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The Muse Responds

Timothy Dwelle

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The Muse Responds

The pitter-patter of the raindrops sound like the beat of the snare drum
As the night begins to come alive with the sounds of sweaty jazz,
And I scramble for a pack of cigarettes inside the pocket of my zoot suit
And watch the trees dance in time with the rhythm of love and carnage.
you know it wasn’t so long ago when you used to move to the music like that,
Before you became so serious and set on only hearing classical vibes.
And now the ska master chides his favorite pupil for improvisation
Lamenting that the world no longer seems to sing with that same pulsing, organic groove,
And never stopping to listen to the slow, soulful notes of the wind
Jamming out a mean tenor sax from underneath a street lamp on the corner of 7th and Calloway St.
No, you want to hear the tender, softly-brushed strings of some Italian quartet
Soothing out an aesthetic based on social injustice and God and fine wine.
Well I hate to be the bearer of bad news, pal, but this here is big band country.
We play on horns and brass, the flapping of broken shutters and the gravely purr of a rusty Chevrolet.
The entire world is jamming along in cadence…and I just tap my spats in time.
Because the real art doesn’t hang in some gallery or museum like a butterfly pinned to a mat,
It sings from a street corner on a rainy night with a voice that sounds like the ghost of Jelly Roll Morton.
So don’t give me that song and dance that art is dead and there is nothing worth being left unsaid
Because tonight is alive with the rugged sensuality of a million songs,
and you can still hear all of them ---
You just have to listen for jazz…

---Timothy Dwelle

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