

Joefiles 193

Jazz in Italics Marches On...

Lyle was the hero /
She needed when childhood was /
No gonna be up

She saw the mighty /
Ink Spots in the 2nd grade and /
All became full real

P. Glass told him to /
Just be himself as the big /
Tomorrow is now

Her spirit is the /
Music of heartbeat as the /
New fragrance is here

He wouldn't be broke /
By 9/11 NYC as that old /
Piano was bold

Mulgrew taught his soul /
To find solace in the loud /
As jazz is all born

When Ron Carter did /
Return his call he was all /
Ready like Jedi

Getz & Cannonball at /
13 was a double bill of /
Sheer gumption he needs

Woody saved him from /
Corporate life and threw the /
Keys in his thick air

In his dizzy cool /
World the only language was /
That Pure & fresh old jazz

Each song is a small /
Reminder that we leave all /
Behind in sometimes

You wouldn't know she /
Is nervous on stage as the /
People dance with truth

Knoxville jazz legends /
Spill into the world like the /
Only accident

Sun Ra was a new /
Shuffle demon from his space /
Planet of full love

Erroll G. Was the /
Rumor of freedom that lit /
Her eternal fuse

His African roots /
Swing the bass like a sermon /
In a jazz god hall

He thinks jazz will be /
The only future as new /
Music takes a nap

Gene jug was the only /
Cool he had to meet for the /
Music to go dance

Benny was a show /
That made him believe in the /
Unbelievable

The old KC hippie /
Is the leader of the past /
In the cool of now

Ida told her to /
Jump on that jazz horse and to /
Ride like a right now

She was pregnant with /
Her first one as the album /
And horn scorched on time

Miles gave him that one /
Look and he knew years down the /
Future what was sure

His first real jazz gig /
Was like birth but it was warm /
And he remembered

His sight limited /
Yet his jazz vision is a /
Leader to all souls

One robust record /
Collection was enough to /
Fuel his long trip

He took six with the /
Brubeck and made it decades /
Hipping the world up

His punk jazz approach /
To life has made music cool /
Again in old days

His NYC bones come to /
KC annually like the /
Tornado he beat

E. Garner was the /
Only real push he needed /
To love being life

D. Walden was the /
First story on his epic /
Jazz trip of the Earth

Ray Brown live show in /
Michigan was the story /
That lives forever

J. MacLean was the /
Only clarity about her /
Piano fingers

His Italian roots /
Grew jazz traditions made of /
Gold and aged notes

Lightfoot felt Bird's /
Rhythm and has since tried to /
Keep it's loud tempo

He anchors the jazz /
Orchestra with little emotion /
As forever is myth

His German lore came /
To KC to sip jazz wine and /
Listen to all ghosts

The ghost of Basie /
Roars in his shadows as the /
Kids sweat like old souls

List his wallet on /
The way to the studio /
As magic awaits

Miami jazz was /
To teach him how water will /
Heal the old rumors

That one plastic toy /
Harmonica was the sure /
Crystal ball of life

He's a vessel /
Of light full of jazz abstraction /
Few can grasp on linear

The Beatles made him /
Lean into fringe jazz like a /
Welder healing all

Trombone Wang is much /
Better at the horn than the /
Words as music heals

The legends taught him /
How to calmly walk forward /
As his head danced mad

He ditched the football /
For jazz dreams as the sun always /
Rises over him

Her political /
Stance is a song ripping like /
Birds through yesterday

He saw Dizzy live /
In Cuba and that smile became /
Him in 1 sweet note

Maynard told him the /
Real story of jazz in a /
Cup of roaring flame

Ella & Chrysalis /
Is the fresh rebirth that was /
To give her jazz hope

Medicine was his /
Back up plan to a jazz he /
Would carefully invent

Blade jazz opened up /
A complex world of sound he /
Would chase till he stops

He said music is /
Greater than all as his wise /
Words were like a birth

Coltrane was a sound /
Theology for him to /
Follow as he leads

Live jazz was the true /
Way he could smell the world the /
Way it sure tasted

He was in the KC /
Herd of cats that marched loud into /
The sounds of right now

Playing jazz is like /
A therapy for his brain /
As he stretches out

John Mayer told the /
KC cat yes and he never /
Really got the gold

Hip young trumpet woman /
Stays up late to construct the /
Future full of loud

She followed Miles in /
The door and never wanted /
To find a way out

Disneyland Japan /
Was the jazz gateway that made /
Our lives this dream

His mom only danced /
When the jazz was on and those /
Were seeds he needed

Saxophones in full /
Unison wrinkled his young /
Brain like hot heat soar

Their Tune Town is a /
Jazz village that few know of /
But will dance around

His Philly jazz world /
Is the one of all our dreams /
Trying to roar alive

His jazz voice is all /
Speaking out for everyone /
That needs in right now

Garzone live in LA /
For 3 nights is the only /
Novel you need read

Magic chemistry /
And mad genius will be the /
Keys to pure jazz peace

Their song empty world /
Is the fullest rendition /
Of now that we have

He left NYC for KC /
To cash in a dream we all /
Live here every day

His horn is the cure /
Your elders have always been /
Screaming loudly for

Nat & Jimmy launched him /
To an orbit that few have /
Seen but can now hear

The guitars of NYC /
Made his childhood the envy /
Of Ohio kids

Ron Carter live in /
Israel was a brand new /
Religion to hear