

**Joefiles 169**

*Neon Jazz Haiku*

Elvin took his dream /  
In his right hand and Coltrane /  
Shook the other well.

The jazz Jedi made /

A song you will hear once in /

Your roundabout ways.

Din of Bukowski /

Turned into jazz harmonies /

Played for a savior.

Her Costa Rican /

Kin said the secret to stay /

Alive is all jazz

The eyes of Japan /

Twinkle for their music grit /

As the Twins smile on

Bill Evans at the /  
bar showed a photo of his /  
Child and simply smiled

Sounds of jazz from the /  
Harlem window sills made him /  
Believe there is God



The best accidents /

Are made by the humble as /

They sip jazz slowly

His Kansas City /

Dreams have slowly become a /

World commodity

He laughed with patrons /

About how Prince was more man /

In make up than her

Defining black art /

In jazz notes in their healing /

In a trump of times

The geese on the lake /

Sway slow to the alto that /

Made love to the sun

In love with Count and /

KC full of their palm dreams and /

A world full of dance

When Django did speak /  
He said that music would not /  
Ever leave his mind

Talk on ivory /

Keys is Only how he knows /

He lives in the words



Sinatra with an /

Ice cream cone in hand makes /

All jazz just equal

She fell in love with /

The Beatles and the mop hair /

When hate was cooler

English crooner with /

Rat pack dreams and one more life /

To live in singing

He found old jazz KC /

Ghosts that came back to collect /

The last dollar bills

The sound of his son /  
In the womb is on vinyl /  
As the wax spins on

One jazz chemist can /  
Invent an addiction that /  
Will smoke your bones free

Satchmo taught him the /  
Horn as the rumor of jazz /  
Was getting epic

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Horn as the rumor of jazz /  
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Miles copied Freddie /  
As the cigarette ash fell /  
On heaven's floor

The mayor confessed /

That the world will one day come /

To love some KC jazz

Mr. Roger's /

Made jazz like kids made dreams in /

Their perfect nite bed

She smiled in song note /

Because she knew that music /

Would bring you back home

He orchestrated /

Bat Man jazz music like a /

Beam of holy light

Kenny gave him a /

Career as the horns of truth /

Found your soul craving

Kid jazz dreams only /

Change into something more pure /

As chance happens well

His only big band /

Is the last wish he blew out /

On cake number nine



The lost DJ tapes have /

The final story of your /

Crisis in pure clear

His family gave /

Him music like water from /

The jazz skies raining

Sitting in Irish /

Clouds remembering a jazz /

Legend as we breathe

Alone at the drums /

He saw the future full of /

Nothing but yellows

After his he saw /

Oscar live at the keys he /

Said it was worth it

The Basie ballad /

In his head was Wayne Shorter /

Coming into view

The grand Baritone /

Saw Monk as a kid and knew /

How the end would be

Kind of Blue has been /  
On constant repeat since the /  
Start of this blue world



The spirit in the /

Studio slowly walked up /

And turned it way up

The Wes Montgomery /

Time machine is full of strings /

And crisp fancy mints

Taught by Tiny round /

The Midnight hour that art /

Is therapy clog

Her name looks like a /

Miracle as the jams in /

Carnegie Hall & all

He made him a big /

Trombone made of loud ink so /

He would not forget

Coltrane played it so /  
Well that it invented his /  
New son's heartbeat

The rebel jazz from /  
Germany radio gave /  
Her hope & wine

The magic show /

Piano made gave music /

His sure & honest soul



The Brubeck vinyl /

Was the jazz dog who would /

Forever wag free

That New Orleans /

Rambler keeps making jazz like /

It was never born

The first Clifford note /  
Was the rod of a jazz god /  
That made clouds of rain

His mom begged him to /  
Stop practicing as the notes /  
Littered his jazz floor

Old jazz cassette tape /

Worn to a slick brown glaze as /

Like it was meant to

NATO jazz echo /

As the Italian wine does /

Tricks in unplanned play

They call him he Wolf /

And the vibes never lie in /

His world of Miles play

The St. Louie jazz /

Brought him to Eubie and at once /

Born his big future



He knew the drums would /

Etch the right secrets he would /

Tell all some fine day

Jam at the Plugged /

Nickel was the only set /

Of Miles his soul needs

His guitar on a /

San Francisco dream wave was /

The conch of jazz wish

His Israeli song /

Has moved ink on audio /

Canvass easy & bold

She said jazz improv /

Was like undressing & trying /

To make a human

He ran his hand on /

The audio console as /

The master tape stopped

He turned into the /

Famous guy & walked right on back /

To the bright jazz world

Pat the jazz saint told /  
His students that a sunsire /  
Is the Worlds best sound



He was in the crowd /

When the future happened and /

He knew it was good

The Dr. of Um knows /

That the next notes will be a /

Small cross in the sand

He read Atwood and /  
Constructed sound like a shack /  
In a jazz mirror

Max invented a /

KC groove of hope in the din /

Of old jazz shadows

His dad said no to /

Kieth Richards so he could say /

Yes to all his kids