home where the future can /
become your new life

Their 5th element /
is a rumor come alive /
as earth yawns louder

He only signed on /
to make sound as the future /
spied on our notes

His new sound is an /
ancient echo that makes it /
all remain timeless

Golfing with the LA /
singer Joe Pesci and he /
lost his full on cool

The blues legend ends /
his sentences with a hiss /
as everyone lags

His Spanish past was /
the ladder that took him to /
a sound a world digs

Guitar master is /
the best character in a /
jig fulla music

Sobo rode a jazz /
horse to the old eclectic /
saloon to heal up

The Simon swagger /
is vibes and that's the one hit /
that echoes forever

Jazz Radio DJ /
in San Fran said Fuck more than /
any musician

His American /
voice of hope and a Canadian /
voice of pain as one

Leo travels the /
globe with his questions and the /
answer is in music

Lucy's dad is the KC /
piano icon as she /
leaves the shadows behind

Roxanne is the lone /
jazz angel that can finally /
rewrite all of you

He left his horn in /
your cerebral mind and wil /
never come back for it

His final note of /
last year was the best moment /
we all shared together

Carlos wrote songs that /
made the girls blush as he went /
to bed all alone

Polish musical /
star finds his hope in the last /
if your warmed up soup

His young dreams will be /
the envy of old men one /
fine damned day ahead

His South African /
music chops are changing the /
way earth tilts & wobbles.

Gordon is your jazz /
saint waiting in the dim lit /
basement to emerge

His New York moxy /
has become legendary /
as the birds are born

Jen's esoteric /
ambient March through the world /
is the envy now

His Spanish rhythm /
was enough to bring the girls /
to Heaven together

She shouts into the /
mic as though a hero will /
be full born again

His dream is a jazz /
star streaked over your night sky /
as if hell ended

He was sharp like a /
rumor or jazz ballad sent /
from way, way above

Emedin held your /
hands as if nothing would ever /
decide to die again

Janio grilled your last /
swordfish as a peace offering /
to the saints of now

Vince is the only /
Mendoza line in jazz that /
never loses it

Tall KC trumpet man /
sips coffee with got behind /
your shed of big dreams

Jim ran not a field /
of birds playing C sharp as /
the dogs woke from naps

He fished under the /
amber moon to see where the /
jazz would take him next

His young bones are full /
of old man secrets as the /
earth becomes Jupiter

Reid never knew how /
he got to where he was but /
lives in the moment

Julie was the tiny /
reincarnated jazz soul /
we would all worship

Old California /
singer finds you when you thought /
it was impossible

Her prodigy tones /
are the notes that are swept up /
& made into much gold

Waldo is the kind /
of piano legend that /
we have to believe

Jacqui is a rumor /
that is real and she will live /
past all of us now

His name is Moon and /
he brings the sun to the folks /
that believe dreams die

Polson was the old /
diety that quit the world to /
find out jazz glory

He bet on the one /
lone horse that made all come true /
on the best of ages

Jim hits the skins with /
a conviction that chases /
away any evil

Rale hones in on a /
new sound that will cure the world /
blues in simplicity

New KC jazz cat is /
still finding a way as the /
COVID is dying

His pandemic ire /
is the song the world will hear /
as his son grows up

His calm bones always /
hit the right notes as the ear /
filled with good old blood

Frank melted the old /
candles on the table when /
he played as fire ran

The boys would not tell /
me what Snaarj meant as they let /
out a secret laugh