

Joefiles 173

The Cats Hustle Haiku in the Back of Your Jazz Dreams

She remembered a /
Piano at 3 as Horace /
Waited in her dream

They loved Count the best /

As the roll rocked as her 1 /

Piano blew up

Everyone avoids /

Talk of a jazz legacy /

As they ramble on

They told Carla that /

They were sorry because they /

Didn't get the jazz

The Oakland girl is /

Now a jazz legend as she /

Shrugs like a classic

Japan is her now /

New York as the jazz lords are /

Her daily diet

A Joshua Tree /

Was the loud secret that she /

Hid from all earthlings

In 13 years he made /

A jazz album that won't /

Ever fade in age

He saw Cecil in /

1973 when earth was hot and dreams /

Were again very cool

As his dad pumped the /

Gas a sound of Lester would /

Fuel his new life

His parents always /

Played him jazz as the eye of /

God watched good fires

Wynton was the voice /

That cured his early wonders /

Of what was to be

He yanked the big brass /

Trombone backwards into a /

World that was perfect

His cereal looked /
Like a bag of piano /
Keys soaked in genius

Listening to Bird /

In Germany was the one /

big Thing that mattered

He woke in Up in /

Vienna and knew jazz was /

His airplane ride home

His boyhood horn was /

A conch that told him about /

This life & the next 1

His jazz language is /

The umbilical cord that /

Was cut at the start

He grew a jazz tree /

In his front yard for all the /

Restless birds afloat

He wished his fans would /

Just dance into that one low /

Second he made well

She lifted her hair /

To the side to let her hair /

Be the beauty aloud

His KC Street cred is /

Now in Paris as his need /

For anger festers

He proved the critics /

Flat wrong as his horn sings a /

Solo all will know

Always on the verge /

Is a place in history /

His brain rests upon

His parent said that /

Jazz would get big some day and /

He said "I DIG!" it

Sweet Lou would find out /

About his guitar tricks as /

Miracles grew up

His heart beat in old /

4/4 time as the jazz ran /

To simply catch up

The final pics of /

MLK sat under his bed as /

His tears told me all

Only his solar /

System knows the secrets to /

A jazz that's huge

Caught Bill Evans Live /
And lit his cigarette like /
A James Dean shadow

He whispered in small /
Jazz notes the world saw and put /
In their old scrapbooks

Miles smiles made her dad /

Turn his engineering brain /

Into a soft bulb

She can't be gone /

From the drum kit or her hands /

Will stop working right

The Beatlemania /

Craze was the rope that led him /

To jazz paradise

He used to collect /

Jazz ticket stubs with his wife /

When living was her

He found the road to /

Joy as his sorrow burst in /

Tall jazz figurines

Ella and Joe sang /

To her the way the world was /

Supposed to grow into

The ghosts of Paris /

Whispered to her that she would /

Need to sing to live

Her evolution /

Is that song that will never /

Have a final end

He moved to Mexico /

Because it was real like a /

big Monk solo shake

He left America /

Because the world needed to /

Feel just right again

He found jazz in the /

Underground where Monks will /

Dwell & warm you all up

He stood in front of /

A mirror acting like Sonny /

As the sun set hard

Betty Carter was /

The teacher the world never /

Knew the even had

George Burns in a sort /

Of Goodman dream led him to /

A great jazz story