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## The Muse Responds

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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*