

JazzFlow

I have been hit with either alcohol or tobacco, it's crazy shit!

Either or, it's a good fit.

I'm on the road, I'm having fun.

Club Caballero Its Jazz in Japan.

Jazzzz, Jazzz

Jazzzz.

Olives, pickles, cigars, ---- fine smooth, silky wine, what a great time!

It's almost a crime to be in *blisstime* at this Jazzy wine and dine.

The wine is drunk like water with a snappy forte of fermented grapes.

Smoke spinning webs,

Swirling golden spirals,

Creating random cymbals

Clouding the room, stinging the eyes, lungs and nostrils,

But feeling obhh soo great!

The 'POP" of a cork from the wine bottle,

Spilling on the band's outfits resembling peacock flumes.

Zooooom, Zooooom, Zoom! twirls the basement bar saloon.

Fast then slow the drums, bass guitar and piano go.

Plink, plink sound the keys on an arpeggio.

Dum Dum,Dum, ---- ---Dum Dum pounds the Jazz drum.

Ding, Ding, Ding ring the bells

CRASH-----CRASH smash the symbols.

It doesn't seem to follow suit like an ordered row,

It writes itself, like a live poetic rap show.

Forward, backward, fast, slow, up and down the notes flow.

Not even the artist knows where it may go.

The muses seem to direct the dynamic moonlike crescendo.

Its inner radiance begins to glow, like a fire in the field watched by the curious black crow.

The footwork running down a mountain--- Jazz

The heartbeat, of the bride and groom.---Jazz

The beeps and honks of the traffic jam. ---Jazz

The scrums, hums and drums of the slaves escaping from slums --Jazz

Hip-hop, pop, hard rock, classical, new and old.
All genres part of the spectrum of sound,
A cosmic rainbow of varying vibrations,
Waves across the great ocean of music
Will you make a ripple and participate in the dance of creation?
Or stand on the shore in your own damned damnation!

The wind against the thick, trunks , through branches our base guitar.
The sound of the rushing brook our piano keys.
The rhythmic feet and cardiac beat of an athlete, our pace setting bass drum.
The monk sweeping multicolored leaves,
With the sound of a breeze,
Through the Autumn trees,
Our sacred, scratching drum.

Steep your senses and savor the experience.

A wandering mind can lead to a dangerous crime

Or a clever rhyme

All settled into the fabric of Space/Time

Like a struggling, spawning salmon immersed in the torrential waters

Or a tranquil duck floating on a peaceful pond

Hop on the jazz boat, it will float you across the dark-moat.
Trust the captain, he knows what's crack in.
He will take you on a ride.
Liberate yourself from the illusive flashing lights of the worldly Technicolor dream coat.
Drop your pride, frustrations, ego and fear, taste the sharpness of a beer,

Cheers!

All aboard the Jazz train,
Go insane and drop the troubles created by your human brain.
Jazz IS life, so don't strife.
Put down the angry knife and take advantage of your life.
Smell the sweet flowers, sprinkle them with a little PoZazz ,blessed by the river of Jazz,
Let go of control
Allow the song to write itself
Put your guitar case of ghostly shadows back on the shelf
Chip away, shed the skin and evolve into your authentic, symphonic, singing self

Flow, flow, flow down the river of Jazz.
From the Big Bang! to a mysterious black hole.
Unison of bass and soprano
The whole universe---- Jazz
The beginning the end, the end the beginning.
Each piece and part of the puzzle seems to have a random role.
The beauty is the evolution of it all and how it came to be so.

Look, listen, touch, taste and smell.
It's your senses that create heaven or hell.
Take advice from wise old Jazz.
'Hold the still point by letting go'

The Jazz empties your cup, strips the label, SMASHES IT!
Destruction breeds creation, didn't you know?
Father burns mother-nature to help it grow.
Heat the room only for it to get cold.
The artist endlessly edits their piece to find a perfect tempo
Build a house, life and family and into the uni - verse, the one - song it goes.
Watch the sun, moon and seasonal scales come and go.
Fill the room, with a harmonic tune
Then hear it become silent.

Grow up to become a child again.
See the whole world as a play-pen
Toys everywhere, wonderful, musical, magical, colorful and new.
Run, jump, dance, swim, ski, and then break for hot cocoa, coffee or green tea.
A paintbrush, instrument or ink pen all create the same glorious story
All elegant, collective expressions of the human body,
A temporary temple to be worn, worshipped, whittled and shed.
Playing to the best selling soundtrack of..... JAZZ

Gong-----Gong-----Gong

now your in heaven.....

Plink,plink, plink ...

the keys bring us back and put our minds at ease

People are speaking in international tongues

More wine please! (Wine onagashimus)

Thank you very much, (Arigato gozaimus)

The thin leather-faced 'Uncle Jazzman' wears a drab grey ensemble

Bobs his head with the bop of the band

Equipped with Fedora, Trench-coat and shady shades,

Stamps his feet to the beat and plays air drums in the shadowy corner.

A dark basement, bar room, owned by the legendary "Boss".

Coming here is never a loss,

West meets east with a Japanese twist

An eternal, eloquent evening one can't afford to miss

Being here = pure bliss

The feeling of being drunk, a feeling like no other

Being absorbed in the music, the Dionysian culture

Friends and strangers soon feel close like family, as your sister or brother

Our home is Georgia, at the centre of the world

The ever rising, universal volcanic mountain.

Always erupting and always on our mind

This is the poem that Jazz itself wrote.

Let go and flow flow, flow.

Jazz Baaaby Jazzz.

Ricco DiCarlantonio