

Remnants.....

Seftigen, Switzerland

7/23/16

There is a kiss out there
waiting to be devoured.
Like Swiss chocolates.

An embrace.... grasping
for the warmth
of invisible arms.

.....

It's been a long time.

A casual smile,

dancing eyes,
Sparkling like diamonds,
near the carrots and broccoli.
At the grocery store.

A glance,
gray-streaked hair,
old pocket book....
And older... platform shoes.

A suggestion:
New recipe.... shared.
“Thank you.”

Remembered....
come late evening.

Over a dinner of
Spaghetti and Catfish.
Peg and me doozin'
Listening to Jazz.

Speak Coltrane.... Speak
My brother.
“A Love Supreme.”

Hugh Walker grooved;
Spang a lang, Spang a lang.
Dropping bombs
every other bar.

I grooved too
With Reuben and B.T

At the Café Lounge.

With Brushes.

Thanks B.T.

'65 Mustang...my new car.

Bebop lives Jack.....

bebop lives.... my brother.

Bird lives on too..... forever.

Spiraling smoke,
rushing out the window,
through the broken blinds,
headin' 'cross the street
doing' "The Madison"
With the neon sign,

atop the liquor store,
reflecting in solitude.

It will happen again
Same time.... same place
Near the carrots, and broccoli
Hope so....
It's.... been a long time.

Lonely wants to dance
..... One more time.

Mind wanders
in the still of the
night.....
of a single room.

And “You’re a Thousand Miles Away”
Hey Shep...say “hello’
to the “Limelights” for me.
Coolest of the Do Woppers
.....back in the day.

Naked light bulb
danglin’ overhead.
Fire Flies “Twistin’ the night away.”
In Soulville.
With Sam Cooke;
“King of Soul” ...on the real.
No matter what they say.

Double breasted Ivy League suits

Hangin' with the ole clothes.

Parachute dresses

Shaped to the nines.

Legs aplenty

Hips sublime.

Black is beautiful

And fine.....sho nuf is fine.

Wrinkled britches

About to fall

from the bathroom door

down the hall.

Dirty socks strewn between

unpolished shoes

memories from....

Last year's, yester night's.... blues.

Empty bottles

Pills, lotions, liniments.

Unmade cot.

Vinyl spinnin'

Duke swingin'

"Take the A Train"

Kept his own money

Got all the wealth.

Fatha Hines groovin'

Trumpet style.

Ella scattin'
Jazz from the Nile.

Tatum swingin' you into
bad health.

Yes! "God is
In the house."

Jazz Joints in
Strange places;
"Bop City"
Deep in the woods.
In Oaktown, Oklahoma.

Playing the Blues with

Louis Jordan and his
“Tymphony Five”

In '54.

Caldonia.... Caldonia...
What makes yo big head
So hard?
Wop!

She was “fine as wine
In the summer time.”
.....Then.

Now, an old man
Thinks.... Deeply.

Picks a quiet place

The right time.

Right music.

Not the Blues.

Stringed music.

Muted horns.

Miles whispering

“Round Midnight.”

Suits the slow steps

Of a used to be.... “Player.”

THE COME BACK

The nervous embrace.

Lukewarm kiss,
Smudged rouge
painted on
crookedt lips.

Near the carrots
And broccoli.....
At the grocery store.

A hint of ole
“Wind Song.”

Will it happen again?
Hope so.
It’s been.... so long.

I hear ya Basie,
I know the feelin'.
Cause "Ev'ry Day
My man. Ev'ry Day
I have the Blues.

Think I'll iron
My old wrinkled pants.
Put some creases in'em.

Spit shine my kicks.

Defunk.

Shave.

Throw on

some "Chasa."

Comb my "Sky Piece"

Headed south.

Go to
the grocery store
tomorrow.

Same time, same place.

Near the carrots
And broccoli.

Never know.
Could happen again.
Hope so.
Been a long time.

And lonely wants
To dance,

Just one more time,

Just one more once.

Just one mo.....

Finished in Serftigen Switzerland 8/2/16

