

**Joefiles 177**

*Jazz is a shiny pebble in your left shoe*

He tried to avoid /  
Defining jazz but ended /  
Up labeling it

His dad gave him the /  
Bird jazz love to flutter /  
Wild in forever

Moments with Sonny /  
Taught him that awards are mere /  
In a world of deep

Monika will get /  
All girls to believe jazz as /  
Her head leans all back

Carla Bley is her /  
Real hero in a world of /  
possibilities

His thirst is real not /  
Because his real last name is /  
Hunter but for jazz

Hank told him that its /  
OK to be humble in /  
A world Of loud sound



Didn't read music /  
Till he was 19 because of /  
Stories much too bold

The whole band is a /  
Full meal with no calories /  
& jazz in the middle

The youth teach the old /  
In ways the dog understands /  
Music & lives forever

Her golden flute was /  
Born in Montana where the /  
Dream collects raw dust

She moved to Italy /  
To play because sometimes /  
America gets small

Speck told her yes as /  
The bird sounds followed the tune /  
On her big used horn

He started the big /  
Trombone at 2 and it was /  
Slide that became god

Belafonte ran /  
In so many minds that a /  
Fatigue couldn't go



Jazz is the big bad /  
Contagious bug that makes him /  
Fall asleep at nite

He met Billy Jean /  
On the NYC streets and he knew /  
That dreams were athirst

Pedro from the land /  
Of Argentina took a /  
Jazz subway to dream

Lonnie met Jay in /  
His childhood kitchen and would /  
Become KC jazz Gem

Sick or well, he said /  
The stage is oxygen and /  
You breath it in heavy

The locals say hi /  
As he tap dances to beans /  
And whistles classics

He Would laugh with the /  
Arturo and keep building /  
A dream only he sees

Music was in her /  
Gene drive and he parents did /  
Wink her in forward



McBride Live was the /  
Best live ticket of her life /  
As the curtain opens

Yusuf would look at /  
His instrument and smile the /  
World into his bones

Finding a voice in /  
His Rolodex meant going /  
Up over fake book

He would grow up in /  
A bird street dream that one Beck /  
Would help him construct

The jazz vet laughed with /  
A jazz DJ about all the /  
Hits in a life hit

He believes in NYC /  
The way a priest knows that God /  
Is a sac player

He too Coltrane to /  
Full heart & would become him in /  
The 2nd full coming

Elvin knee he was /  
The chosen one through the smoke /  
Of tireless ages



McCoy touched his soul /  
And it lasted forever /  
The way truth is made

His fingers are huge /  
Jazz torches that ignite all /  
The come a bit close

He did Bukowski /  
Jazz in a mode that a drunk /  
Might find a bit fun

Isabel is the /  
American in all jazz /  
Blowers and dreamers

Japanese jazz twins /  
Grin like they know it all in /  
Their wise, hip kid bones

The LA jazz vet saw /  
Bill Evans In 76 and it /  
Is frozen in now

Ron was a quiet /  
Sort but his bass thunder could /  
Wake up all the kids