

**Joefiles 172**

*The Impromptu Quartet Haiku*

He found a Contrane /  
Hiding inside his 1 soul /  
& kept it forever

He proposed to her /  
While he wailed the jazz aloud /  
As birds flew higher

He played onstage with /  
Her in Mexico as a /  
Vinyl hardened new

The trio made a /  
Jazz groove in the sand as the /  
Fan cried a pure joy

His pal Goodman would /  
Always call everyone pops /  
And he loved it all

He watched Alice fall /  
In love with Jonh at a phone /  
Booth in a heaven

He threw Bird out of /  
His cab because he knew that /  
Jazz was the best dope

He chased down Buddy /  
In the desert to teach him /  
Who the tough guy was

What is left to do /  
For a vibes guy that made Steve /  
Allen laugh loudly

He travels to play /  
His own music because a /  
Coltrane voice within

When he didn't call /  
Me back I knew I would that /  
His love of Duke goes

Just a bass cat in /  
NYC that knows the Gaga but /  
Wants so much more too

Ray Brown told his young /  
Head things that only a good /  
God could really know

He trained as a pre /  
Engineer but the jazz was /  
A tune in magic

Jeb's best advice /  
Was almost improv but it /  
Was about the whole

Other than his love /  
Of Chick's music, he fell /  
For Kansas City

The Italian jazz /  
Cat smiled as he looked over /  
BBQ empire

He cut school to see /  
James Brown at the Appollo /  
And life did begin

The democratic /  
Swing of jazz makes him a big /  
Believer of clouds

His Canadian /  
Eyes shone on 18 & Vine as all /  
Jazz ghosts woke up now

Ella & Louis made /  
Her heart pulse in vivid light /  
As all earth froze up

In between practice /  
On his jazz lore, he felt a /  
Need to live his life

Elena loved jazz /  
More than Japan when the ghost /  
Of Berkeley arrived

He didn't go in /  
The Money Jungle because /  
Max Roach was his god

He didn't watch a /  
TV as he waited for /  
Horace Silver's call

Papa Joe's cool /  
Made his drum hands soft as the /  
World was reworked well

Death could never torch /  
His Detroit & the Coltrane ghost /  
In his legend smile

Dr. Billy drove the /  
Jazz truck over the curves of /  
Our many dreams

Freedom is the jazz /  
Concert driven by sound as /  
The few feel the warm

Rich May have listened /  
To way too much Bird as his /  
World became radio

He knew Paul Simon /  
But also realized that his /  
Trombone was a god

The new legend stirs /  
Melody into his AM /  
Cereal at dusk

She gives it her all /  
Like Oscar under star fall /  
As kids wonder hard

Jackie MacClean made /  
His butterfly fly high in /  
Ways nothing could do

His father gave his /  
Horn the power from a jazz /  
Thunderstorm a brew

He found Monk in his /  
Dream and decided to just /  
Whisper his request

He left KC to play /  
Bass in a new melody /  
Heroes will hear

Mike keeps Penn & Teller /  
Even his first take fingers /  
Sizzle in like fish