

Joefiles 176

1 is the Best Quintet Ever

Miles was the green lite /
In a studio of an /
Audio world lit

He said that jazz folk /
Are hipsters that keep the art /
Alive in music

Coltrane Live was his /
Future that morphed into a /
World that moved forever

Elvin lit a match /
That would never extinguish /
As the cool lingers

Lieb is always the /
Last to leave the studio /
As Miles lingers hard

Tootie did a drum roll /
Over his soul in the way /
Gypsies find unknowns

His story began /
In Paris as the jazz birds /
Led him to NYC love

He lived in the woods /
And played his horn with birds to /
Find a true echo

The duo rode the /
80s like a music horse right /
Into jazz twilight

The KC jazz voice has /
Beat cancer again as that /
Voice heals the bad world

Mingus was the sound /
That made his New Orleans /
Cleanse the big landscape

A Canadian /
Crooner with comedic chops /
Just laughed like silver

He channeled the lore /
Of the Hammond B3 to yank /
In the cowboy crowd

She fell in love with /
Singing because jazz always /
Loves you rightly back

His New Orleans /
Soul was loud like big bands yet /
Subtle like a cat

He admired the /
Studio scientist as /
His jazz grew big legs

Her first gig with a /
Legend was that 1 fluke that /
Made her 1 career

He shook the soft hands /
Of Bill Murray after his /
Jazz gig and marveled

He stopped bar tending /
To feel the force of jazz with /
Full Integrity

He saw Anat with /
Her magic horn live and it /
Made everything fine

Sonny Stitt was /
The only live thing that made /
Him find his own life

Blakey convinced /
Him that age is bullshit and /
Jazz is the pure real

Playing with all the /
Legends is the only kind /
Of award he needs

His UK bones made a /
New jazz that will turn folks in /
And out and back up

He's s Phoenix /
Of jazz Minneapolis /
With visions of now

Kenny Garrett on /
Stage was the magic show of /
Jazz revolution

All his real freedoms /
In 2018 Russia is the jazz /
His music creates

He was a kid in /
Reno running with legends /
Fulla big dreams & gold

Legends told him that /
The only politics in /
Jazz is a good trip

She heard jazz in the /
Womb and it still plays in all /
Her dreamy slumbers

Music is always /
In her bloodstream as all the /
DNA gods hear

Joe Henderson was /
The thing his mind could grasp in /
All the chaos now

The little woman /
With a big voice rules this KC /
Town of jazz dreamers

The Count Basie time /
Machine may be the only /
Hope we all do have

Lovers lane is the /
First song you heard in the last /
Dream you ever had

The pianist got /
A poet to teach her how /
Short live really is

She signed her debut /
CD and gave it to me /
On this earth of 1st

His tiny German /
Soul saw all the best jazz live /
& made him immortal

Gilad dreamed of an /
American jazz like it /
Was holy & unreal

They call her Miki /
From Japan but her soul will /
Never leave New York

Wayne Shorter in old /
Omaha was the reason /
For his college debt

The indie Austin /
Hero traded it in for /
KC jazz lore, baby

Attorney by day /
For the poor and jazz cat in /
The big Bat Man night

The pride of Philly /
On the horn releases doves /
When the lights dim low

His Tom Jones Love was /
A sea shell in the jazz sky /
That lingers in lights

Duke live in SF was /
A dream world his brain was not /
Quite ready for yet

He said Ray always /
Played Georgia for the fans he /
Loved like them peaches

Blakey told him that /
America is defined /
By the birth of jazz