

## **Joefiles 190**

*The Jig is the Only Dance to Fish Around with in this Jazz Town*

Peddling plastics /

By day as the Jazz dream waits /

To roar into night

From LA to NYC he /

Stopped by 18th & Vine to sip the /

Pure live jazz waters

He had to retire /

To finally ride his jazz /

Pony as Count watches

Drummer lost his big /

Wallet en route to the baddest /

Accidental gig

He saw the police /  
In full synchronicity /  
And never shook it

He found a plastic /  
Toy harmonica as a /  
Kid & forever began

Vessel of avante /

Jazz light spilling in gulag /

Of erratic zig



I sent his LP /

Back due to excessive hype /

And a one time vibe

His revelation /

Was jazz on the fringe of his /

Gray area thoughts

A trombone became /

His lone god in a world made /

Of hungry drum sticks

The legends gave him /

A key to the future he /

Will me never lose

After the football /

Leg broke he said music made /

The best kind good sense

Herbie was a cup /

Of early up front cool that /

Never made him sip

She rejects Trump on /

The turn of her Sax as the /

Music heals slowly

Ernie Watts is a /

Motor the revved up in her /

Young bones to go go



His Cuban glee has /

Made a music & people dance /

How god intended

Maynard talked like a /

Turning bus wheel exiting /

Into the big stars

Ella arrived out /

Of the radio like god /

Sketched invisible

Duke was alive in /

His real kid hood to make all /

Magic Child's play

He almost went in /

A medical way but jazz /

Was his baddest drug

His diverse world of /

Intimate complexity /

Is pure soothing jazz

Music will always /

Be greater than self he said /

In prophetic umph

Radio pulled him /

Into the jazz clouds that a /

Heaven hides him in



Bobby Watson is /

A loud boom that always would /

Echo in his play

Playing music is /

The therapy he couldn't /

Afford in downbeat

Claude was the magic /

Fiddler that would tell his /

Elusive future

Losing your soul in /

A random hole is a thing /

You'll remember

She has no filter /

As the horn burns through all of /

Your big pressing sins

No sleep has made her /

Future the only kind of /

World to fully love

His Disneyland kind /

Of real childhood was the jazz /

Dream we all should have

His mom melted in /

Jazz nirvana as Billy /

Crooned on lovers



Toronto is a /

Modern jazz Mecca few will /

Hear in all the sound

Bootsie took his keys and /

Made the magic possible /

In regular time

He's done with not /

Saying to hell with it as /

Trump burns away fast

Garzone's LA nights /

Are the gems the world now get /

To wear in the ear

Jazz chemists create /

Liquids you slowly drink up /

As time freezes up

There's not gonna /

Be an empty world as they /

Create a sound noun

He left his NYC to /

Find his KC hears as the sax /

Roars like a new saint

Cobb as a kid rode /

His dreams like a thing more than /

Just kind of blueish



She found herself in /

DC as the dream revolver /

Clicked in lucky good

NYC was his native /

Tongue was bebop grew up in /

Brand newish tempos

Ron Carter live in /

Israel was like his new /

Fender Squire live

Cedar at the big /

Vanguard was his ticket out /

Of his Australia

Dice flew from his new /

Soundtrack that will show a film /

Fulla unheard jazz

She saw Ella live /

And all the flowers in the /

World got more vibrant

Art's kids were the /

Land jazz astronauts that would /

Discover new stars

Horace was the grand /

Silver lining in their gold /

Jazz path to your soul



Their UK tastes have /

Changed the world into a roll /

Of warmth in the cold

Freedom of music /

Is the jazz they make when our /

Democracy fails

His career is a /

Savory blend of now that /

The future will hear

Her Portland smile is /

In love with Kansas City /

And the NU jazzy

Legends taught him to /

Play with everyone in the /

Limits of all in

Uncle Bob was an /

Agent of jazz that arrests /

The bad music folk

Her Chinese roots in /

Jazz poem keep her alive /

In the siege of now